Musicians' Wit, Humour, and Anecdote.

Frederick J. Crowest

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To Jean.

With best wishes
& to remind you
now & then of
Jake.

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MUSICIANS'. . . WIT, HUMOUR, & ANECDOTE . . . .

By FREDK. J. CROWEST

Author of "The Great Tone Poets," "Verdi: Man and Musician"; Editor of "The Master Musicians" Series, Etc., etc.

Illustrated by
J. P. DONNE

The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd.
London and Newcastle-on-Tyne
1902

Inscribed

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PREFACE.

NEARLY a quarter of a century ago—in the good old days when publishing was a pleasant and profitable pursuit—the late Mr. George Bentley honoured me by issuing from the famous Burlington Street press two bulky volumes of Musical Anecdotes. The work soon ran out of print, despite its prohibitive price. Now, that work has been recast with so many additions that it is almost a new book; and is being published in order, mainly, to meet the requests of many known and unknown friends.

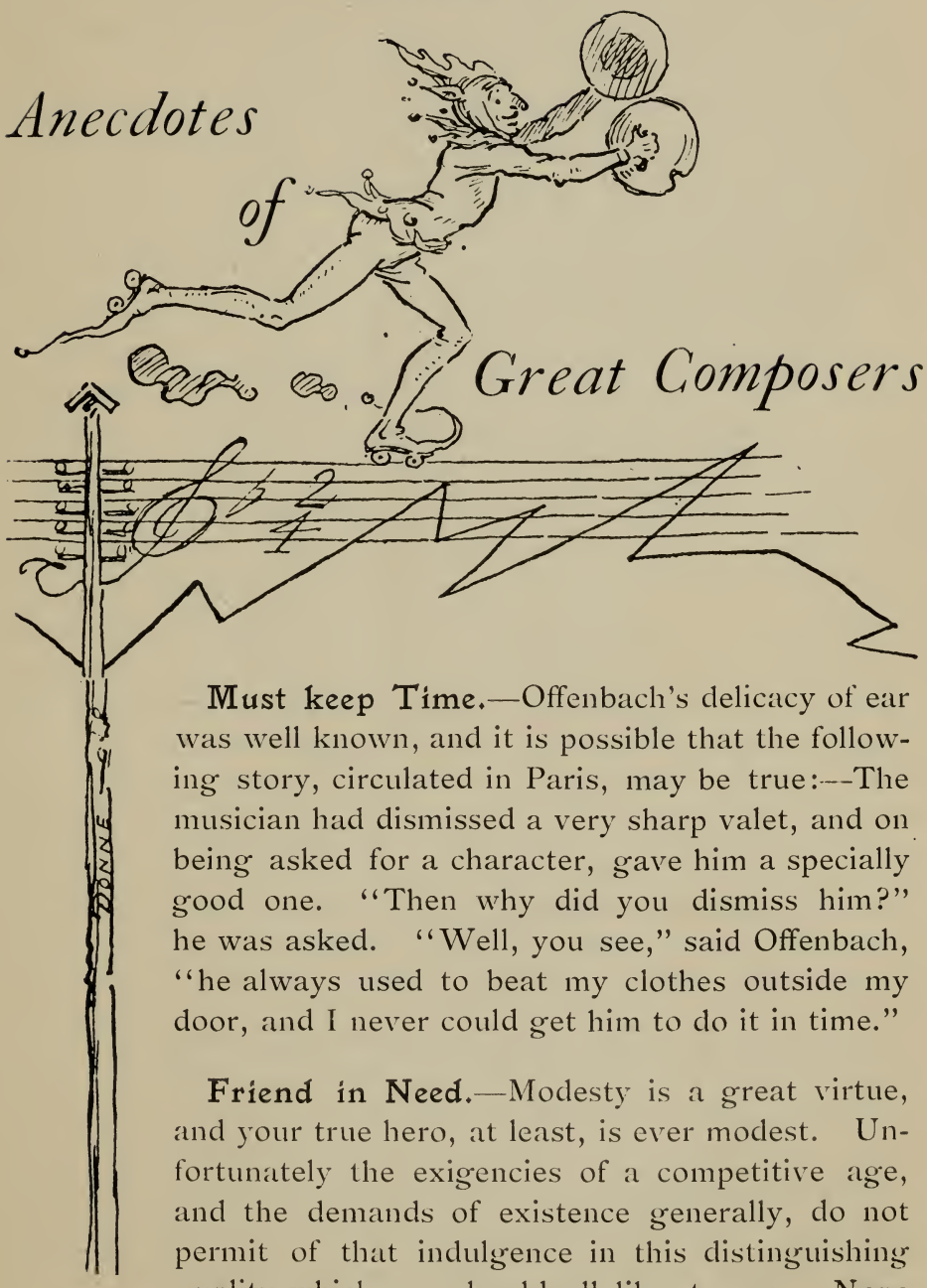
No further apology is needed for this more handy volume. Many of the anecdotes are new, many old; some have been in print before, and some have not. They have been *on dits* in their time, and are as true as *on dits* in general; but the point is this—they are characteristic of the persons of whom they are told, and they furnish a glimpse of the private or lay side of musical personality not often successfully brought out amid the hard and dry facts of biography.

It is most meet that I should acknowledge my indebtedness to my friend Mr. J. Philip Donne, who took up the present *omnium gatherum,* and illustrated it in a *con amore* spirit that will appeal to all who, haply, are gifted with the artistic temperament.

FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

HEWORTH LODGE,
FELLING,
October, 1902.

BOOK I.



Must keep Time.—Offenbach's delicacy of ear was well known, and it is possible that the following story, circulated in Paris, may be true:—The musician had dismissed a very sharp valet, and on being asked for a character, gave him a specially good one. "Then why did you dismiss him?" he was asked. "Well, you see," said Offenbach, "he always used to beat my clothes outside my door, and I never could get him to do it in time."

Friend in Need.—Modesty is a great virtue, and your true hero, at least, is ever modest. Unfortunately the exigencies of a competitive age, and the demands of existence generally, do not permit of that indulgence in this distinguishing quality which we should all like to see. None

the less, it is good to exercise the virtue whenever occasion offers, since our selfish natures generally can be relied upon not wholly to subjugate or obliterate the identity of "number one," especially where social or financial benefits are likely to accrue. There is another aspect, among many, which the study of the ethics of modesty would reveal. With too much modesty the progress of things generally would be hampered—perhaps stayed altogether. Looked at in this light, the artist, the musician, and the literary creator cannot assume a modesty that would become a V.C. hero of the battle-field. How many works of art, for instance, might have been lost to the world had their creators been too modest to praise their own wares? No;—many of us are bound to catch the flood-tide, whatever the world says: the man who lags behind is being worsted every day. Goetz almost missed his chance of becoming famous. One day a knock came to Ernest Frank's door on the top storey of a very high house. A gaunt figure entered his room, with consumption written plainly upon its face. As soon as the stranger could speak, he said, "My name is Goetz of Zurich." Frank greeted him, and for some minutes vainly tried to discover the object of his visit. At last Goetz stuttered out, "To tell the truth, I have written an opera." "So much the better," said Frank cheerily. "Ah!" said Goetz, "you are the first conductor who has said that much to me; all the others say, 'So much the worse.'" The opera was *The Taming of the Shrew*. . . . The first performance was anxious work for the warm-hearted conductor. The invalid composer lay on a couch in the stage-box, so weak and ill that a failure, Frank knew only too well, would have killed him then and there. The brilliant success is now a matter of history.

"All's Well that——."—There are few, if any, walks of life in which men, and women too, are not called upon at some moment or another to exercise what we might almost

term a God-given power of independent action, quite over and above their normal round of routine method. There are moments when we are summoned to exercise our own judgment, and are, as it is said, "put upon our mettle." Such moments are precious opportunities in the lives of every one, inasmuch as the proper use of them is often the making or marring of a life-long career; and such opportunities rightly tackled are sure steps to success. The late Sir Arthur Sullivan, in the struggling years of his career, once showed great presence of mind, which saved the entire breakdown of a performance of *Faust*. In the midst of the church scene, the wire connecting the pedal under Costa's foot with the metronome stick at the organ broke. Costa was the conductor. In the concerted music this meant disaster, as the organist could hear nothing but his own instrument. Quick as thought, while he was playing the introductory solo, Sullivan called a stage hand. "Go," he said, "and tell Mr. Costa that the wire is broken, and that *he is to keep his ears open and follow me*." No sooner had the man flown to deliver his message than the full meaning of the words flashed upon Sullivan. What would Costa, autocratic, severe, and quick to take offence, say to such a message delivered by a stage hand? The scene, however, proceeded successfully, and at the end Sullivan went, nervously enough, to tender his apologies to his chief. Costa, implacable as he was, had a strong sense of justice, and the great conductor never forgot the signal service his young friend had rendered him by preventing a horrible *fiasco*.

Bitten!—It is a happy condition of things that we do not all think alike respecting even most momentous questions. Any aspect of music can scarcely be ranked among the most vital considerations which confront us day by day as we go through life; nevertheless, there are folk who, being musical, give themselves mighty airs upon most trivial matters in the realm of crotchets and quavers—matters

which all but a *fanatico per la musica* would allow to pass quietly by. Many people will remember the storm that arose a quarter of a century back, when Wagner and his methods invaded this country. It was a tremendous and bitter struggle for the supremacy of "tweedle-dum" over "tweedle-dee." Many, too, were the harsh things said. Here is a specimen: Some one was anxious to obtain a ticket for the performances at Bayreuth, and discovered that a friend of his had one which he was willing to sell; but the position seemed to be a very bad one, and the price demanded was very high, to which the would-be buyer demurred. "Nonsense," replied his friend; "it is the best seat in the whole house." "How so?" "It is next to the door," was the reply.

Craft Secrets.—Everybody may not know that the Musicians' Company of the City of London was established as far back as the tenth year of the reign of Edward IV. (1472-73), and furthermore, that it is the only City company for the exercise of a profession. Its banquets are often adorned with the presence of gentlemen whose musical qualifications, if tested, would resemble those of the individual who couldn't himself play the German flute, but had a brother who could—although this is no anomaly, inasmuch as they are not all fishmongers, candlemakers, and saddlers who get their feet under the hospitable boards of the companies shielding those honourable trades. An earnest musician might well be pardoned, however, in expecting some sympathy with lines, spaces, and clefs. No wonder, then, that Dr. Bridge (this would be "Westminster," not "Grosvenor"), once dining with the Company which calls itself after the Musicians, wondered at the extremely unliterary and unmusical character of its Prime Warden. How could such a man become head of a society of musicians? After dinner, Sir Frederick, as he now is, tried to solve the question by putting it point-blank to his host. "How are you chief of the Musicians?" he asked. "Why shouldn't hi be?" returned the jovial old gentleman; "hi've

been eight year on the Court." Dr. Bridge replied, "But you know nothing about music." "How do you know?" was the rejoinder. "Come, now," exclaimed Dr. Bridge, "what are the four resolutions of the dominant seventh?" "The four resolutions of the dominant seventh?" echoed the Master of the Company. "Why, do you think that I'm going to reveal the secrets of our craft?"

Greatness Concealed.—It does not always do to estimate the value of things by their size. Some of the choicest of valuables are wrapped in the smallest parcels, and the best brains and keenest intellects are frequently the possessions of the most unpretentious-looking folks. Perosi, now with Mascagni the hope of musical Italy since Verdi is dead, once demonstrated the truth of the fact that we must not always judge by appearances. The Sicilians tell a pretty story about the Abbé Perosi, the young Italian priest-composer. The unpretentious little cleric was wandering about a cathedral examining everything, and was an absolute stranger. He fell into conversation with the custodian, who confided to him plaintively that no one, not even the organist himself, understood the "action" of their remarkably fine instrument. On hearing this, the visitor diffidently asked if he might be allowed to try the organ. After some demur, consent was given. Perosi sat down and began playing very quietly. One by one he pulled out stops and rendered combinations which had never been known before. The rolling volumes of sound filled the hearers with amazement. Like lightning the report spread, and tidings of the wonderful music soon crowded the cathedral. They then learned the name of the player.

Too Previous.—Humanity on the whole, wherever met, exhibits a wonderful bearing towards its kind, especially if we keep in mind the frequently strained and even menacing conditions which beset the process of existence generally. It

is the exception rather than the rule, the wide world over, to find a man of whom it can truthfully be said he is unworthy of the name of man. Of course, a certain shyness of foreigners is a characteristic of every country—of none more than our own; and then there is, everywhere, that class of narrow-minded, microscopically disposed individuals who jump at conclusions, and who persistently refuse to admit two sides to a question. This is that section of society which causes so much confusion in everyday life. Its members are constantly "too previous" for the want of looking a little beyond their nose-tips. (Sir) Arthur Sullivan once demonstrated this to the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. It was Sullivan's great wish to popularise Schumann in England. Cipriani Potter, head of the Royal Academy of Music in 1861, had known Beethoven well, and consequently disparaged lesser lights. "I am very sorry about Sullivan," he used to say; "going to Germany has ruined him." "But have you ever heard any of the music you so strongly condemn?" asked Sullivan one day, on seeing Potter. "Well, no—but——" "Then play some of Schumann with me, Mr. Potter." He did, and blindly worshipped him ever after —and so Sullivan helped to make an opening here for the fantastic, passionate, political Schumann, who died insane.

Neat—if Unkind.—If the great ones of music—that is to say, the master-musicians—possessed one quality that was more marked than any other, and one particularly distinctive because it cannot be said to be common to humanity, it was the capacity of speaking well of each other. Throughout music's annals we shall find this to be the rule, and not the exception; and in this respect, at least, the great tone poets of the past furnish an excellent example to the trifling harmonists of to-day. Wagner, we may be reminded, used to say some bitter things of his *confrères;* and indeed he did. He, however, must be excused. No other musician was ever subjected to such purgatorial pains by his generation

as was the composer of *Rienzi* and *Lohengrin*. A droll incident occurred one afternoon when Wagner was conducting "Siegfried's Death." Wagner, who did not dislike Mendelssohn's music, cordially hated Meyerbeer's. The public vociferously encored the Death scene, but the horn-players refused, as they had to play in the evening in Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine* at the opera. Finally, Wagner turned to the public and said: "I am sorry I cannot comply with your request, but the horn-players decline, as they have to play to-night in an opera called, I believe, *L'Americaine*."

The only Way.—What penalties have to be paid as the price of being popular—that is, a favourite of the public! It is terrible to contemplate what would become of some men and women who are the public's "darlings" if precautionary steps were not adopted to stay the craze, and often the impudence, of memento hunters and so-called admirers. A favourite vocalist's head might be rendered as bald as a billiard ball, and his dress clothes torn in shreds from his back, if each pressing request for a "memento" were granted. The alternative is to refuse to meet the demand, and to this recourse the "lion" artist is often driven. When Strauss visited America the "Blue Danube" waltzes were as well known in the States as "Yankee Doodle," and thus, when the composer was found to be a handsome, dapper little man, with lovely eyes, and a mass of wavy black hair, almost as extravagantly long as Paderewski's, the musical women went almost wild over him. The musician at the time was a great dog-fancier, and was accompanied by a magnificent black retriever. Towards the end of the concert season, a young lady conceived the idea of securing a lock of Strauss's hair for her locket. The fad became the fashion, and the "king of waltz music" promised every fair applicant a memento; and in due course the locks were distributed—many hundreds of them, too, each one accompanied with the compliments of the composer.

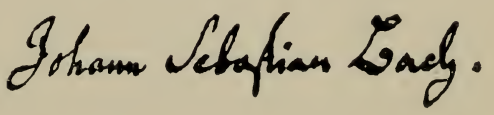
Sufficient hair had been cut off and distributed to make Strauss look as though he had been sand-papered; yet, when he left the States his locks were as abundant as before —but—when the beautiful black-haired retriever took its departure, the poor animal looked like a shorn poodle.

"Additional Accompaniments."—Handel was extremely fond of a large orchestra. He usually had twelve first violins, twelve seconds, four and sometimes more bassoons, four violoncellos, a large number of oboes and flutes, two horns, trumpets, two harpsichords, sometimes the organ, and side-drums—for all of which he wrote mightily. He was as careful and effective in his handling of masses of sound as Wagner. Of course he aroused musical attention! The same foolish things were said of his music as were said twenty-odd years ago about Wagner's. On the occasion of a concert, during the time the trumpets were playing, a thunder-clap happened to burst right over the building, whereupon the King (George II.), who was present, said to Lord Pembroke, "How sublime! what an accompaniment! How this would have delighted Handel!"

His Estimate. — Like Milton and Bacon, who put on record their knowledge that they had written for all time, Gluck had a magnificent consciousness of himself. "I have written," he says, "the music of my *Armida* in such a manner as to prevent its soon growing old." The "regenerator" of opera had immense belief in his own powers, as well he might—for a part of his work in "reforming" opera lay in assaulting an insuperable position in the overwhelming vanity of human nature as found in singers; but Gluck was as artistically endowed as he was physically strong. Such a man as this could say with calm simplicity to Marie Antoinette, who inquired one night about his new opera of *Armida*, then nearly finished, "Madame, il est bientôt fini, et vraiment ce sera superbe."

Useful Snuff-box.—An article that can be at once an object of utility, and at the same time serve the purpose of a convertible valuable at those extreme moments when the devil drives hardest, must, in the nature of things, be regarded as an exceptional possession. Carafa was a composer who was far from rich. Though he wrote numerous operas, and earned what he visibly sought — contemporary fame, he did not succeed in negotiating a very substantial banking account; in fact, he could not keep money, which evaporated like his ear-catching, shallow, clever, if not learned music. His principal income was derived from a snuff-box. This snuff-box was given to the author of *La Prison d'Édimbourg*, by Baron James de Rothschild, as a token of esteem. Carafa sold it twenty-four hours later, for seventy-five napoleons, to the same jeweller from whom it had been bought. This became known to Rothschild, who gave it again to the musician the following year; the next day it returned to the jeweller's. This traffic continued until the death of the banker, and longer still, for his sons kept up the tradition, to the great satisfaction of Carafa.

Happier than a King.—Piccini had married a beautiful singer named Vicenza Sibilla, and his home was very happy. One day a German prince visited Piccini, and found him rocking the cradle of his youngest child, while the eldest was tugging at the paternal coat-tails. The mother, being *en déshabillé*, ran away at the sight of the stranger. The duke excused himself for his want of ceremony, and added, "I am delighted to see so great a man living in such simplicity, and that the author of *La Bonne Fille* is such a good father." Piccini's placid and pleasant life was destined, however, to pass into the stormy waters of operatic dispute —the Gluck and Piccini feud, to wit.



Don't Stop!—*Iphigenia in Tauris* is probably the most perfect example of Gluck's school in making the music the full reflex of the dramatic action. While Orestes sings in the opera "My heart is calm," the orchestra continues to paint the agitation of his thoughts. During the rehearsal a musician failed to understand the exigency, and ceased playing. The composer (who frequently conducted in night-cap and dressing-gown) cried out in a rage, "Don't you see he is lying? Go on, go on; he has just killed his mother!"

New Rôle!—The world is pretty familiar with stories of Handel's irascibility of temper. This temperament, however, was balanced by an exceptional proportion of that rare compound common-sense, and this would suggest that the all-powerful harmonist did not rage furiously without cause. In instance of his equable mind there is a story. It is not often that composers will crouch before their librettists; yet, when composing the *Messiah*, Jennens, the compiler of the words, found fault with some of the settings, which were "not so good as he (Handel) might and ought to have written." Handel took the criticism mildly. "Be pleased," he wrote to Jennens, "to point out those passages in the *Messiah* which you think require altering." This was done, and the composer made many alterations and improvements from time to time.

Immovable.—The late German Chancellor, Bismarck, was not noted for his urbanity towards men in general, and for artists—in fact, for most things that were not stamped "military"—he frequently exhibited something like supreme contempt. With all his genius, patriotism, and services, he did not achieve a great deal for the domestic advancement of his country. The present Kaiser, in his short reign, has done more social good for his people than the "Iron" Chancellor did in his whole life. Here is a story that illustrates the man. Some of Wagner's friends were making great efforts to

secure for him a sinecure from Government, so as to induce the great master to make the imperial capital his home. Wagner, it is said, willingly assented to these efforts, and so it was with great pleasure that he was presented to Bismarck in the *salon* of a lady prominent in Berlin society. "I have for a long time regretted," said Wagner, "that circumstances have not enabled me to live in the same city with the greatest statesman of this century." "I also regret it," concurred Bismarck; "but, as I have no idea of moving to Munich, I suppose it can't be helped."

Prophetic.—In 1866 the late (Sir) Arthur Sullivan accepted an invitation to compose a work for the Norwich Festival. As the time approached for its completion, he worked and worked, but without any result satisfactory to himself. About a month before the festival he said to his father, to whom he was passionately attached, that he must give up the task. "No, my boy," said his father; "something is sure to occur to put new vigour and fresh thoughts into you." How truly prophetic were his words! Three days after, the poor, broken-hearted fellow sat down to drown his grief in his work—he had just buried his beloved father, who had died suddenly from aneurism.

From Small Beginnings.—A young man once applied to Offenbach for a situation, when the composer told him he could only give him a few francs a month. "I agree to it, sir," was the reply. "Very well then, come to-morrow," said Offenbach, rather astonished at the man's eagerness. The next day the young man presented himself, and was entrusted with the part of the third personage in *Les Deux Aveugles*, the walking gentleman who merely crosses the stage and throws a penny into the blind man's hat. The rehearsal being over, the young man approached Offenbach and bashfully stated that he could not undertake to play the part. "Why?" inquired the *maestro,* "is it not of sufficient

importance?" "No, sir; but it is on account of the penny." "Well, what of that?" "I haven't one." Offenbach, much moved, increased the salary of his *pensionnaire*, who was the late Albert Glatigny, the author of *Le Bois*.

A Leg for a Life.—Lully lost a leg in this wise. The King of France, Louis XIV., was once ill and nigh unto death. He recovered, however, and the Court musician was directed to compose a *Te Deum* in grateful celebration of the event. On the night of its first performance the composer himself conducted, and finding that the band was getting a little unsteady, in his excitement he struck his foot with the *bâton* with which he was conducting. The blow caused a blister, which became so violently inflamed that his physician advised him to have a toe taken off at once; and, after some days, his foot; and at last he had to lose the whole limb! Now this is worth the attention of conductors. There is no prescribed style of conducting, and we all know there is all the diversity of styles that could be wished for. One conductor treats us to a definition of the circle in indicating common time; another patronises the statuesque style, and goes through the whole performance "as cool as a cucumber"; another is frantic or fearfully agitated, and taxes to the utmost the stability of the stool on which he sits. Of all the interruptions and distractions which ever perplexed an orchestral conductor, perhaps the most ludicrous befell Barthélemon. He was

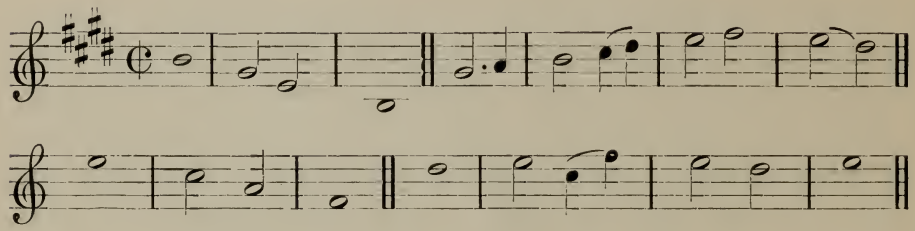
ONE OF THE STYLES.

engaged in conducting some concerts at the Cremorne of the period, the fashionable Vauxhall Gardens. One night, when all appeared to be going on as "merry as a marriage bell," an unexpected visitor appeared in the shape of a bat. Greatly to the amusement of the lively company, the bewildered creature dashed in and out among the coloured lamps and lanterns of the illuminated orchestra, and after making two or three circuits, flew straight into the conductor's face, with such force as to unseat him from his eminence on to the floor.

A Short Cut.—Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer were not unlike each other in several respects, but especially in outward appearance. Both of them wore their hair in the same style; both were proud of a Jewish cast of countenance; both of them could honestly say with Gascoigne, "My thighs are thin, my body lank and lean." Several ludicrous scenes are known to have occurred through the similarity of the two men, but nothing was more amusing than to see the complete discomfort which Mendelssohn displayed whenever any allusion was made to the likeness between the composer of *Robert le Diable* and himself. His friends, however, took delight in teasing him about it, and once when he was in Paris he took their jokes so seriously to heart, that the next morning Mendelssohn appeared with his hair cropped completely short. Such a step, of course, only caused infinitely more amusement, and it was some days before he thoroughly regained his usual good spirits.

What Haydn Thought.—In no class of music does prejudice take the place of just criticism more than in Church music. The admirers of the Gregorian tones look upon Anglican chants much as Wagner regarded Donizetti or Verdi; Churchmen with single-chant views avow that there is neither beauty nor fitness in double chants; while the admirers of the Purcell, Boyce, and Gibbons school of Church music seem blind to merit in the school of Sullivan, Smart,

Tours, and Barnby. How completely prejudice may blind us is shown by Haydn's critique upon a composition which, to most Church musicians nowadays, is a standing example of all that is hideous and objectionable. It happened that Haydn was in London at a time when the Charity-School children were to be at St. Paul's, on their annual festival. With true artistic devotion, Haydn pushed in amongst the crowd and heard four thousand little pairs of lungs sing the following chant in unison :—



which was composed by Mr. Jones, then organist of St. Paul's. On this chant, popular as it has since been, at a period which has been described as the very worst in the history of Church music, and appalling as it is now to ears trained to a different style of melody, Haydn passed the following eulogy: "This simple and natural air," said he, "gave me the greatest pleasure I ever received from the performance of music."

A Musical Surname.—Rossini's memory was anything but retentive, especially in respect to the names of persons introduced to him. This forgetfulness was frequently the cause of much merriment whenever he was in company. One day he met Bishop, the English composer. Rossini knew the face well enough, and at once greeted him—"Ah! my dear Mr. ——" for the life of him Rossini could get no further; but to convince his friend that he had not forgotten him, Rossini began whistling Bishop's glee, "When the Wind blows," a compliment which "the English

Mozart"—as Bishop has been called—immediately appreciated. It is a fortunate thing for musicians that their memory of music is not so unreliable as it would seem to be in respect to many of the mundane conditions in which they live and move—particularly in an age which is given over to feats of musical memory in every branch of the art. Otherwise, where would a Von Bülow be? His feats of musical memory were, as many will remember, simply stupendous. One day a young composer called on Von Bülow to ask his opinion of a pianoforte concerto, when the latter stated he was too busy to look at it at the moment, but would do so at his leisure. At a party that evening Von Bülow was asked to play, and to the amazement of the young composer, who was present, he sat down and played the entire concerto from memory. When he was director of the famous Meiningen Orchestra, not content with conducting without a score, he endeavoured—but without success—to induce the members of his band to learn their music by heart.

Her own Petard.—In the desire to pay compliments, people do frequently make most consummate fools of themselves. Inflated with a sense of their own importance, they calmly imagine that they are as observed as they desire to be, with the result that they are constantly bringing themselves into the most absurd situations. The best—perhaps the only—cure for this sort of complaint is occasionally to make a bold stand against it. The composer of *Faust*, a much-hunted man, once did this. A countess paid M. Gounod a visit at his villa in St. Cloud, and arriving about lunch-time, she passed through the dining-room, where the servants were clearing the table, and saw some cherry-stones lying on a plate. The *maestro* had just been partaking of his solitary meal, his family having gone to the seaside. Picking up one of the stones, she thrust it into her glove. Some time after M. Gounod returned the lady's visit, when she displayed

to him a brooch she was wearing: it was the cherry-stone set with diamonds. The countess explained how she had secured the cherry-stone, when Gounod remarked, "I never eat cherries; it is my footman, John, who eats all those he brings on the table." The lady certainly had reason honestly to congratulate herself that she had not swallowed the stones!

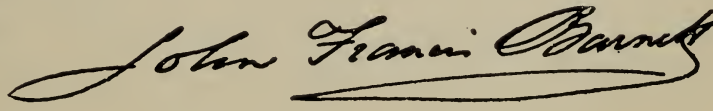
Kind Gift.—When Mendelssohn was at Düsseldorf in 1834, he took to riding and kept a horse, first dutifully consulting his father on the subject—"I wish to ask you whether you don't think it rather too *genteel* for me, at my years, to have a horse of my own?" Here it was that he met a pretty girl, to whom he gave a few lessons. He converted her from Herz to Bach and Beethoven, and her grateful father rewarded Felix with a parcel of cloth. "I could scarcely believe this at first, but the parcel really contained enough of the finest black cloth to make an entire suit. This savours of the Middle Ages," wrote Mendelssohn.

Agreed!—Berlioz, who has left us so many remarkable symphonic poems, was as *bizarre* as he was audacious and brilliant in his style. The greatest instrumentalist that France has produced, he was never quite capable of expressing himself lucidly and convincingly through instrumental channels. One day this was admirably demonstrated. At a concert given in honour of Berlioz, that eminent violinist Wieniawski played the "Rêverie et Caprice" of the composer, for which he received much applause. Well nigh exhausted, he turned and said to Mendelssohn, who was near him, "I am glad I got through it. I never had such a task in my life. I have not the remotest idea what I have been playing, or what the piece can be about." At the same moment Berlioz was exclaiming, "Never have I heard an artist who has so completely caught my meaning, and so wonderfully interpreted it!"

One More!—When the rupture took place between Bononcini and the Academy of Ancient Music, Dr. Greene, who stuck to Bononcini, left it, and took with him the boys of St. Paul's Cathedral. He then established concerts at the "Devil Tavern," near Temple Bar; whereupon Handel, on hearing of it, exclaimed, "Poor Greene—he has gone to the devil."

Altered his Mind.—It was strange that, like Chopin, Rubinstein had an antipathy to Liszt. "Liszt!" said Rubinstein, with a shrug of contempt, "he is a comedian." Rubinstein hated anything false, and Liszt was largely a man of the world and courtier. As a boy Liszt was Rubinstein's ideal. In the use of the hands at the pianoforte, the toss of the hair, Rubinstein imitated the great Hungarian pianist. Perhaps the Russian pianist had not forgotten Liszt's refusal when Rubinstein, as a boy, wanted bread!

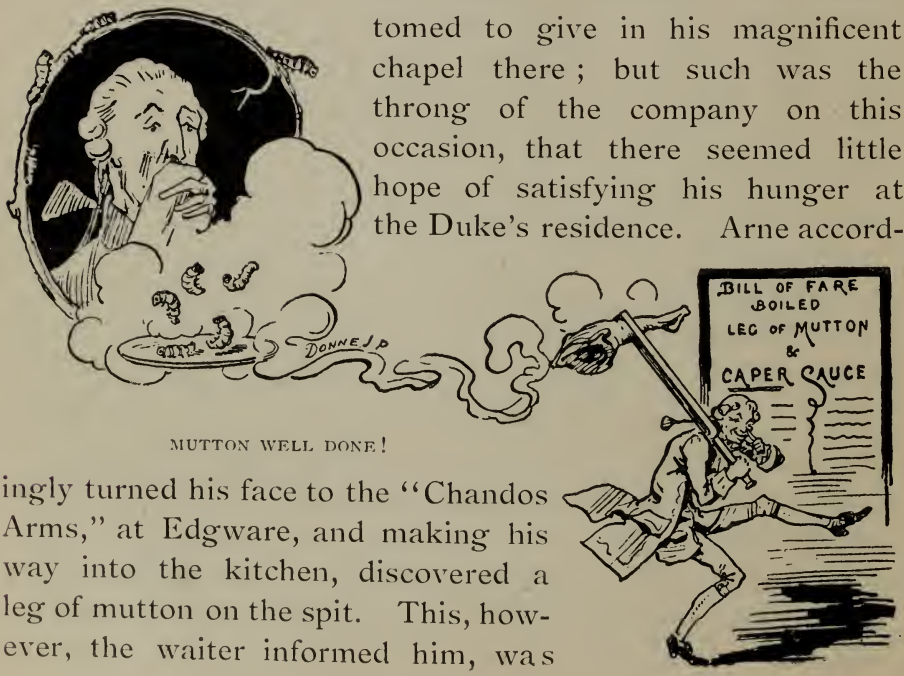
Where it Stopped.—That is a deplorable habit which people get into of talking to themselves. Whether it is a habit only and not a disease wants deciding. As it is mostly noticeable in old people, especially those who have been subjected to excessive trouble, it probably arises from a fracture of the faculties which control the will-power. However, during the closing years of his life, Handel acquired the habit of talking loudly to himself, so that he could be overheard. In Hyde Park one day he was heard commenting on a pupil who had run away from him: "The devil: the father was deceived, the mother was deceived, but I was not deceived; he is a —— scoundrel, and good for nothing." This, in Handel's amusing vernacular, must have been entertaining, as, indeed, must have been all his lively sallies of anger and impatience, especially when his broken English was mixed with other languages.



So it is.—Pope one day asked Arbuthnot, of whose knowledge of music he had a high idea, what was his real opinion in regard to Handel as a master of that science. "Conceive the highest that you can of his abilities," immediately responded the Doctor, "and they are much beyond anything that you can conceive."

Cheap To-day.—*Factis, non verbis,* seems to have been a haunting text round and about Mendelssohn. "With deeds, not with words," was his motto, and he acted up to it. He hated theorising about art, and applied himself industriously to practising it. When Fétis was in London in 1829, lecturing on music, Mendelssohn did not approve of the proceedings. "What is the good of talking so much about it?" he said; "it is better to write well—that is the chief thing."

Necessity the Mother of Invention.—Dr. Arne once went to Canons to assist at an oratorio performance which the Duke of Chandos was accustomed to give in his magnificent chapel there; but such was the throng of the company on this occasion, that there seemed little hope of satisfying his hunger at the Duke's residence. Arne accordingly turned his face to the "Chandos Arms," at Edgware, and making his way into the kitchen, discovered a leg of mutton on the spit. This, however, the waiter informed him, was



MUTTON WELL DONE!

bespoken by a party of gentlemen. "Never mind, I'll have it," said the Doctor to himself, and pulling from his pocket a piece of thin fiddle-string, he cut it into very small pieces, and, lifting the cover, secretly sprinkled them over the joint. Then, waiting very patiently till the waiter had served it up, he heard one of the gentlemen exclaim: "Waiter, this meat is full of maggots; take it away." This was just what the

THE MINUET.

Doctor expected. "Here, give it me." "O sir," rejoined the waiter, "you can't eat it; 'tis full of maggots." "Nay, never mind," cried the Doctor; "fiddlers have strong stomachs." So, bearing it away and scraping off the catgut, the ingenious Doctor secured to himself, without the trouble of ordering it, a dinner more enjoyable, if less magnificent, than the Duke's mansion could have afforded him.

Seeming Surfeit.—Émile Waldteufel, the waltz-writer, who is responsible for over eight hundred waltzes, polkas, mazurkas, and other dances, is an old man of eighty. He still composes a remarkable amount of dance-music. He is said to have a piano in every room of his magnificent house in Paris, and composes first at one and then at another, just as fancy takes him. A pianoforte in every room of an establishment seems to flavour of a surfeit. If the famous manufacturer of foot-rhythms resided in London, he would discover that one piano—outside his house—would be enough to make him dance.

Entertainment for Man and Beast.—The harmony pervading the souls of all true musicians frequently demands outward expression in "social converse"; and, too often in the history of music, social status, or the deliberate choice of these harmonious spirits, has driven them to seek that solace in the questionable atmosphere of the tavern. The harmony, doubtless, varies widely between the glees and catches sung by the lay-clerks of Westminster in days of old at the "Purcell's Head," and the up-to-date chorus which is bellowed forth from the inner sanctum of the "Goose and Gridiron" of to-day. But the sentiment, and, alas! the consequences, are identical, and in "drowning care" the combination of music, wine, and society frequently drowns other things, such as the "better half," "time," and "the reckoning!" As a warning to oblivious lovers of such festal gatherings, there is Moreau's case. The inspirations, whether for operas and ballet-music or spiritual songs and hymns, were all alike sought and obtained by this festive soul at his tavern, past which house no member of the opera ever rode without going in to have a chat and a glass with Moreau. One day two celebrated dancers—Létang and Favier—left their horses outside while they went in for a word with the musician. Their few minutes gradually became some hours, during which the horses were quite forgotten. But patience has

its limits, and these much-enduring beasts, incited no doubt by the usual tavern inscription alluding to "good entertainment" for the inferior as well as the superior animal, at last gnawed through their fastenings, and, in search of the stable, found their way into a ground-floor bedroom, where they devoured a good part of a straw mattress—a novel combination of "bed and board," which considerably astonished the dancers when they discovered the charge for a spoiled mattress included in their bill!

"For Ever."—The last time that Felix Mendelssohn sat down at the organ to play it was at the little village church of Ringgenberg on the Lake of Brienze. Chorley, the critic of the *Athenæum*, was with him, and later wrote of the event: "I feel, when I think of this organ-playing, as if I had taken leave of the greatest music for ever."

A Discord, prepared and resolved.—Familiar as all are with the gorgeous mounting of operas, the large stages and the perfect orchestras playing under the *bâton* of able conductors, we can scarcely realise what opera must have been like in the days when the accompaniments were played by the conductor himself upon the pianoforte of the period, which was placed in the orchestra; and when distinguished members of the audience also claimed a right to occupy places upon the stage, and accompany the performances with a running fire of audible conversation. A curious picture of the theatre in former days is revealed in the account of the quarrel between Handel and Mattheson, upon the occasion of Mattheson's *Cleopatra* being performed at the opera-house, in which opera the composer acted the part of Anthony, while Handel directed at the harpsichord in the orchestra. After the death of Anthony, which occurred early in the piece, Mattheson wished to resume his usual seat as director. Handel, however, would not hear of this, and refused point-blank to abandon his post. A violent quarrel

ensued, and as the two were leaving the theatre, Mattheson gave the "mighty Saxon" a slap in the face. Swords were immediately drawn, and a duel took place before the doors of the house. Luckily, Mattheson broke his sword against a metal button on Handel's coat, which put an end to the affair of honour, and the two composers were soon after reconciled!

An Undesirable.—Like most men who are quite unable to take care of themselves, and still less qualified to foster, care for, and love a wife, Beethoven was ever on the look-out for a partner. Once or twice a Mrs. Beethoven was on the very verge of becoming a realisation and a positive fact. Happily, the business did not come off—fortunately for the ladies. His temper and peculiarities made it impossible for him to live peaceably with mankind. Had he poured the vials of his wrath upon a Mrs. Beethoven in anything like the measure that he adopted with his servants, there would have been squalls and a particularly uncomfortable time for the better-half. His diary tells us:—"Nancy is too uneducated for a housekeeper—indeed, quite a beast." "My precious servants were occupied from seven o'clock until ten trying to light a fire." "The cook's off again—I shied half-a-dozen books at her head." "No soup to-day, no beef, no eggs—got something from the inn at last." These are samples of comments upon domestic surroundings abounding throughout his letters.

A Happy Inspiration.—Every composer must, we suppose, have found how necessary it becomes, like Captain Cuttle, to make "notes." Haydn kept his neat little note-book for this purpose, while Tartini was in the habit of leaving his bed at midnight to try and jot down his themes—among others, those of that sonata which he ascribed to satanic suggestion. Handel had a habit of abruptly leaving company upon the pretext of sudden inspiration. But the reputation which he thus acquired for devotion to music was

slightly damaged by an unfortunate incident which had no more to do with music than with Mars. Handel had great respect for good cheer, liquid as well as solid, and during the opera season used frequently to invite his chief singers and instrumentalists to dine with him at his house in Brook Street, Hanover Square. Hardly one of

"INSPIRATION."

these occasions passed by without his surprising the company by observing, "Oh! I have de tought," and abruptly retiring—as they supposed to write down the new idea. But on one occasion, whether the good composer managed it badly, and so excited the suspicions of the company, or whether some enthusiastic admirer was eager to see the

maestro at work, certain it is that the key-hole was called into the service of curiosity, and astonished eyes beheld Handel in the adjoining room, not filling sheets of music-paper, but emptying an excellent bottle of burgundy! The sensations of the guests, whom he had left, under false pretences, to discuss the more humble port, which was all that he had provided for them, may be imagined.

Spikes.—Artistic quills were busy in Paris during the famous Gluck and Piccini operatic war; and they were steeped deeply in venom and satire. Even the wits who had praised Gluck changed their point—for no other reason than that they had grown tired of doing one thing—and openly abused. Long did the battle-royal in art rage with virulence. Polite Billingsgate became the language of the green-room; dinner and card-parties were upset by its discussion; while Parisian wags laughed and wrangled over the musical rivals. La Harpe, the eloquent, who was a Piccinist, thus spoke: "The famous Gluck may puff his own compositions, but he can't prevent them from boring us to death." When Gluck produced *Iphigenia in Tauris* (such a masterpiece that Piccini shut his own new opera in his portfolio and kept it there for two years), the Abbé Arnaud noised it over Paris that "There was but one beautiful part in *Iphigenia,* and that was the whole of it!"

Complimentary.—It was a good thing for Handel that he had a lion's will and the strength of a giant, for he long experienced a hard time in England. The hindrance to success was opposition, and the cause of it jealousy—the envy of men hardly worthy to be his chair-lackeys. In *Ottone*, the best of all Handel's operas, occurs the song, "Affanni del pensier," which immediately became very popular. Of this song, Pepusch, who was not on good terms with Handel, was generous enough to exclaim—"That great bear was certainly inspired when he wrote that song."

In Profundis.—The fastidious, finical Mendelssohn could not bring himself to fix upon an opera libretto; in fact, there is a Hamlet-like tragedy about Mendelssohn's operatic destiny. In 1847, Mendelssohn received from Geibel the poem of "Loreley." The composer showed it to Devrient, in Dresden, saying, "There it is; look at it, and do not again call me obstinate and contrary when I tell you that, as it is, I cannot get it to music." During eighteen years, Mendelssohn could not make up his mind firmly to adopt any subject and work it out, because he wanted perfection; and when at last he overcame his scruples and determined upon a poem, though far from what it should have been, he sank with his fragment into the grave.

Made in Germany.—Few composers hold a similar unique position in musical art to that of Bach. John Sebastian came of a long harmonious stock. Of no other composer can it be said that his forefathers, contemporary relations, and descendants were all musicians, and not only musicians but holders of important musical appointments. There is not a musician to-day of any worth who has not studied Bach's music, who has not benefited by it, and who, therefore, is not deeply indebted to the old Thuringian cantor. Is it possible to believe, then, that in his own country this prophet is not honoured? Yet, so it is. Quite recently the chief music-seller at Arnstadt told a well-known English musician—my friend Mr. Abdy Williams—that Bach's music is out of date; no one has now any interest in such old-fashioned compositions. Well—truly "a prophet," etc.!

Woldemar Bargiel

Overcoming Barriers.—In these days when musical instruments are so cheap and plentiful, and when instruction in music can be had almost for nothing, it is hard to believe some of the stories that are related of the masters of music in their efforts to obtain tuition which would help their musical progress. When Bach was studying under Böhm, he used to tramp no less a distance than twenty-five English miles to get instruction. On one of these journeys, the story runs, he sat down outside an inn halfway between Eisenach and Hamburg, without sufficient money in his pockets to avail himself of the excellent dinner that was being prepared, the odours of which reached him from the kitchen. Suddenly a window was opened, and two herrings' heads fell beside him. The boy at once picked up the heads—the herring was a favourite article of food—and inside of each he found a Danish ducat. He soon purchased a dinner; but who the benefactor was never transpired.

Fixing the Guilt.—J. C. Smith, it will be remembered, was Handel's secretary and copyist, who used to be taken by his master to the "Queen's Arms" tavern, by St. Paul's, to meet Goupy the painter, and drink beer. Like most copyists, Smith was not always accurate, albeit he made all the fair copies of Handel's works. In Handel's case any inaccuracies led to "scenes." At a private rehearsal of a duet in *Judas Maccabæus,* Burney, who was accompanying, came in for a tremendous explosion of wrath in Handel's best polyglot style, but he summoned up courage to suggest that possibly the MS. was wrong. It was examined. Handel instantly, with the greatest humility, said, "I beg your pardon, I am a very odd dog. Master Smith is to blame."

Real and Ideal.—It may be doubted whether honorary distinctions were ever of much service to the votaries of Art. Titles bring no extra pupils, nor does a jewelled order ensure commissions or engagements—it doesn't always guarantee

genius. Ideal glory is not real comfort, and the true state of the case was once naïvely stated by Rameau, on whom Louis XV. had bestowed the order of St. Michael. With the usual carelessness of the artistic mind, Rameau had neglected to register it. Thinking that this omission was the result of Rameau's inability to meet the expense, Louis XV. offered to defray the necessary charges. "I thank your Majesty," replied Rameau; "but let me have the money—I can find a much better use for it!" The sentiments of Rameau might be re-echoed by many, and they find an exact parallel in the king of all composers—Beethoven. He cared but little for orders and other decorations, or he might have possessed more than he did. On one occasion the Prussian Ambassador at Vienna gave him the choice of fifty ducats or the cross of some order. Beethoven was not long in deciding. "The fifty ducats!" replied the musician, in his blunt and independent manner.

Times and Manners.—We are apt nowadays to hear a good deal of grumbling, and the expression of not a little discontent on the part of native musicians at the way in which foreign musicians invade this country and secure the cream of the payments made for music in London and the great centres. If the complaints be well founded, obviously all the British musician has to do is to oust the foreigner. This, we fear, would be difficult, inasmuch as many home interests are mixed up with the importation of foreign musical talent, and in at least one department—the instrumental—there is no doubt whatever, for instance, that season upon season brings us fresh faces and new names of those who can give "fits" to most English pianists and violinists. The Ishmael invariably has much to recommend him before he gets away with much British spoil. The truth is, good-natured as we are, we give the foreigner a fair chance, and he succeeds in taking advantage of it. In this respect we have improved as a musical race since Handel's day. So

much had it become the fashion to criticise Handel's new effects in vocal and instrumental composition, that some years later Mr. Sheridan made one of his characters fire a pistol simply to shock the audience. He then said in a stage whisper to the gallery, "This hint, gentlemen, I took from Handel." The composer's Oxford experience was amusing and suggestive. It is recorded that in July 1733, "One Handell, a foreigner, was minded to come to Oxford to perform in music." Again, the same record says—"Handell with his lousy crew, a great number of foreign fiddlers, had a performance for his own benefit at the theatre." One of the dons writes of the performance as follows—"This is an innovation; but every one paid his five shillings to try how a little fiddling would sit upon him. And, notwithstanding the barbarous and inhuman combination of such a parcel of unconscionable scamps, Handel disposed of the most of his tickets." *O tempora, etc.!*

Youth and Age.—"Crabbed age and youth cannot live together," wrote the great poet of human nature, and truly enough they seldom have—at least, very happily. With many people the fact of youth is held to imply a combination of all that is foolish and indiscreet, and next to madness; and to these folks it is only fair to say that, in the vocabulary of the young, the epithet "old" bears a like uncomplimentary meaning, and signifies prejudice and Philistinism. Happily, however, these littlenesses of average people find some bright exceptions in great characters. It was at Vienna, in the year 1805, that Haydn, then seventy-three years of age, first met Cherubini, who though not a young man, still must have appeared so to the veteran composer, being about thirty years his junior, and not having then composed many of those works which have since made his name so famous. But the very fact of his own seniority was made use of by the old man to utter one of the most graceful compliments which could have been spoken for the encouragement of a younger

worker. Handing to Cherubini one of his latest compositions, Haydn said, "Permit me to style myself your musical father, and to call you my son," words which made such an impression on Cherubini, that he could not keep back the tears when he parted with the aged Haydn.

Frank Criticism.—When Beethoven's *Fidelio* was first performed at the Karnthnerthor Theatre in Vienna, Cherubini was present. At the conclusion of the performance he was asked how he liked the overture ("Leonora in C"). "Well," said he, "to be honest, I must confess that I could not tell what key it was in from beginning to end."

Something like a Lesson.—*Exitus acta probat,* we are told; and, in Mendelssohn's case, his end certainly proved the warranty for his actions. For some unintelligible and wholly inexplicable reason, people with money, particularly the vulgarly rich, have for long years entertained the inane notion that they are specially endowed, and entitled to look down upon, and treat contemptuously, the possessor of brains —especially if the latter be poor. They have even trained their menials in this fine art. The composer of the immortal *Elijah*, when quite a young man, administered one wholesome lesson on this text. He had the pride of the artist, and on a visit once to Goethe at Weimar he was summoned to play before the Grand Duchess and the Court circle. On his arrival at the Belvidere, with Madame Goethe, he was asked his name by an official, and while the lady passed on, Felix was shown into a small waiting-room where cloaks and wrappings were deposited. There he was told to wait until summoned to the Court presence. He chafed and fumed for half-an-hour, then seized his hat and rushed out. The servants tried to stop him: he must not go—there would be much displeasure, and so forth. But the youth was off, straight across the fields to Goethe's house, and the assembly had to go without their pianist. This was very

rude, no doubt, but it did a good turn for Hummel. He had hitherto submitted to this menial treatment; henceforth he was shown becoming respect. This incident reminds us of a wealthy publisher, who, when his *employé* rushed madly to open a swing-door for him, rewarded him with the approving sentence, "You did quite right, Forman."

"Save me from my Friends."—Most musical students have heard of Kalkbrenner. He was a contemporary of Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Chopin, and others, and more of a charlatan than a musician; he was conceited and patronising, and given to aping the perfect gentleman. Knowing his weakness in this latter respect, Mendelssohn, Ferdinand Hiller, Chopin, and Liszt determined to pay him out—yes, and in public too. This was while Mendelssohn was staying in Paris. On a planned day, therefore, these madcaps took up their position in front of a café on the Boulevard des Italiens, just before the hour when Kalkbrenner was in the habit of visiting the place. Presently the "perfect gentleman" came strutting along, and no sooner had he reached the restaurant than the noisy company, purposely dressed "all tag-rag," surrounded him and greeted him in the most friendly way; nor, in spite of his evident disgust, would they leave him, but persisted in keeping his company, and assailing him with a shower of noisy questions and opinions, till at last quite a crowd collected round the place.

Looking Back.—Poor Handel! If he rose from the dead the first thing that would probably revert to his memory would be the extraordinary opposition he met with in his operatic enterprises in England. Scurrilous letters, caricatures, epigrams—all would rise up before him. Would he, for instance, have quite forgotten Goupy, clever caricaturist, scene-painter, and drawing-master to the Prince of Wales, who made the musician smart under an attack that bore the title of "The Charming Brute"? In an evil hour Handel

invited Goupy to dine with him at his house in Brook Street, but left him alone after dinner. Goupy, looking out of a back window, saw his host in another room, writing, and surrounded by fruit and wine ; whereupon he went home and drew the pastel, which was reproduced with slight variations, and had a wide circulation. Handel is represented in the form of a fat hog, seated on a beer barrel and playing on an organ, to which are attached a ham and a fowl. The floor is strewn with oyster-shells, and a turbot rests on a pile of books. At his feet are some musical instruments, and a scroll bearing the words, "Pension, Benefit, Nobility, Friendship." Æsop, standing behind the organ, holds a mirror to him that he may see what he is like. On his head is an owl, and behind him are wine-bottles. Below are the words :—

"The figure's odd—yet who would think,
Within this tunn of meat and drink,
There dwells a soul of soft desires,
And all that harmony inspires?

Can contrast such as this be found
Upon the globe's extensive round?
There can—yon hogshead is his seat,
His soul devotion is—to eat."

But the opposition was not confined to scurrilous letters. Tea-parties were given during Lent, an unheard-of practice; in fact, every opposition was put in the way by those who were hostile to his success. Among the scurrilous letters, one written by Paolo Rolli is a "spanker," and ought to be studied by every one who writes upon Handel. It ends with an epigram in which Handel is represented as combining with Walpole (that chronicling spectator who could dabble lightly in familiar verse and *jeux d'esprit*, trifle with history and art criticism, and correspond voluminously with his friends) to *excise* the whole nation, for "of what use are the sheep if the shepherd can't shear 'em"?

Nearly Lost.—How many wonder-minds have been lost to the world by the accidents and exigencies of times when they were unable to help themselves? If such a gauge could ever be arrived at, it might be found that greater geniuses have been lost to the world than have ever survived the processes of rearing. How near, for instance, the world was being the poorer of Verdi's splendid music. He was born at Roncole, an unpretentious settlement, hard by Busseto, some seventeen miles north-west of Parma. Terrible events shadowed his infancy. In 1814 the village was sacked by the invading allies; then the frightened women took refuge in the church —safe, as they believed, near the image of the Virgin—until the soldiers forced the doors, and slew women and children till the floor reeked with blood. One woman, with infant at breast, flew to the belfry and hid there, thus saving herself and her child. The child was the infant Verdi—the woman his mother!

What he Meant.—When Wagner grew to man's estate, he wrote *Das Judentham in der Musik.* His purpose in "Judaism in Music" was to prove that, of necessity, no Jew could be an artist. This work got him into a scrape—into one of those pools of boiling water wherein he was constantly tumbling through the whole of his life. When he was a young aspirant for fame he came across Meyerbeer at Boulogne. The Haussmann of opera was really helpful to him, giving him letters of introduction all round. Now could his enemies—and he always had a horde of such—torment him and hold him up to execration as "a model of base ingratitude, a man devoid of feelings, almost of common honour." Wagner's charge was that the Jew, a wanderer on the face of the earth, with no national characteristics about him, must inevitably lead an egoistic life, and to the egoist, said Wagner, "no artistic production was possible." But it was the artist and not the man that Wagner sought to crucify.

Harmonious Butcher.—Young Verdi went to the instrument at all hours, early and late, playing scales and discovering chords and harmonious combinations. Sometimes he would forget or lose one of his favourite chords, and then there was an outburst of genuine native passion that stood in strange contrast with his usual quiet demeanour. A story goes that once when he was labouring under one of these fits of temper, he seized a hammer and commenced belabouring the key-board. The noise attracted the attention of his father, who stemmed his son's impetuosity with a sound box on the ear, which stopped the craze for pianoforte butchering.

Those Two Sets.—In palette-and-easel walks mutual criticism of artists' works by fellow-painters is an established custom; indeed, social clubs exist for the express purpose of exhibiting pictures in various stages of completion, in order that they may have the benefit of suggestions which other craftsmen can make. The mind travels to the "Hogarth" in its old premises near Fitzroy Square, where the "Saturday nights" were delightful with their harmony and smoke. Then there was the Langham Sketching Club, behind All Souls' Church, absolutely a unique club in its way. Who that attended could ever forget its Friday nights! The merry artists, the pictures, the music; then the bread and cheese and beetroot; above all, the foaming barrel of beer! Then the clouds of "baccy," and the tea, coffee, and slices which the kindly matron so industriously circulated; then upstairs among the costumes and old armour, where Cattermole always had whisky and claret for the special ones—to wit, the singers and entertainers. Where now are the boys of that brigade—Cattermole, Fitzgerald, Vitton the tenor, Lehmeyer the accompanist, and a host of others? Often have we ourselves stood under the chandelier and "shouted" tenor songs for such brave Bohemians. Where are they now! Musicians, it is feared, do not do things in this way. As a body they seem to be deficient in good fellowship and

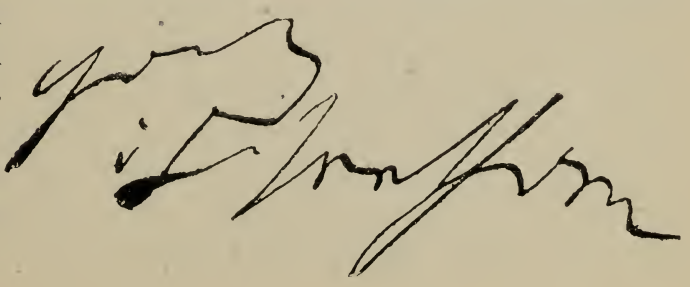
camaraderie — in short, narrow-viewed. Occasionally the opinions of a few bold spirits find their way into circulation. We know, for instance, what some contemporary artists thought of Mendelssohn as a pianist. Clara Schumann, Hiller, Joachim have spoken most enthusiastically of his playing; W. G. Rockstro, Otto Goldschmidt, and C. E. Horsley, his pupils, bear witness to the same. Horsley has said that his mastery over the instrument was little short of miraculous: "His powers of execution were quite as those of Rubinstein and Liszt; his delicacy of touch and tone was not exceeded by Thalberg or Chopin." Charles Hallé's opinion was not quite so eulogistic. "Mendelssohn's playing," he said, "was not exactly that of a 'virtuoso,' nor to be compared with that of Liszt or Thalberg (he himself calls it 'en gros spielen'); but it was remarkably perfect, and one felt the great musician, the great composer, in every bar he played."

So it is.—Beyond doubt we are indebted to the great masters themselves—Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn—for rescuing Bach from oblivion, and appraising him at his real value. It was through such great tone poets that the musical world learned what a master-spirit had wrought in the person of John Sebastian Bach. The first time Mozart heard one of Bach's hymns he said, "Thank God! I learn something absolutely new."

Pert.—Never was there a truer artist-soul than that of Oliver Goldsmith, poet, historian, essayist, and author of excellent comedies, of which *She Stoops to Conquer* is best known. His musical qualities have been quite neglected by writers. Yet he was a right-down good performer upon the German flute; indeed, when by reason of his eccentricities and careless conduct, he found himself ready for a tour of Europe on foot—with only one shirt and no money—his flute

was his only stock-in-trade. By playing on it he managed to return the obligation of many a night's lodging and meal. His ugly face, for which he used to be so ridiculed when he was usher at Peckham, was generally forgotten, however, when with his good nature and cheerfulness he played upon the flute to his pupils. Once there was a signal exception. He had paused for a moment to expatiate upon the advantages of music as a gentlemanlike requirement. A pert boy, looking at his situation and personal disadvantages with something of contempt, rudely replied to the effect that *he* surely did not consider himself a gentleman; an offence which, though followed by instant chastisement, as was richly deserved, disconcerted and pained Goldsmith extremely.

Genius Stroke.—One of Schubert's intimates tells us that he left him reading Goethe's fine ballad, the *Erl-König,* for the first time. He instantly conceived and arranged the melody, and when the friend returned after a short absence, Schubert was rapidly noting the music from his head on paper. The whole thing was set in an hour. When the song was finished, he rushed to the Stadt convict school, his only *alma mater*, and sang it to the scholars. The music-master, Rucziszka, was overwhelmed with rapture and astonishment, and embraced the young composer in a transport of joy. When the immortal music of the *Erl-König* was first sung to Goethe, the great poet said, "Had music, instead of words, been my instrument of thought, it is so I would have framed the legend." Schubert was eighteen years old, and an under-teacher, when he composed this immortal song.



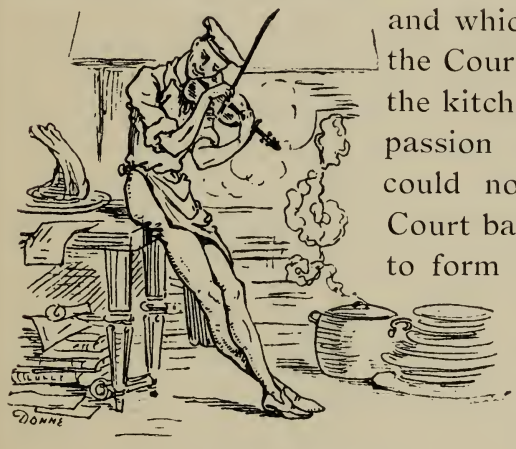
Apposite.—To do and not to do would seem to be the very apotheosis of the impossible. Yet the apparent antithesis does not always exist. A certain baronet—a learned one—after listening some while, with no great admiration, to the efforts of several students at work, asked of their master, Herr Berzon, what they were doing. "They are doing Dont," was the instructor's reply, referring, of course, to the excellent studies composed by Jacob Dont.

Discrimination.—Handel, kind, generous, large-hearted as he was, possessed a sharp tongue which he often used—with excellent effect—for he was so constantly forced to it. When he heard that an enthusiast had offered to make himself responsible for all the boxes the next time the despised oratorio, the *Messiah*, would be given, "He is a fool," said he; "the Jew will not come to it as to *Judas Maccabæus,* because it is a Christian story; and the ladies will not come, because it is a virtuous one."

Excess Luggage.—Fingers shaped like sausages are not regarded as advantages either in pianoforte or violin playing. Happily, there is a way of keeping down the superfluous meat and rendering the digits less like polonies. This is by incessant practice of studies and exercises involving *technique.* Many a teacher has had to contend with this difficulty; and of two ways of meeting the difficulty, the better one is to politely inform the pupil of his disadvantage. Herr Bergen once had a pupil with very thick fingers. When he wished him to remove his hand to the third position, he said, "Now, my good man, send up your luggage!" The mother of Fanny Hensel, the sister of Mendelssohn, used to entertain the fanciful idea that her daughter was born with "Bach fugue fingers." Certainly the hands of our great musicians would have had great interest, and might have been of some physiological value, had they been preserved. One of the writer's instructors, the late Augustus

L. Tamplin, threatened to bequeath his hands to a hospital. Certainly he kept them in exquisite condition by regular scale practice. This he carried out religiously each day, to a running fire and commentary of profane language and ejaculation which might well have made his furniture or even the piano-keys blush.

A Rise through a Fall.—Lully did much for music in general, but especially for the French opera. He was originally a *sous-marmiton,* or under-scullion, in the back-kitchen of Mdlle. de Montpensier, whose page he would have been, but that his ugly appearance stood in his way. What with his fiddling in the kitchen, however, and the offence given to his mistress by a song which he composed, and which became very popular at the Court, Lully was expelled from the kitchen. Louis XIV. had compassion on him, and though he could not well put him into the Court band, he commissioned Lully to form an orchestra of his own, which was named *"Les petits violons du Roi."* The body of little fiddlers soon rivalled the "big" ones, till ultimately it rose to be the Court band. The ex-scullion became a great favourite with the King, and used to talk to him in a very off-hand manner. Thus, on one occasion the performance not beginning at the proper time, Louis XIV. sent a messenger to the composer to tell him to make haste. "Tell the King he can wait!" was the reply sent back. On a similar occasion much the same sort of reply was returned, which this time seriously offended the King, and do what he would during the performance which followed, Lully could not draw a smile from his Majesty. *Bon mots*



FROM KITCHEN TO ORCHESTRA.

were made, but all to no purpose. A favourite piece was put on, and by a pre-arranged emergency Lully volunteered the part of the hero, and exerted himself to his utmost, but yet no word or look of admiration passed from the King. Then, as a final effort, Lully rushed from the back of the stage and dashed into the orchestra in front, falling on the harpsichord and smashing it into atoms. This fall was the means of throwing the King into convulsions of laughter, and of Lully's once more gaining the favour of his patron.

Doubtful Tact.—It must often have crossed the minds of both men and women, whether the wives of popular husbands—men who are what is known as idols of the public—are at heart as pleased with the many compliments and flattering allusions which fall from fair admirers about their famous husbands, as for appearance' sake they seem to be. Society etiquette forces a wife to hear many complimentary things about her noble "half" which would never be told to her, of herself, by the same enthusiasts. We wonder what the woman's feelings really are in such circumstances? Here is a case in point. It appears that Gounod had inspired a number of high-born ladies with a mystic love. On one occasion, when on a visit to a countess, he let a button fall on the carpet—a prosaic trouser-button. The countess picked it up, and had it encased in the most beautiful locket that the most skilful jeweller in the Rue de Paix could make. This memento she constantly wore about her neck. Later, the countess paid a visit to the wife of the composer, who went into ecstasies over the medallion. "Yes," said the countess, "it is pretty; but it ought to be prettier to be worthy of what it encloses. Look!" The locket was opened, and Madame Gounod saw, to her astonishment, a trouser-button. "It belonged to M. Gounod, my dear," said the infatuated countess. Yes—but what were Mrs. Gounod's feelings? These may be

guessed at from the action of the wife of another eminent musician who was once placed in a somewhat similar position. When in Naples, Wagner was troubled with the headache, and sent to have his hair cut short. When the barber received the summons and heard its purport, he sold every prospective hair of Wagner's head to his admirers, getting half the money down. To the great annoyance of the barber, Madame Wagner witnessed the operation and appropriated the whole of the severed hair to her own use. The barber in despair confessed what he had done, and she suggested that a certain butcher had the same kind of hair as her husband—and half Naples slept that night with the hair of the butcher under its pillow.

Had Forgotten!—The strange, dreamy unconsciousness of Schubert is very well illustrated in a story told by Vogl after his friend's death. One day Schubert left a new song at the singer's apartments, which, being too high, was transposed. Vogl, a fortnight afterwards, sang it in the lower key to his friend, who remarked, "Really, that lied is not bad; who composed it?"

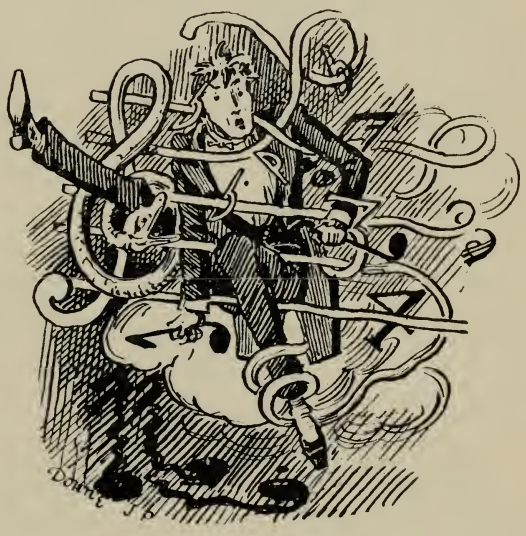
Feared Him.—Felix Mendelssohn was fortunate in the favour with which he was regarded by both the late Queen Victoria and her Consort. He has left it on record that his visit to Buckingham Palace was one of the happiest of his English experiences. Good Queen Victoria used to sing in those days, and was to sing to Mendelssohn. Some parrots, whose cages hung in the room, the Queen herself carried into the next room, in which occupation Mendelssohn helped her. She then requested her guest to play something, and afterwards sang some songs of his which she had given at a Court concert soon after the attack on her person. She was not wholly pleased, however, with her own performance, and said pleasantly to Mendelssohn, "I can do better—ask Signor Lablache if I cannot; but I am afraid of you!"

"Multum in Parvo."—Most legitimate was Handel in his musical methods. His purity of harmony has never been surpassed—rarely equalled. Yet, like all great minds, he would offend a canon of counterpoint if an artistic advantage was to be secured. The fugue subject in the overture to *Muzio Scævola* is in G minor, the answer being, therefore, properly in D minor, and involving a somewhat harsh progression from G to F natural. Handel boldly wrote F♯ in the answer, and was at once condemned by the critics, poor men! as having broken the rules of fugue. Geminiani, hearing this accusation, exclaimed, "True, but that semitone is worth a world."

A Musical Stronghold.—Giardini's name is best known, perhaps, from his association with the "Catch Club." It is by anecdote that Giardini is especially associated with the English glee school. At the first establishment of the "Catch Club" a rule was instituted (probably by oral convention) that any member who was named to sing, if he failed in his part, either by mispronunciation of the words in singing the notes, or in any other way, was liable, at the discretion of the president, to drink a half-pint bumper of wine. A nobleman celebrated for his conviviality fined poor Giardini for his foreign accent so often that he seldom returned home sober. To obviate the effects of his lordship's jovial persecution, Giardini wrote "Beviamo tutti tre." He had, it seems, attained a faculty of sustaining a note upon the syllable "ah," and at the same time of swallowing his wine, without any manifest interruption of the tone. Giardini introduced his trio, and when he led it at the passage prepared for this purpose, he drained his glass and held on the note. This feat to others was impossible, and as it was a component part of the glee, Giardini, by calling for "Beviamo," had his punishers in his power. Whenever they talked of fining him, he threatened to produce his trio.

Bad Case.—Mattheson, who, as before mentioned, came into almost mortal conflict with Handel, did not altogether love Bach. His main charge was that Bach was "a constant admirer of the fair sex, and much addicted to the wine-cellar of the Council." Not altogether a bad judge! He admitted, however, that "Bach had no equal on the organ in his own style."

A Thing of the Past.—Whatever verdict may be given by future generations upon the manufacture of instruments, and of music, in the nineteenth century, there can be no doubt that before this time instrumental performance was comparatively in its infancy. Bach was writing far in advance of his time, while Straduarius and the Amatis were "rounding" and "varnishing" for a people that were yet to come. Now all is changed. The secrets which have been lost in the maker's art have been found in that of the performer. We cannot now complain of the lack of performers to marry the music which has been written for the delightful instruments turned out from the old Italian workshops. Our happy lot has been to witness the very zenith of violin-playing. A future generation may equal, but can scarcely hope to surpass, a Joachim, a Wilhelmj, or a Strauss—players who combine the skill of Paganini with a purity of taste to which he was a stranger, and, moreover, with a freedom from those startling eccentricities which, more than anything else, have made the reputation of that strange per-



IN DIFFICULTIES.

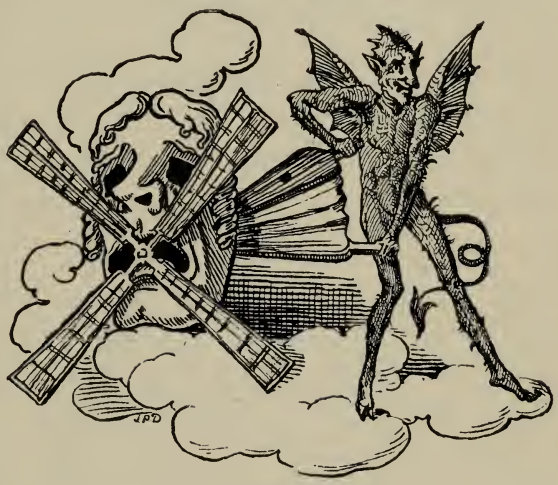
former. It is curious to look back to the style of playing when Bach wrote music which cannot be played as he wrote it, even now, and find how the instrumentalists—at least, violinists—were behind their age. In the best bands of that period—even in the royal band which the talented Lully trained and conducted, there were no violinists who understood shifting; indeed, such a contrivance was unknown; and we are told that "whenever the note C upon the first string occurred, it was looked upon with great terror, and in order to put the performers upon their guard, it was the practice of the leaders to cry out "Garde l'Ut"—mind the C, an expedient which we trust had the desired effect, but would be somewhat startling to a Covent Garden or a Philharmonic orchestra nowadays.

Pretty Situation.—To stem the tide of Haydn's popularity, the Italian faction in England had recourse to Giardini. They even imported Pleyel, one of Haydn's old pupils, to conduct rival concerts. Haydn kept his temper, and wrote, "Pleyel behaves himself with great modesty. I go to all his concerts and applaud him, but his presumption is a public laughing stock." Far different were the amenities that passed between Haydn and Giardini. "I won't know the German hound," exclaimed Giardini. "I attended his concert at Ranelagh, and he played the fiddle like a hog," said Haydn.

Saved!—Such were the artistic surroundings of Wagner as a child that, had he shown the slightest predilection for painting, it is quite conceivable that he would have been lost to music. His father had died of fever, caught in Leipzig soon after the battle (1813); and Geyer, who became his stepfather, was a painter of note. His great wish was to make a painter of the bright little fellow; but, happily, there were no signs to warrant the belief that he would prove a worthy knight of the palette and easel. Before Geyer's death, in

1821, Wagner had learned to play some few little airs upon the pianoforte. His renderings of these attracted the attention of Geyer, who on his deathbed—for even there the good fellow had his little charge in mind—murmured the remark, "Has he, perchance, a talent for music?" Yes! he had; and all the world knows it to-day, although those around the bedside would hardly have predicted for him even a small place in the hierarchy of harmony. So it is. Our futures are happily wrapped in a blessed, solemn mystery.

An Honest Judge.—Music has made vast strides in England during the past five-and-twenty years, more so perhaps than it has in any other European country during a similar period. This progress has affected every branch of musical industry, and especially that of organ-building, which is still going on throughout the country with, we might say, terrible success; for modern organ-building is not now by any means a labour of love. In view of this commercial spirit, we sincerely hope that organists will seek to become more acquainted with the several branches of their art, and aim at becoming as versed in organ-building as was Bach, who, Forkel tells us, "could as little prevail upon himself to praise a bad instrument as a bad organist. He was, therefore, very severe, but always just, in his trials of organs. As he was perfectly acquainted with the construction of the instrument, he could not in any case be deceived. The first thing he did was to draw out all the stops and to play with the full organ. He used to say in jest, that he must first of all know whether the



THE ORGANIST'S OGRE.

instrument had good lungs. He then proceeded to examine the single parts. His justice to the organ-builders went so far that, when he found the work really good, and the sum agreed upon too small, so that the builder would evidently have been a loser by his work, he endeavoured to induce those who had contracted for it to make a suitable addition, which he, in fact, frequently obtained."

Opposite Poles.—"Eagles do not bring forth doves" is a somewhat trite axiom. We should not expect therefore to find *acquilæ* such as Wagner and Schumann agreeing for any length of time together. Each once described the other. "Schumann," quoth Wagner, "is a highly gifted musician, but an *impossible* man. When I came from Paris, I went to see Schumann. I related to him my Parisian experiences, spoke of the state of music in France, then of that in Germany, spoke of literature and politics; but he remained as good as dumb for nearly an hour. One cannot go on talking quite alone. An impossible man!" Now for Schumann's side—"I have seldom met him; but he is a man of education and spirit. He talks, however, unceasingly, so that one cannot endure it for very long together." Thus geniuses differ.

He Repented Himself.—It is appalling to think of the narrow escapes which many of the masters of music have had from missing the very vocation for which nature moulded them. Handel was to have been a doctor; Wagner, a painter; Schubert, a schoolmaster; Schumann, a lawyer; and so on. The world nearly lost its Verdi. Father Seletti, the parish priest, would have the born opera composer a monk. He was once officiating at Mass, however, when Verdi happened to be deputising at the Busseto organ. Struck with the unusually beautiful organ-music, the priest, at the end of the service, expressed a desire to see the

organist. Behold his amazement on discovering his scholar, whom he had been seeking to estrange from harmony to theology!" "Whose music were you playing?" inquired Seletti. "It was beautiful." Verdi, feeling shy, informed the priest that he had brought no music with him, and had been improvising. "So I played as I felt," he added. "Ah!" exclaimed Seletti, "I advised you wrongly. You must be no priest, but a musician."

Midas!—Always gentle, Chopin—the spiritual dreamer of the pianoforte—yet knew how to resent insult and to rebuke arrogance. He disliked beyond measure to be forced into musical display, and he found sharp repartees for those who offended the canons of taste in this way. On one occasion, when he had just left the dining-room, an indiscreet host, who had had the simplicity to promise his guests some piece executed by him as a rare dessert, pointed him to an open piano—he did not actually push Chopin's nose into the keys! Chopin quietly refused; but, on being pressed, said, with a languid and sneering drawl, "Ah! sir, I have just dined; your hospitality, I see, demands payment."

His Match.—Gaetar Vestris, the first of the family known as the "Dieu de la Danse"—who used to say, "Europe contains only three truly great men: myself, Voltaire, and Frederick the Great of Prussia"—dared to dictate even to Gluck. "Write me the music of a chaconne, Monsieur Gluck," said the god of dancing. "A chaconne!" said the enraged composer; "do you think the Greeks, whose manners we are endeavouring to depict, knew what a chaconne was?" "Did they not?" replied Vestris, astonished at this news; and in a tone of compassion continued, "then they are much to be pitied." The "god of dancing" did not obtain his ballet music from the obdurate German.

J. H. Bonawitz

Programme.—The noble art of bill-posting has been responsible for many amusing anachronisms, absurdities, and lies. Occasionally the art of music has been affected. For one of the early performances of *Elijah,* under Mendelssohn's *bâton,* at Birmingham, big posters were stuck on the walls in many parts of the city advertising the performance. A little after, other posters, relating to a Whitsun trip, were partly pasted over them, leaving the lower part undisturbed. The combination then read:—"The *Odd Fellows* of Birmingham will make an extraordinary trip to Worcester, Gloucester, and Bristol, returning next day. Leader—Mr. Willy; Conductor—Dr. Mendelssohn." Never was anything more comical or vexatious, probably thought the strait-laced composer.

One Thing Lacking.—Haydn had no need to complain of the treatment he received from the aristocracy during his stay in London, and, simple-hearted though he was, he entered into the entertainments and feastings with great zest. Those were the days when gentlemen drank freely, were uproarious, smashed glasses, and swore just as we now use slang, bad English, etc. The Prince of Wales—afterwards George IV. —was a fair performer on the violoncello. He gave the composer an invitation, and charmed him by his kindness. "He is the handsomest man on God's earth," reported Haydn. "He has an extraordinary love of music, and a great deal of feeling, but very little money."

Showing the Way.—All who remember the late George Cooper's organ-playing at St. Sepulchre's Church, London, will bear witness to the crowds that used to linger and listen to his concluding voluntaries on Sunday evenings, never attempting to leave the church until the organ eventually stopped. It was the same in the case of my master, Mr. Tamplin, when at St. Luke's, Berwick Street. Much to the delight of the congregation (if this be not a

profane way of putting it) this erratic genius used to give a taste of his powers after the evening sermon. With the "show" over, as he roughly put it, the decks were cleared, and A. L. T. proceeded to weave up improvisations which were simply extraordinary in their beauty and grandeur. Never was there such an improviser on the modern organ. All, too, without a note of music. Poor vicar! it tried him, and at last action was necessary. The incumbent, my dear lifelong friend, the late Rev. Harry Jones, instructed the verger to turn down the gas. This only tended to provoke grander inspiration, until eventually the CH_4 was shut off at the meter. It was a poor district, with slender offertories, and the noble vicar had enough to meet without excessive gas-bills. *Apropos* of this, an amusing story is told of Handel's endeavouring to "play the congregation out" at a country church. The people were so lost in admiration that they would not go; whereupon the country organist, getting impatient, said, "Here—you cannot play them out; let me show you how;" and on his taking Handel's place at the organ the members of the congregation were soon getting home to their dinners.

Not for "G. F."—Handel, like all the great ones in music, had a wholesome horror of the Academical trappings which have been constructed—and that so abundantly these later years—as advertisements of musical cleverness. "Musical millinery" and "degrees" had no attraction for him; and, unless they draw pupils, it is difficult to see how—given his fit schooling—a hood and gown can improve a man's music. However, the examination system is no doubt arranged to restrict the tribe of unqualified professors; in which case we willingly exclaim *esto perpetua*. Dickens did not require them to call into existence the hero of the milk-punch or the voracious "Oliver," nor did "Bobbie" Burns, the hard-handed Scottish peasant, need such stimulus to create "Green grow the rashes, O!" "Scots,

wha hae," "Mary Morison," and many another. Handel was offered the Oxford Doctor in Music degree on account of his opera *Deborah*. The degree fees in those days amounted to £100; and, on being asked why he refused the honour, he said, "What the —— I throw my money away, for that which the blockheads wish? I no want."

Old Friend.—The marvellous development of musical methods and manners in this country, and doubtless in many others, has not been without its counteracting aspect. More pianos and pianists have added another to the terrors of existence. Twenty-five or thirty years ago the "neighbouring piano" nuisance was an experience unknown, because in those delightful days it was the exception to find one of these domestic appurtenances. Now they abound, and in nearly every home there is the inevitable piano with its inevitable music. Things have gone on at such a pace that the domestic piano has come to be regarded as a nuisance rather than a comfort, especially in suburban districts. Thoughtful minds are directing their attention to an abatement of the evil. To these we recommend the method adopted by Weyse, the eminent Danish composer. Of course no good results are likely to accrue unless the remedy be as thorough as was Weyse's. He was much worried by the mournful and incessant tinkling of a superannuated piano, the property of a family resident upon the floor immediately beneath his apartments. Morning, noon, and night he was disturbed by the melancholy strummings, which he affirmed caused him to lose some of his happiest inspirations. One evening, as he sat in his study, deeply excogitating a "Leitmotiv" for the second movement of his new symphony, a burst of more than usually discordant sounds came from the abominable instrument below, at once irretrievably scattering his ideas. He was desperate, and, attired as he was in dressing-gown and slippers, hurried downstairs and rang his persecutor's door-bell. He was admitted to the room con-

taining the terrible piano, and found there a large and gay company, which welcomed him with effusion. After bowing gravely to his host and hostess, he sat down before the open piano without uttering a word, and played one of his own fantasias, a particular favourite of the Copenhagen public. When he had concluded he shut the instrument, locked it, put the key in his pocket, and again bowing to the master and mistress of the house with a sardonic smile, departed as he had come, in profound silence. For the remainder of that night at least the engine of his discomfiture was mute.

One Better.—Many have been the discussions, surmises, and disputes as to who is superlatively the great example and master in all distinctive fields of musical art. The composer of *Guillaume Tell* seemed to know. Some one once asked Rossini, who, in his opinion, was the greatest musician: "Beethoven," was the immediate reply. "What of Mozart, then?" "Oh," returned the sprightly creator of *Rosina,* "Mozart is not the greatest, he is the only musician in the world!"

Gaining Ideas.—A good musical workman never quarrels with his tools; he can do wonders with very poor materials. In all classical music we are frequently surprised by the marvellous results which a great composer can build up on a very trivial or ugly theme. It is said of Haydn that he was in the habit of taxing the invention of his friends for subjects. Rich and original as he was in ideas, yet all the subjects and themes that we meet with in his delightful music are or were not his own. No, Haydn was the very opposite to Beethoven. He was

SHOWING THE WAY.

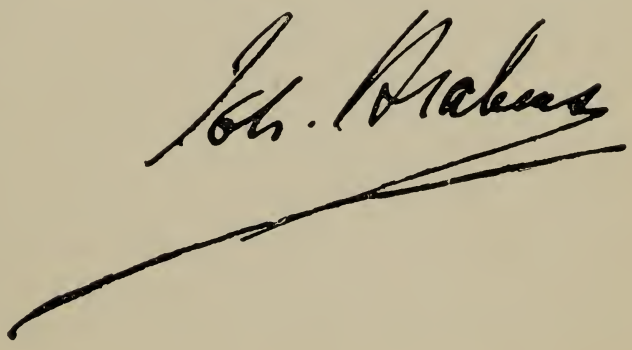
charmingly sociable, and never happier than when surrounded with friends, young and old. He was a capital fun-maker, and used to keep the little ones in high glee for hours together. The older ones he would make useful. "Come," he would say, "give me a subject." It was useless to plead inability. "Never mind," Haydn would say, "let me have something, if it is only a few notes. *I will have it.*" They were obliged to obey. Haydn would then take down their few notes and "pursue them," as he used to term it, never leaving them till he had woven together some whole movement from such scanty materials. So Haydn secured the themes for some of his best and most admired movements.

His Rule.—There are few people, no one probably (unless it be that extraordinary scribe who, under the signature of "J.F.R.," discusses music in the *Saturday Review*), who will fall foul of most of the music that Mendelssohn has bequeathed us. The secret of his work and success he has divulged himself. Writing to Devrient concerning the composition of an opera, he says: "Ever since I began to compose, I have remained true to my starting principle: not to write a page because no matter what public, or what pretty girl wanted it to be thus or thus; but to write solely as I myself thought best, and as it gave me pleasure." High-souled Mendelssohn! He might frequently have exclaimed—*Semper virtute vivo.*

Didn't Occur to Him.—Mozart, like many another artist-soul, suffered from a lack of worldly prudence. The getting of money was not so difficult—it was more the keeping it which puzzled him: of business instinct he had none. He lost a golden chance once of bettering his fortunes under the patronage of the King of Prussia. He had almost made up his mind to accept the offer—which had been renewed by the king—and came to the Emperor Leopold, more than

half-prepared to offer his resignation. "What! do you mean to forsake me, Mozart?" ejaculated the emperor. Emotionally touched, the composer replied, "May it please your Majesty, I will stay!" When friends afterwards asked of him if he had not at least thought of obtaining some little piece of imperial favour by way of compensation at the time, and with such a powerful lever in hand: "Who the —— would have thought of that at such a time?" warmly returned Mozart. This was a character-revealing remark, and no mistake! Whoever — except a Mozart — would not have "thought about it at the time?"

To a Sister.—Mendelssohn had a tremendous reverence for print. It is a pity he was not acquainted with some of the methods and ways of certain sections of modern journalism; he might then have qualified his views about the Press! He suffered nothing to be published until he had revised and repolished it to the satisfaction of his fastidious taste. Though he published among his own songs six that were composed by his sister Fanny—without always giving her the credit—he was strongly opposed to her publishing anything on her own account. It was not until 1846 that she ventured, after some brilliant offers from Berlin houses, to send forth some books of melodies for the pianoforte, songs, and part-songs, and then Felix tardily sent her his "professional blessing on her becoming a member of the craft," adding the hope that she might "taste only the sweets and none of the bitternesses of authorship."



Final.—Handel had at least one quality which was essentially British—notwithstanding he was by birth a German. His bluntness of expression was amazing, and, naturally (if unintentionally so), offensive. He was once asked a question as to some music of Gluck's. "He knows no more of counterpoint than my cook," was his reply—the cook being Waltz, who sang bass and played the 'cello much better than he composed.

Just Rebuke.—That familiarity breeds contempt is often found to be true in the case of singers, both solo and chorus. This is a pity: for the effect of familiarity is to induce carelessness and consequent injury to whatever work may happen to be in hand. A direction in which this familiarity is often successful in inducing carelessness is the cathedral choir, where daily "matins" and "evensong" is the rule. It is probably impossible to enter into the appropriate sentiments, twice a day, year after year, of music so perfectly familiar, and so easy, comparatively speaking, as is church music. The result is too often a weariness and a boredom, resulting in an execution of the music which has become recognised as the "cathedral" style. A simple remark which once fell from Weber would be *àpropos* here. On May 26th, 1826, was produced at the Argyle Rooms a work known as Weber's *Jubel Cantata*. In the course of the work there occurs a beautiful prayer in the appropriate key of B flat. The chorus have to sing this, and at one of the rehearsals for the occasion referred to, the singers, in spite of expression-marks, were singing it in the lusty "hammer-and-

"HEARTY" SERVICES!

tongs" fashion peculiar to the habitual chorister. Suddenly Weber stopped them. "Stay; not like that. Would you bawl in that manner in the presence of God?" words which we think might with advantage be printed and hung up in every choir vestry.

Unforeseen Results.—Musical science frequently obliges composers to consider the sense of the words which they are setting as quite of secondary importance. If the composer expresses in his music the same sentiment as that which is given in the words, he must be forgiven if the arrangement of the words invites criticism. But when, as in much old church music, solemn words are used as a peg on which to hang a piece of ingenious counterpoint, it is to be feared that the composer must be content to base his reputation on musical skill more than on religious reverence or knowledge. Sometimes this defect verges on the ludicrous, and many absurd effects might be pointed out which are caused by unfortunate juxtaposition of words, simply for the serving of musical interests in the scientific necessity of associating certain themes or movements. And there are limits beyond which the thing becomes unendurable. One such is recorded of Porpora, who, undeterred by a limited acquaintance with Latin, undertook to compose music to the "Creed." Using the word haphazard, he turned out a version in which a passage read thus: "Credo, non credo, non credo in Deum"; the sentiments of which would assuredly have brought upon him the terrors of the Inquisition, had he not been able to convince his judge of his utter ignorance of Latin, and that no other cause but the demands of the music prompted him to propound so unorthodox a statement. As a case in which the composer has stepped dangerously near the absurd, without of course in the least intending it, the writer ventures to cite a passage in Sir Arthur Sullivan's clever cantata, *The Prodigal Son*, where, in the duet for tenor and bass, the tenor, breaking in with

the word "Father" upon the words, "My son is yet a-live," which the bass is concluding, produces the effect of a statement scarcely *àpropos* to the situation—"My son is yet a father." We need scarcely remind the reader that there would be no great difficulty in making him smile over many instances where the demands of fugue and imitation in music, especially in sacred music, have produced some very questionable sentiment; but there is no need to do this.

A Widow's Recollections.—The widow of Mozart has given to the world many interesting details respecting her illustrious husband. Years after Mozart had died, and when the celebrated Constance Weber had been widowed for the second time, she was visited by an English lady and her

MUSICIAN BESIEGED.

husband—an eminent musician—both of whom were anxious to converse with the widow of the great master. Madame Nyssen's enthusiasm for her first husband was far from extinguished. "Mozart," she said, "loved all the arts, and possessed a taste for most of them. He could draw, and

was an excellent dancer. He was generally cheerful and in good humour; rarely melancholy, though sometimes pensive. Indeed," continued she, "he was an angel, and is one in heaven now." He played the organ delightfully as well as the pianoforte, but he seldom touched this last instrument in company, unless there were present those who could appreciate him. He would, however, often extemporise upon it when alone with her. "Mozart's voice," she said, "was a light tenor; his speaking tone gentle, unless when directing music; that then he became loud and energetic—would even stamp with his feet, and might be heard at a considerable distance. His hands were very small and delicate. His favourite amusements were bowls and billiards." The widow lady also hinted to the visitors that it was Mozart's highest ambition to have composed an oratorio in the style of the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt;* in fact, he intended to have set to work upon an oratorio immediately after the *Requiem.*

Playing Low.—When Verdi was putting the last touches to *Il Trovatore*, he was visited in his study by a privileged friend, who was one of the ablest living musicians and critics. He was permitted to examine the score, and run over the "anvil chorus" on the pianoforte. "What do you think of that?" asked Verdi. "Trash!" responded the connoisseur. Verdi rubbed his hands and chuckled. "Now look at this," he said. "Rubbish!" said the other, rolling a cigarette. The composer rose and embraced him with a burst of joy. "What do you mean?" asked the critic. "My dear friend," cried Verdi, "I have been making a popular opera. In it I resolved to please everybody except the purists, the great judges, the classicists, like you. Had I pleased you, I should have pleased no one else. What you say assures me of success. In three months *Il Trovatore* will be sung, and roared, and whistled, and barrel-organed all over Italy."

And so it proved. It is a sad admission to make, but it is to be feared that even in this enlightened century the only certain way to success—that is monetary success, is to "play low," as it is called, rather than to aim high—to pander to the taste of the *vox populi*, and to cater for the patronage of the million rather than the few. Verdi always had his weather eye open for the applause of the masses—the voice of the *polloi*, for which reason probably he put little or no constructive work in his operas until he wrote his last three masterpieces.

Laryngoscopical.—The physiological aspects of the human voice are, happily, fully known and appreciated by several eminent surgeons who make a speciality of the throat and its various organs. It is more than likely, too, if these able men were musicians or practised vocalists, that a great deal of new light might be thrown upon this most important department of surgical science. Needless to say it has been almost totally neglected by the great army of voice-producers, professors of singing, etc.; albeit, no one should be allowed to practise as a teacher of singing (which compels a tremendous deal of tampering with some of the most delicate mechanism of the throat) unless he has qualified himself in this department as well as in the musical one—much in the same way as a dentist is compelled to qualify ere he sets about his merry methods of destruction. There is no excuse for singing-masters not knowing more of the mechanism of the voice, inasmuch as throat-surgeons generally are willing to afford every facility at their hospitals for those desiring to make observations. The old masters of singing taught entirely by ear and methods of comparison, instead of scientifically. Since Garcia invented the laryngoscope, however, the internal working of the larynx is open to all. It is no longer necessary to waste four or five years of the pupil's time in the absolutely essential work of placing and producing the voice, since by observations of the vocal cords, under the

application of breath, the marvellous vocal mystery (as it was held to be) can be made clear to a pupil well within a dozen lessons. When will professors of singing grasp the fact that nature has ordained the anterior portions of the wonderful cords for the purposes of speech, and that the posterior ends are, broadly, for singing purposes? A few points in connection with the voice are still disputed. One of these relates to the change of voice in the male when he reaches the age of puberty. What goes on, in these circumstances, is not altogether agreed upon. But this is not a treatise on singing. The point that prompted the comments relates to Bach. Of his boyhood at Lüneberg a remarkable story is told, to the effect that when his voice broke he for some days spoke and sang in octaves. It is of course quite conceivable on acoustical grounds that the first harmonic may have been prominent enough to be heard with the fundamental note. Happily, the phenomenon did not escape his acute musical ear.

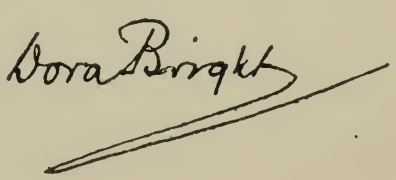
Bethlehem Redivivus.—Whatever may be the case with continental churches—say among the Roman Catholic priesthood, of which we know nothing but good—it is quite certain that the clerical élement of the English Church is not now, nor ever has been, conspicuous for its musical ability, or for its acquaintance with that aspect of the Church service, the music, about which it might reasonably be expected to know something. To the vast majority of the clergy of the Established Church, then, we recommend the lesson to be learned from the action of a certain German divine of nearly two hundred years ago. Neumeister, a famous preacher in Bach's day, had heard of a musical transaction in which it was clear the composer had been unfairly treated. It concerned the post of organist of St. James's Church, Hamburg, for which the committee had chosen an indifferent musician over Bach's head. It was a palpable injustice; since it was generally understood that the man elected could prelude better with

thalers than with his fingers. Oh, mighty mammon! When the eloquent preacher next ascended the rostrum it was Christmastide, and in the course of his sermon he expounded very beautifully the Gospel concerning the angelic music at the Nativity of the Saviour. He ended his discourse with this epiphonema:—"He believed quite certainly that if one of the angels of Bethlehem came from heaven, who played divinely, and desired to be organist of St. James's Church, if he had no money he would have nothing to do but fly away again." This was a bold modulation (and to a very extreme key) from theology to music. What the congregation thought of it is unknown to us. All the same, it did infinite credit to the gentleman of the cloth.

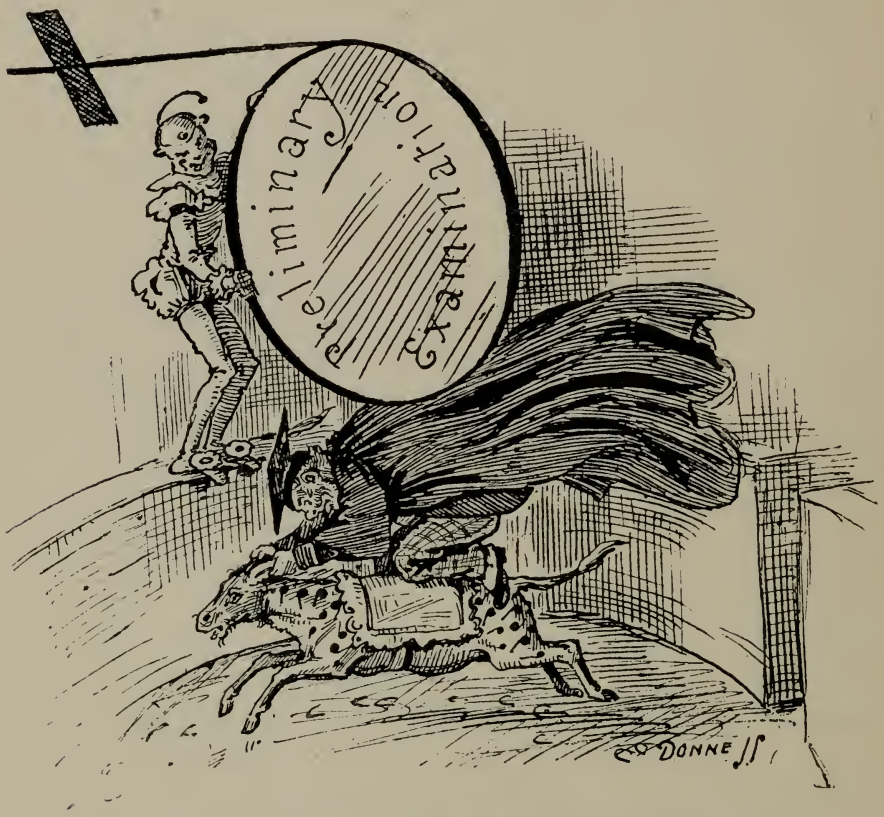
Past Glories.—The *laudator temporis acti* must not be altogether despised. There is little doubt, as far as music is concerned, that many of the achievements of old-time artists would shade many of the best performances of our own times. Those individuals whose memories take them back to art and artistes no longer on the concert-platform are to that extent at least to be envied. Mendelssohn is one who many would have been delighted to hear. His personality, his improvisations at the piano and organ, his remarkable gifts of thematic development immediately the test was put to him, must have been little short of marvellous. At Ernst's concert in the Hanover Square Rooms (long since demolished) in 1844, Bach's Triple Concerto in D minor was performed by Moscheles, Thalberg, and Mendelssohn. Thalberg not being given to extempore playing, it was agreed that no cadenzas were to be introduced. When the first pause was reached in the finale, Moscheles, perhaps from the force of habit, started off with a brilliant cadenza. At the second pause it was Thalberg's turn, and though tāken by surprise, he got through very well. Lastly, came Mendelssohn's effort. "It began very quietly, and the themes of the concerto, most scientifically varied, gradually

crept up in their new garments. A crescendo then began, the themes ever newly presented, rose higher and higher; and at last a storm, nay, a perfect hurricane of octaves, which must have lasted for five minutes, brought to a conclusion an exhibition of mechanical skill, and the most perfect inspiration, which neither before nor since that memorable Thursday afternoon has ever been approached. The effect on the audience was electrical. . . . At the end, rounds of cheers were given for the great artist, which sounded like salvos of artillery." Horsley walked with Mendelssohn in Hyde Park afterwards, and offered his congratulations, when the latter replied: "I thought the people would like some octaves, so I played them."

Early Suitor.—Never was there a more delightful musical wonder-child than little Mozart. He was only six years of age when Leopold *père* took him for the second time on tour —such was Wolfgang's wonderful precocity. How well he played the violin even then! The destination was the imperial palace at Schönbrunn, where the Emperor Francis I. and family were anxious to hear "the little sorcerer.' Arrived at Vienna, on reaching the Custom-house, Wolfgang so charmed the official in charge with his violin-playing that he "cleared" the whole party and the luggage speedily. Arrived at Schönbrunn, the Empress Maria Theresa gave the Mozarts 100 ducats (£40), and sent them some "dresses." During the audience, the young princesses—poor Marie Antoinette among them —made themselves most agreeable to the children, petting Wolfgang as they would a little brother. The latter happened to stumble and fall. Marie hastened to pick the young pianist up. "You *are* good," exclaimed he, with a characteristically naïve outburst, —"*I shall marry you!*" It was a pity he didn't!



A Musical Curiosity.—Most of us know that when Haydn was in this country the University of Oxford conferred upon him a musical doctorship degree as a mark of appreciation of his genius. Before, however, Haydn could accept this it was necessary that he should go through the formula of forwarding to the University a specimen of his musical learning. Accordingly, he sent to the authorities a

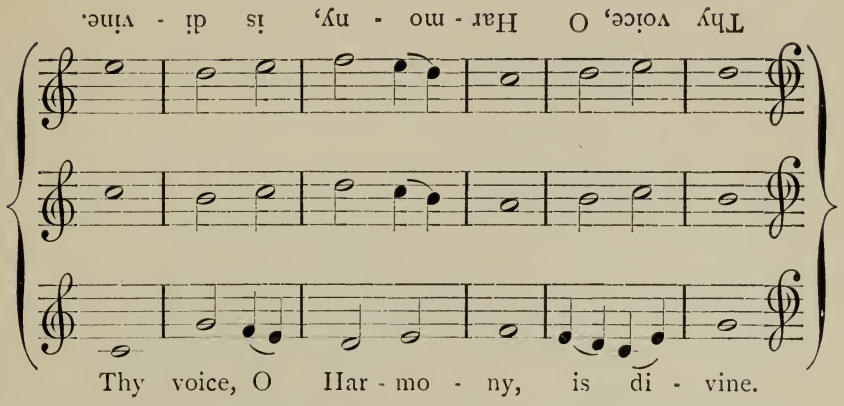


FOR MUSICAL MILLINERY.

small three-part composition of but six bars in length. It was duly laid before the professors at the University, who, upon examining it, perceived that it was a clever canon so composed that whether read backwards or forwards, whether commenced in the middle or turned upside down, it always presented a melody with a correct accompaniment. A copy of this curiosity is given on the next

page. In one respect it is strikingly like many other and less famous "exercises" for musical degrees: it is far more remarkable for ingenuity than for beauty:—

CANON;

Par Haydn.

The Dénouement.—Obeying the dictates of his daring fancy, though hardly acquainted with the rudiments of composition, Piccini, as little more than a child, determined to compose a Mass. The news got abroad that the little Niccolo was working on a grand Mass, and the great Leo, the chief of the conservatory, sent for the trembling culprit. "You have written a Mass?" he commenced. "Excuse me, sir; I could not help it," said the timid boy. "Let me see it." Little Piccini brought him the score and all the orchestral parts, and Leo immediately went to the concert-room, assembled the orchestra, and gave them the parts. The boy was ordered to take his place in front and conduct the performance, which he went through with great agitation. "I pardon you this time," said the grave *maestro*, at the end; "but if you do such a thing again, I will punish you in such a manner that you will remember it as long as you live. Instead of studying the principles of your art, you give yourself up to the wildness of your imagination; and, when you have tutored your ill-regulated ideas into

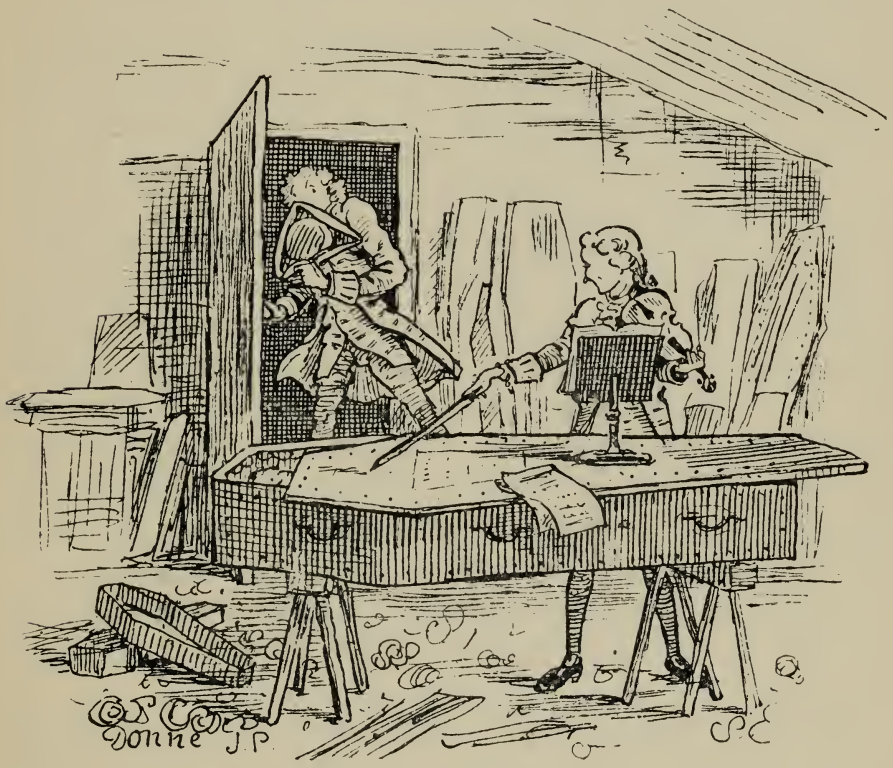
something like shape, you produce what you call a Mass, and no doubt you think you have produced a masterpiece." The poor boy burst into tears at this rebuke. Then it was that Leo clasped him in his arms, kissed him fervently, and told him he had great talent. From that moment Leo was Piccini's master.

His Gauge.—"Chi sa più, meno sa" (He who knows most, knows least) runs an old Italian proverb, and it must be admitted in the case of the great musicians that not a single example could be instanced where anything approaching a spirit of musical boast can be alleged against them. One and all seem to have been extraordinarily humble men, with little other fear than the one that their tributes on the altar of Art fell far below the ideal. For the most part these great tone poets avoided the methods and distinctions which most men risk their necks to secure. They lived in their realm of art, and cared for little outside it—unless, indeed, it was the friendly tribute of a fellow-craftsman. "Your praise is better than three orders of nobility," wrote Mendelssohn upon one occasion to his teacher Moscheles.

The Turning-point.—Fitly enough, remembering his sturdy, independent, yea, revolutionary turn of character, Wagner himself decided upon music as his profession. In 1828—he would be fifteen years old—he attended the Gewendhaus Concerts at Leipzig, and there heard Beethoven for the first time. The impression produced on him was "overpowering." He had formulated a tragedy in the Greek style, and nothing would satisfy him but some music for it such as Beethoven's *Egmont;* and he must write it! He borrowed from a circulating library a copy of Logier's "Thorough Bass Method," and secretly composed a quartette, a sonata, and an aria. He would be a musician. The determination could not be believed by his family, as his fitness for music had really dawned

upon no one. Moreover, there existed no proofs of any preliminary studies, and he was without even the ability to play respectably upon the pianoforte.

Music under any Circumstances.—Arne as a boy was passionately fond of music, and when at Eton used to torment his fellow-scholars day and night with an old cracked flute which he owned. Music was not much regarded at



"SO IT DOES."

Eton in those days; and a boy who put his hand to music was commonly considered as much a monstrosity as a girl who smoked cigarettes! When Eton was left behind for London he made the acquaintance of a footman, from whom he used to borrow a livery, and thus attired gained access to the upper gallery of the opera-house, which in those days was set aside for lackeys and domestics of all kinds. Arne

was never intended by his parents for a musician. The star of hope was to be a lawyer. The votary of Apollo, however, preferred music to jurisprudence, and by foul means and fair contrived to secret a spinet in his room, which he muffled, and then practised when the rest of the family were asleep. He managed, too, to obtain some instruction from Festing on the violin, which he soon performed upon very creditably. His change of profession was inevitable. Arne's father happening to call upon a gentleman one evening on a matter of business, found him engaged, but on sending in his name he was invited upstairs, where there was a large company and a concert going on, and lo! there was his son in the very act of playing first fiddle! He was thunderstruck and much annoyed; nevertheless, finding him more admired for his musical ability than his knowledge of the law, resistance on the pater's part seemed useless. It appears that the father carried on an undertaker's business near Covent Garden, and the warehouse was the place where his son frequently received his music lessons. Calling one evening as usual, the teacher discovered young Arne intently practising his violin, while before him was his music-desk standing upon a coffin. The master ventured to remark that he should not be able to study for thinking that it contained a corpse. "So it does," replied young Arne, and, pushing the lid aside, convinced him of the fact.

Scholar's Joy.—To win whatever he or she desires to obtain, whether it be a lover or a label, is happily the predominating instinct of every true Briton. Few of us, probably, can say that we are unacquainted with that trying experience, the suspense of waiting to learn the result of a competition in which one has engaged. Most feverish moments these—yet very salutary ones in fashioning the true, matured character. The Mendelssohn Scholarship —the most valuable musical prize in the United Kingdom—has afforded more than one opportunity for a taste of this

experience,—in this case rendered the more acute inasmuch as the verdict on the trial soon finds its way round the civilised globe. When Arthur (afterwards Sir) Sullivan was fourteen years old, he competed for the Scholarship founded in memory of Mendelssohn. The competition lay between the late (Sir) Joseph Barnby, the eldest of the candidates, and Sullivan, who was the youngest. "During all that June day," relates Sullivan, "the judges examined us, but, unable to decide, reserved their judgment until the morrow, which was to be conveyed to us in writing. I spent the next day in a fever of expectation. No letter. At last, at about four o'clock, rat-a-tat-tat, the postman's knock. 'A letter for Master Sullivan,' said the maid. I tore it open—I had won."

Walk Over.—In the autumn of 1717—Bach would be thirty-two years old—he and Marchand were at Dresden. Jean Louis, the French organist, was a vain, arrogant, conceited fellow, yet withal an idol of French society. The Court musicians at Dresden discussed the two men, and eventually matched them. A challenge was made and accepted, with a date and hour fixed at Field-Marshal von Flemming's house. Bach and the jury arrived punctually, but Marchand did not appear. He was sent for, but, behold! he had departed that morning from Dresden by the express coach—feeling certain, probably, of being defeated in the contest. The news of the German's defeat of the Frenchman soon spread far and wide.

"Out of the Bag."—One of the kindest, gentlest creatures that ever breathed, Verdi, in his days of affluence, allowed few worldly matters to trouble him. In only one direction did he make a stand, or "put his foot down," as the saying goes. He strongly disliked any secrets as to his work leaking out. "Nothing," he told the writer, "more vexed him than to learn from outside sources that he was doing this or that." Imagine, then, what might have been the result of

Boito publicly giving away the fact that the composer of *Il Trovatore* was engaged upon a new opera, *Falstaff*, and this to Verdi's face! It was at a dinner-table. Dessert had been placed, when Ricordi, the publisher, turning to Boito, inquired when his *Nerone*, an opera for which the Italian public had been waiting for the last five years, would be ready. Boito replied that it had been laid aside in view of a work of much importance, and then rising, with his glass in his hand, looked towards Verdi and said, laughing, "Here's to your fat-paunched hero!" Inquiries, of course, followed, and in this way the subject of the new opera became known. "I should not have forgiven Boito his indiscretion," Verdi continued, "had he not written me a first-rate libretto. The music that I have to put to it is in some passages so droll that it has often made me laugh while writing it."

Non Possumus.—After Handel lost his sight, Surgeon Sharp suggested Stanley, the blind organist, as one who, from his wonderful powers of memory, would be able to take his place at the organ in oratorios. Handel burst into a loud laugh, and said, "Mr. Sharp, have you never read the Scriptures? Do you not remember that if the blind lead the blind, they will both fall into the ditch?"

Word Portraiture.—Schumann's latter days were gloomy, sorrowful ones. He was afflicted with great mental distress caused by ossification of the brain. He was haunted by delusions—amongst others, by the constant hearing of a single musical note. On one occasion he was under the impression that Schubert and Mendelssohn had visited him, and had given him a musical theme, which he wrote down, and upon which he set himself to write variations. Once he attempted suicide—in the Rhine; then he was confined in a madhouse, and died there. Our countryman Sterndale Bennett was very friendly with Schumann, who, by the way,

is reverenced in Germany no less as a philosophical thinker and critic than as a composer. Bennett wrote a description of Schumann, and set it as a canon. Translated, the original German runs—

Herr Schumann is a first-rate man,
He smokes as ne er another can;
A man of thirty, I suppose,
Short is his hair, and short his nose.

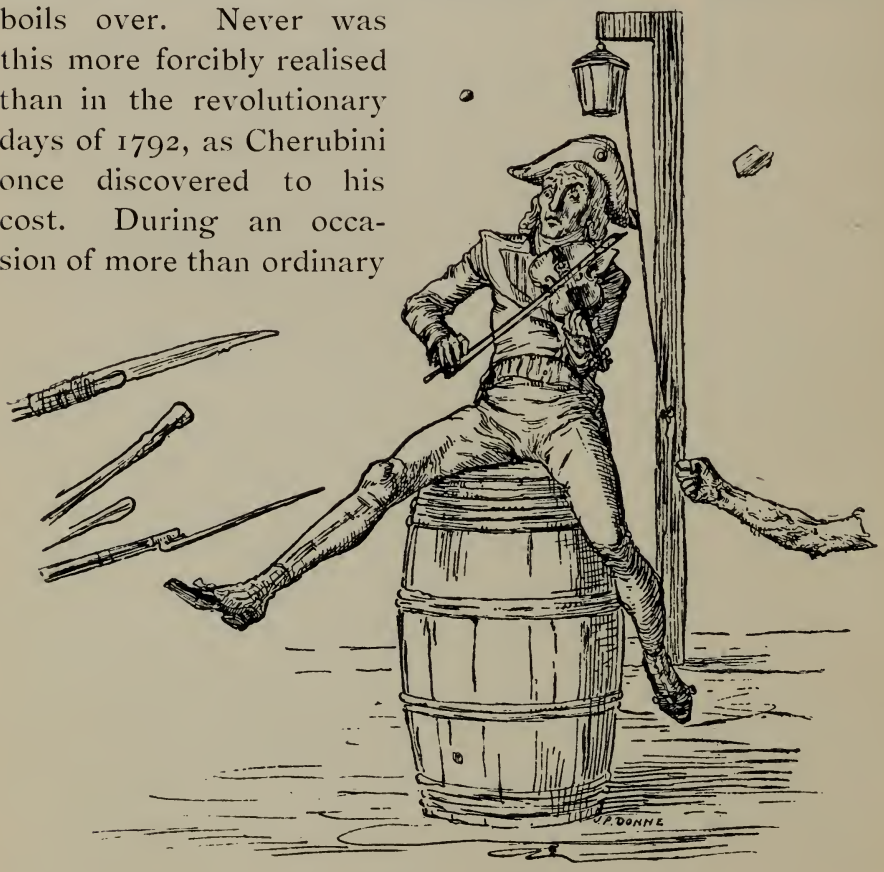
On the Brink.—Like his great compatriot Beethoven, Schubert found himself "in love" at least once in his sorrowful life. The subject of his admiration was the beautiful Countess Caroline, the finest flower of the haughty Austrian caste, and little more than a young girl. The inexperienced maiden hardly understood the devotion of the artist, which found expression in a thousand ways peculiar to himself. Once she asked him why he had dedicated nothing to her. With abrupt, passionate intensity of tone Schubert answered, "What's the use of that? Everything belongs to you."

Blunt!—Not far from Purcell, in the "Musicians' Corner" of Westminster Abbey, lies John Blow, buried on the 8th October 1708. He was Purcell's successor as the Abbey organist, and a good musician he must have been, as his scholarly writings prove. James II. once challenged him to compose an anthem as good as one which he had lately heard by an Italian composer. By the following Sunday Blow had composed and rehearsed "I beheld, and lo a great multitude!" which so pleased the King that he sent Father Peter, a Jesuit, to congratulate the composer. Father Peter delivered his message, but for his own part added, "I think it too long." "That," replied Blow, "is the opinion of but one fool—I heed it not!"

(Written) Max Bruch

Not the Original.—It is related of Handel that, on first hearing the musical instrument known as the *serpent,* he took a great dislike to its sounds, and inquired, "Vat de tefel be dat?" On being informed that it was called a "serpent," he replied, "Oh, de serbent, ay; but it be not de serbent dat setuced Eve." The instrument has now disappeared, its place being taken by the more manageable ophicleide. Probably its latest appearance in a classical work is in the score of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul.*

Fiddler in Spite of Himself.—There are many places preferable to France for a residence when her political pot boils over. Never was this more forcibly realised than in the revolutionary days of 1792, as Cherubini once discovered to his cost. During an occasion of more than ordinary



"IN SPITE OF HIMSELF."

excitement, he fell into the hands of a band of *sansculottes*

who were roving about the city seeking musicians to conduct their chants. To them it was a special satisfaction to compel the talent that had formerly delighted royalty and nobility to minister now to their own gratification. On Cherubini firmly refusing to lead them, a low murmur ran through the crowd, and the fatal words, "The Royalist! the Royalist!" resounded on all sides. At this critical juncture, one of Cherubini's friends, a kidnapped musician too, seeing his imminent danger, thrust a violin into his unwilling hands, and succeeded in persuading him to head the mob. The whole day these two musicians accompanied the hoarse and overpowering yells of that revolutionary assemblage; and when at last a halt was made in a public square, where a banquet took place, Cherubini and his friend had to mount some empty barrels and play till the feasting was over.

COMPELLED TO PLEASE.

Not Long Suffering.—The faulty rendering of his compositions always irritated Handel beyond measure. Having occasion to bring out one of his creations in a provincial town of England, he began to search for musicians to complete his orchestra and chorus. One was recommended as a splendid singer, another as a great player, and so on. After a while all these were gathered together into one room, and presently Handel made his appearance puffing, with both arms full of manuscript. "Gentlemen," said he, "you all

read manuscript?" "Yes, yes," came the responses. "We play in the church," added an old man behind a violoncello. "Very well; blay dis," said Handel, distributing the parts; and he retired to a distant part of the room to hear the effect. The stumbling and blundering are said to have been indescribable. Handel's sensitive ear and impetuous spirit could no longer brook the insult; clapping his hands to his ears, he ran to the old gentleman of the violoncello, and, shaking his fist furiously at the terrified player and his instrument, said, "Zou blay in de church; very well, zou may blay in de church, for we read de Lord is long-suffering, and of great kindness. Zou sal blay in de church, but zou sal not blay for me!" And snatching up his manuscripts, he rushed out of the room, leaving the astonished performers to draw their own conclusions.

"A Bed to Let."—In the days when "Vauxhall Gardens" were in vogue they became a popular resort for music, and, notwithstanding its out-of-town position (for there were no trams or daylight routes in those days), the "promenade concerts" were in high favour with fashionable society, especially the "bucks" and dandies of the day. On one occasion the attractions at the Gardens called for the services of the Drury Lane Orchestra, and Balfe went with his companions. Being desirous to make the business as profitable as possible, Balfe decided to sleep in the neighbourhood. Lodgings, however, were at a premium, and after hunting in vain for some long time Balfe found himself at last before the door of a very doubtful-looking house; it was late, but he went in and faced the landlady. Her manner was anything but hopeful, and what with her hesitation and confusion, Balfe began to fear he would have to trudge still farther for his night's rest. After some delay (during which our hero remained in the passage), she at length admitted that there was accommodation for him, and Balfe was escorted to the apartment in which he was to make

himself "at home" for the night. Tired out, the young fellow soon fell asleep, and slept soundly till daybreak. But, the morning! He began to survey his room, and had not proceeded far in his work, when to his horror he came across a corpse which had been pushed hurriedly into a cupboard. The cause of the old landlady's uneasiness was clear at once. The only bed which she could turn to profitable account had been occupied by the remains of a deceased relative, but the silver prevailing over the sentiment, poor Balfe had been doomed to spend the night in the very bed which had contained the corpse of an old woman awaiting its funeral. Balfe used to joke of the old lady's eye to business, but he never slept in a strange bedroom again without looking under the bed and searching every hole and cranny in the room.

"MUSIC A FELLAH CAN UNDERSTAND."

Windfalls!—Those fortunate or unfortunate folks who make wills seldom think of the author or painter who has contributed so much to their comfort in lifetime, when they draw up their testaments. Occasionally there are digressions. A story is told of Balfe, and the incident is said to have occurred at about the time of the composition of *Atala,* the score of which was lost by a friend to whom the composer entrusted it, and has never yet been found! Balfe was leaving Paris for Italy. At the moment of starting, and as he had nestled himself cosily

in his place, up drove a cabriolet in galloping haste, whence alighted a gentleman perfectly unknown, who placed a packet in Balfe's hand, with the request that he should not open it till he had reached the next relay. Curiosity prevailed over promise, and the mysterious stranger had scarcely turned his back before the envelope was torn open and disclosed a post-bill for one thousand francs, accompanied by a few words to the effect that the writer had been so charmed with the examples of Balfe's talents which he had heard at M. Gallois' entertainment, that he was anxious to serve the young composer, and trusted the enclosed would be found useful. Balfe was not unaccustomed to consider himself born to good luck. On this occasion, however, the invisible power—if such there were in the matter—that behaved so generously to young Balfe, took care to enforce, at the same time, the healthy moral of "be just before you are generous." There came a second stranger before the diligence had got under way, with a second missive—this time to be opened at once. It contained a bill for six hundred and seventy francs, an unsettled score the composer was leaving behind him! Balfe tendered at once his cloud-dropped bank-bill, and received the change.

Hunt for Revenge.—Alessandro Stradella was sought after by the highest families for his instruction, and among others it happened that a Venetian nobleman engaged him to teach singing to his favourite Hortensia—a young lady of a distinguished Roman family, whom the noble, captivated by her beauty, had enticed away from her parents. Her enthusiasm for music soon gave birth to a passion of another kind, which Stradella could not but return. Hortensia and her master became enamoured of each other, and determined to fly from Venice. The escape was soon detected, and the enraged noble swore that revenge should follow immediately they were discovered. He engaged two desperadoes, gave them a large sum of money, and promised more if they

could trace and assassinate Stradella and the lady. They set out in hot haste: first to Naples, then to Rome, where the eminent musician and the lady were living as man and wife.

PERFECT HARMONY.

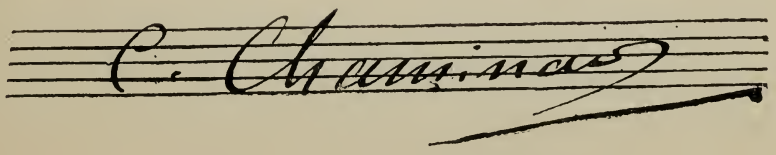
The hirelings soon learned that at five o'clock that evening an oratorio, composed by him, was to be performed in the church of S. John Lateran, in which composition Stradella was to

sing the principal part. They attended the church, so thirsty were they for the blood of their intended victim; but, unluckily for their employer's design, the music overpowered them, and so softened their hearts that they abandoned their murderous purpose; and, instead of killing Stradella, met him and confessed the whole plot, and named the reward which they had been promised had they effected their purpose. The lovers set out that very night for Turin, while the emissaries of the Venetian nobleman returned and explained that the fugitives had escaped to Turin, where for their own safety they did not care to follow them. This intelligence exasperated the nobleman. He swore they should not baffle him. Two brigands even more desperate were engaged, and disguised as merchants. These followed Stradella until he arrived at Turin. One evening as he was walking on the ramparts they stabbed him in the breast and made off, supposing their victim dead. The wounds did not prove fatal, however, and the implacable enemy continued to have watch kept over the movements of Stradella, who, on recovering, was married to Hortensia. Not long after this Stradella had occasion to visit Genoa, to conduct the first performance of an opera which he had composed for that city. Thither the assassins followed the couple, and early one morning gained access to their bed-chamber and stabbed them both to the heart.

Inspiring.—Aids to inspiration have been sought and prayed for ever since authors and other imaginative minds have been blest to lift their eyes to heaven. Philosophers, poets, painters, and musicians—all have felt at times the need of some agent, material or immaterial, that would invoke the spirit of the muse. It is not surprising that the numberless expedients tried to this end have been varied and curious. Only recently a famous novelist, before entering upon a new work of fiction, visited the tomb of Alphonse Daudet at Père la Chaise, plucked a leaf growing thereon, and prayed—"Spirit of the immortal Daudet,

inspire me in this work!" A less romantic but—if literary men are to be trusted—more potent provocative of the required aid is "Scotch." Here and there even more repulsive forces have been requisitioned. If we are to believe report, Chopin composed his world-renowned "Funeral March" face to face with a corpse. For hours he sat alone with the dead seeking inspiration; suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of music—slow, stately, sad, splendid music—music such as none of those present in the house had ever heard before. They listened spellbound at his study-door, until the dirge died away in a wail of unutterable agony. When they ventured to intrude on his privacy, they found the musician in a swoon upon the floor, the finished score of his masterpiece clenched in his hand, and, propped up in an arm-chair opposite, the corpse that had been specially smuggled into the house. Of course this story must be taken *cum grano;* but if true, then it may be reasonably asked, what was the incentive which prompted that other funeral march, the "Dead March" in *Saul?*

Not always Absorbed.—Beethoven beyond doubt had his freaks of temper and inspired madness, also his periods of abstractedness—as, for instance, when he wrote and ciphered on the walls, blinds, tables, and the bills-of-fare of the Viennese restaurants. There can be no question, however, of his goodness of heart. Even in his poverty he never forgot to be generous. At a concert given in aid of wounded soldiers, where he conducted, he indignantly refused payment with the words—"Say Beethoven never accepts anything where humanity is concerned." To an Ursuline convent he gave an entirely new symphony to be performed for the funds of their benefit concert.



Take That!—The temerity and impudence of autograph-hunters are amazing. Since the craze set in for collecting the signatures of folks distinguished and notorious, no method, legitimate and the reverse, to ply their trade has been left untried by those engaged in this particular aspect of industry. Needless to say, the business long since assumed a commercial aspect; for, although here and there may be found a genuine enthusiast who keeps and treasures what she or he collects, there is a far larger tribe who "deal" in autographs, and make it their occupation to importune well-known people for signatures, only to turn the same as speedily as possible into what is known as the "ready." People who are wise make a charge for an autograph, sending the money to some charitable institution. No better plan could be adopted, for it is a much more polite method than refusing to reply, or administering a snub, even when adroitly cloaked. Mendelssohn was inundated by autograph-hunters. On one occasion, when pestered by one for some weeks, he took his album and wrote on an empty page, "Und Gott schaff gross walfische"—And God created great whales!

Hostile.—It was not all plain sailing when the masterful Handel set himself the herculean task of introducing oratorio to the English people. He did not depend upon the aristocracy for this as he did for opera; instead, he appealed to the great middle class, and that element (always to be depended upon in a moment of crisis) did not fail him. English people who sit and listen comfortably to oratorios nowadays ought to be very grateful to Handel, for they owe him a great deal. Because society and aristocracy were not considered, these were far from being unconcerned—such a strong feeling was there in certain musical cliques to oppose Handel in all that he did. Horace Walpole, who from his love of literature and the fine arts should have known better, wrote of the production of *Samson* thus:—"Handel has set up an oratorio against the opera, and succeeds. He has

hired all the goddesses from the farces, and the singers of roast beef from between the acts at both theatres, with a man with one note in his voice, and a girl without ever an one, and so they sing and make brave hallelujahs, and the good company encore the recitative, if it happens to have any cadence like what they call a tune." Smart, but not helpful. It is very clear that the old hostility had not quite died out.

Musical Correspondence.—Great people and small are apt to give less time and attention to corresponding than the graceful art demands. Such might with advantage take a musical hint. Scarlatti and Gasparini were two eminent composers who, despite their few moments of leisure, kept up a musical correspondence, expressing their sentiments in tones instead of words. The first musical epistle came from Gasparini, and was headed "Cantata inviato dal Signor Francesco Gasparini al Signor Ales. Scarlatti." It was composed in the style that Scarlatti loved, and was sent as a present from Gasparini in recognition of the honour he felt to be conferred on himself in having young Domenico Scarlatti placed under him as his

CORRESPONDENCE NOTES.

pupil. A reply was not long forthcoming. Scarlatti composed another cantata of a still more intricate character, entitling it "Cantata in risposta al Signor Gasparini, del

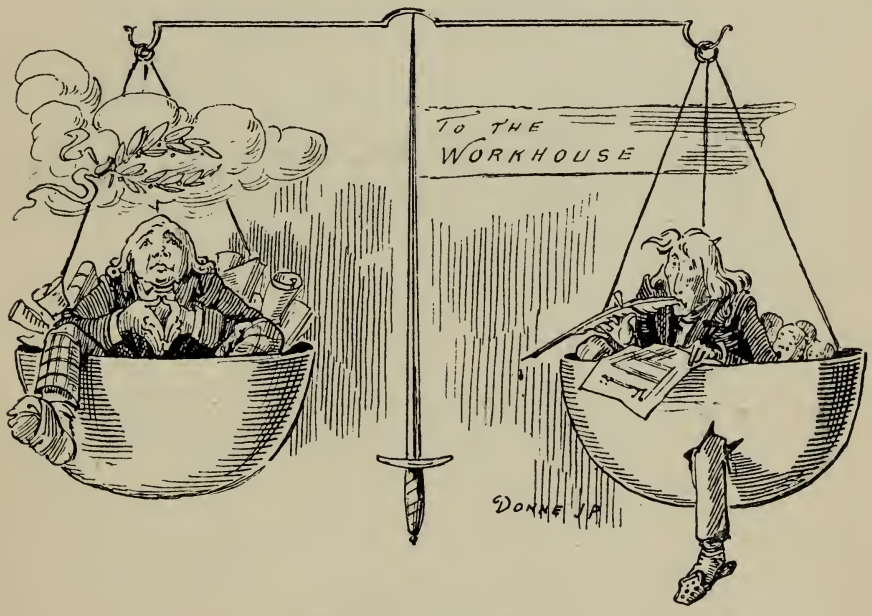
Signor Ales. Scarlatti," and sent it to his friend. Then came a rejoinder full of learned and abstruse modulations, to which Scarlatti again replied in a "Seconda Cantata del Signor Ales. Scarlatti in Idea Eumana, ma in Regolo Cromatico, ed è per ogni professore," the music of which is most perplexing and difficult, fully justifying the composer in his title.

Moonlight "Crib."—The resource of genius is hard to brook or delay. Nothing in the way of difficulty comes amiss to the student with a lofty artistic and moral standard who is determined to succeed in whatever path he chooses for a livelihood. Young J. S. Bach was one such. His brother had made a MS. collection of compositions by Froberger, Buxtehude, Fischer, and others, and this book was eagerly yearned for by Sebastian. The MS. was kept in a book-case, shut in with a wire lattice-work, and the brother forbade him the use of the book. Little Bach determined to acquaint himself with its treasures, however. By means best known to himself he abstracted it through the lattice-work, and night after night for six months he copied it, until eventually he got the whole. And this by moonlight! His gratification, however, was short-lived. His brother discovered the copy and confiscated it. Hard brother!

Not by Steam.—Pace in music is calling for consideration. Like most aspects of our social methods, it is going too fast. In face of the eternal laws of nature it would seem impossible that one generation could exceed another in questions of moment and time values—that is when these affect human, mental sensations. There can be little doubt, however, that we think and express ourselves appreciably faster than did humanity of a hundred years ago. In music we are much faster than in Handel's day. Ours is a lightning age in fact, and music is keeping pace with it. Maelzel's clever invention has been relegated by *chefs d'orchestra* to a place which isn't exactly the North Pole, and each conductor follows his

own strong will as to the rate at which symphonies and oratorios shall be taken. The conductors are more often than not wrong in their *tempo*. The late Sir Robert Stewart was a splendid exponent of the *robere et sapore* of the conductor's art, but he invariably took compositions too quickly. In this matter the late Madame Rudersdorff—renowned vocalist and teacher—once gave him a lesson. Sir Robert wanted a piece to be taken much faster than the singers rendered it at rehearsal. The famous soprano remonstrated with the knight of music—"No, no; we cannot go so fast as that. Why, you're a perfect steam engine!"

A Fair Exchange.—Rightly or wrongly, publishers both of books and music have won a character for special clever-



PUBLISHER AND COMPOSER.

ness in taking care of number one. Perhaps modern publishers may plead that the bad character won by their predecessors has descended to them unfairly. Be this as it may, it certainly is no new invention of disappointed authors; for a speech of Handel's shows that it was a familiar notion a hundred and more years ago, that disseminators of know-

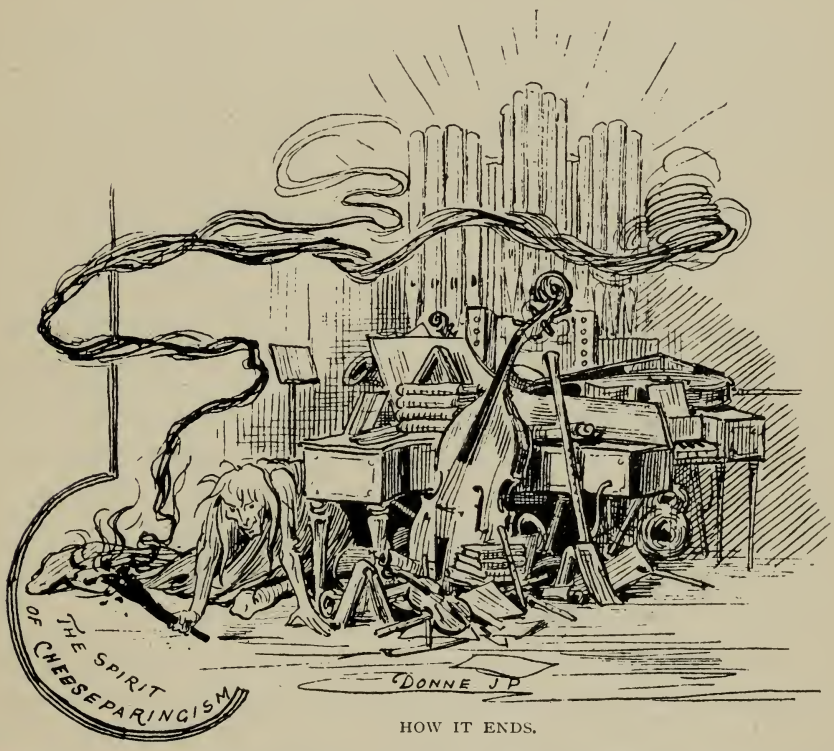
ledge generally had the best of their literary bargains. Walsh had made something like £1500 from publishing some of the songs from *Rinaldo,* and was one day congratulating the composer upon the beauty of the music, when he retorted: "My dear Walsh, as it is but just we should stand upon an equal footing, you shall compose the next opera and I will sell it."

"Rest for the Weary."—The romantic, serious Weber was not blessed with a robust constitution, which, it is to be feared, his long absence in this country from home did not tend to better. He had a sustained, hard, artistic struggle here, lightened, happily, by kind comrades such as Sir George Smart and others. The beautiful opera *Oberon* caused Weber great worry, and it proved the song of the dying swan, for he lived only four months after its production. It was performed with immense success at Covent Garden Theatre, under the direction of Sir George Smart, in 1826. Thus the fading days of the author were cheered by what he longed for—the acclamations of the English public; but the work cost Weber his life. His last words were, "God reward you for all your kindness to me. Now let me sleep."

Unbearable.—The detestable habit of looking upon instrumental music as a mere cover for conversation, which, even now, has not died out in certain social circles in England, seems formerly to have obtained in various parts of Europe. Most of the poor musicians dependent upon the smiles and fees of their patrons tolerated the nuisance. Some would not—Handel for instance. In Beethoven they met a tartar. While playing a duet with Ries at the house of Count Browne, at Vienna, Beethoven was disturbed by the conversation of a young nobleman with a lady. Suddenly he lifted Ries's hand from the instrument, saying in a loud voice, "I play no longer for such hogs." Nor would he, though importuned.

This has been brought against him as a breach of good manners, but surely the insult to the musician was at least an equal breach of good taste!

A Forcible Reminder.—Josquin de Pres, chapel-master to Louis XII. of France, was an ecclesiastic as well as a musician, and when he was first admitted into the service of this excellent prince, had been promised a benefice. The promise, however, was forgotten, and Josquin, being inconvenienced by the shortness of the King's memory, took the



HOW IT ENDS.

liberty of publicly reminding him of his promise; and being then under command to compose a motet for the royal chapel, he chose part of the 119th Psalm for his subject: "Oh, think upon Thy servant as concerning Thy Word!" which he set in so exquisite and supplicating a manner, that his Majesty took the words to heart and soon bestowed the promised preferment. For this act of generosity, Josquin, with equal

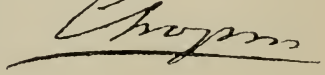
felicity, composed, as a hymn of gratitude, another part of the same Psalm: "O Lord, Thou hast dealt graciously with Thy servant." But that Josquin was not entirely dependent upon the words for his musical inspiration is abundantly proved by another composition of his to the syllables, "La, sol, fa, re, mi," the story of which is amusing. Josquin, tired of the royal procrastination already mentioned, applied to a friend at Court to use his interest in his behalf. But the friend was quite as bad as the King. He was always protesting his zeal to perform the service when a favourable opportunity presented itself, constantly concluding with the assurance, "I shall take care of this business—*let me alone.*" At length Josquin, tired of this vain and fruitless pledge, took the oft-repeated words of his friend, "laissez moi faire" (*lais-se fai-re moi*), which, by a slight facetious alteration, became the syllables of the scale, and set them to music. The result was admirable.

Premature Requiem.—Although Bach accomplished so much for music in Leipzig, his appointments at the Thomas-Schule and elsewhere could hardly be described as "beds of roses." The officials did not, could not, understand the great man who had risen up amongst them. A boy at St. Nicholas' happening once to pitch a hymn too low for the congregation to sing, Bach was summoned before the rector and council, and warned. The rector threatened to confiscate the boys' money if they obeyed the cantor, and accused Bach of bribery. Later on the muddle-heads went one better. They actually chose a successor, Gottlob Harrer, as cantor of St. Thomas' Church "when Capellmeister and Cantor Herr Sebastian Bach should die." This was publicly proclaimed in the *Leipzig Chronicle* for 1749. It was contrived, too, to perform an elegy over Bach ere he vacated the post—in the shape of a cantata, entitled, "The rich man died, and was buried." Such a proceeding almost beats the valedictory sermon by a London curate, who, to annoy his

vicar, with whom he had quarrelled, took for his text, "Saddle me the ass," which pleased not a little a few of the congregation, who were aware of the bold young parson's powers of insinuation and sarcasm.

Gratis.—Many are the anecdotes that could be told of Mendelssohn's kindness to young musicians. When in Birmingham, at the rehearsal for *Elijah,* in 1846, the composer came across a boy-chorister named Humphreys, who was playing over his part on the pianoforte in the committee-room. As Mendelssohn passed, he tapped the boy on the shoulder, saying: "That's not the way to play, my boy; let me show you." He then sat down and played the whole number over to him. A lesson worth having, we should say!

Open Rebellion.—Weber, the founder of German romantic opera, and Wagner's forerunner, had as hard times as a struggling musician as could well be conceived. He secured a connection with the royal family of Würtemberg, but it was gall and wormwood to him. His independent spirit revolted at what could be seen, and had to be endured, under the palace roof. Carl Maria hated the half-crazy king, and did not hesitate to go the length of playing practical jokes on him. Meeting an old woman in the palace one day near the door of the royal sanctum, she asked Weber where she could find the court washerwoman. "There," said the reckless composer, pointing to the door of the royal cabinet. The king, who hated old women, was in a transport of rage, and, on her terror-stricken explanation of the intrusion, had no difficulty in fixing the mischief in the right quarter. Weber was thrown into prison, and had it not been for Prince Ludwig's intercession, he would have remained there for several years. While confined, he managed to compose one of his most beautiful songs, "Ein steter Kampf ist unser Leben"—One long strife is life.

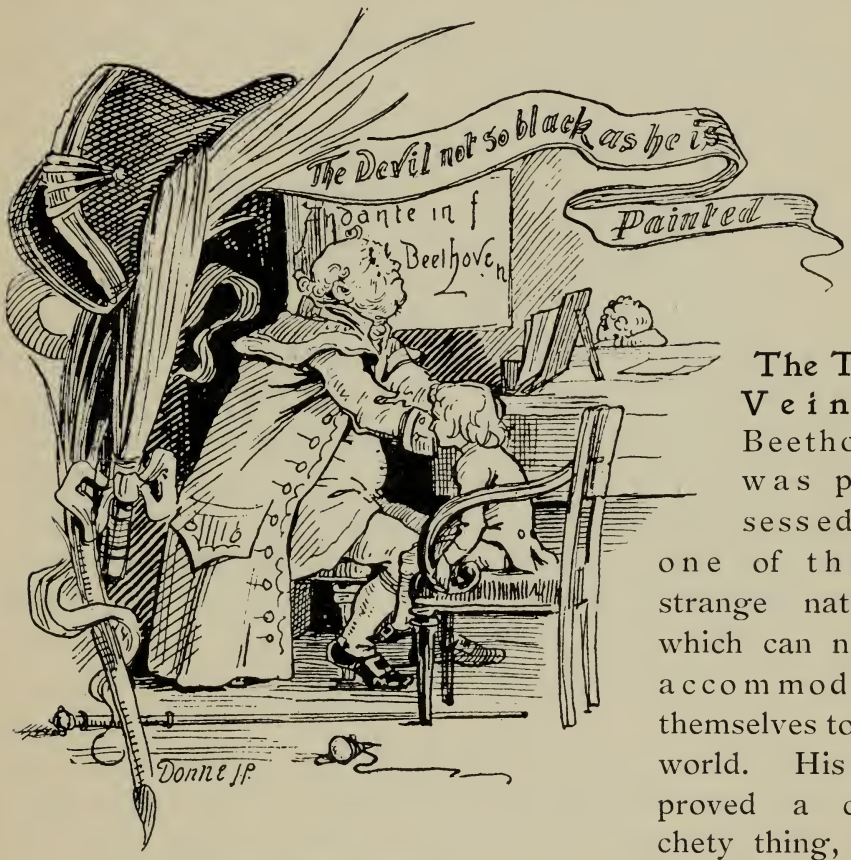


Final Drama.—It does not fall to every mortal to have his obsequies observed in a fashion that would quite supply a parallel with Wagner's case. The body of the great musical poet was laid in the coffin by the widow herself, who—as a last token of her love and admiration—cut off the beautiful hair her husband had so admired, and placed it beneath a red cushion under the *maestro's* head. The tomb was dug in Wagner's own garden, and the King of Bavaria subscribed his immense wreath with the inscription, "To the Deathless One." Thus myth, *motif*, and theory passed into the Unknown that gave them.

Convertible Notes.—Mozart was once out walking when a very squalid and hungry-looking beggar went up to him, and implored that he would have compassion on him. Mozart, upon consulting his pockets, found that this was an impossibility at the moment. As he stood pondering what he should do, he suddenly pulled from his pocket a roll of music-paper, sketched some music upon it, and then gave it to the mendicant, together with a letter and the address of a music-publisher, to whom they were to be taken. No sooner did the publisher see the new waltz than he handed the bearer of it a few golden ducats, with which he went on his way determined to speedily appease his hunger. This story must be taken *cum grano.* There is a certain dash of the *Arabian Nights* about it which makes it hard to swallow. Besides, if Mozart could coin money for beggars, why could he not do the same for himself?

"Of Two Evils."—Different folks have totally dissimilar reasons for marrying, but on the whole either love, money, or beauty is the loadstar for this pilgrimage. Yet it is clear that marriages have been made with ends in view totally unique from such attractions as those above-mentioned. Our countryman Field, the composer of many beautiful Nocturnes, which deserve to be more frequently heard, affords

us an example. Among his pupils he numbered one from whom it was exceedingly difficult to obtain his fee. Finally, however, Mr. Field joined hands with this delinquent, and wherever he went made no secret of the fact that she had been his pupil, and that he had only married her to get free from giving her lessons which, by the way, she never paid for, and he was quite sure she never would.



"AM I SUCH A SAVAGE?'

The True Vein.—Beethoven was possessed of one of those strange natures which can never accommodate themselves to the world. His life proved a crotchety thing, and there was some "contrary motion" about it, which, it may be imagined, did not augment his serenity of mind. There was within him the germ of a tender and socially inclined disposition; but alas! all he did, even his very music, was misunderstood, till it was too late. Glimpses of the true vein showed themselves in little episodes like that which occurred when Moscheles,

accompanied by his brother, visited the great musician for the first time. "Arrived at the door of the house," writes Moscheles, "I had some misgivings, knowing Beethoven's strong aversion to strangers. I therefore told my brother to wait below. After greeting Beethoven, I said, 'Will you permit me to introduce my brother to you?' 'Where is he?' he suddenly replied. 'Below!' 'What, downstairs!' and Beethoven rushed off, seized hold of my brother, saying, 'Am I such a savage that you are afraid to come near me?' After this he showed great kindness to us."

A "Perfect" Cadence.—Michael Wise is a familiar name to choristers, from the many fine anthems he has left to the Church. "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion," and "Prepare ye the way of the Lord," are examples of the strength and grandeur of his style. Poor Wise! he came to a sad ending, pleasant man as he was. While he was at Salisbury in the year 1687, some harsh words took place between him and his wife, whereupon he rushed out of the house in a violent rage. It was close upon midnight, and the composer was stopped by a watchman. A quarrel quickly ensued, and Wise soon found out that in his case at all events "Music had *no* charms to soothe a savage breast," for he and the watchman came to blows, and in the contest Wise received a dreadful knock on the head which killed him.

Revenge!—A peripatetic pianist was grinding out the inevitable *Intermezzo* beneath Mascagni's window one morning, and was giving it at such a rapid tempo that the composer could no longer stand quietly and hear his composition murdered. Rushing into the street, he seized the handle of the instrument and turned it at the proper pace, explaining to the astonished organ-grinder that he had composed the piece, and would like to show him how it should be given. The man was angry at first, but when he realised the honour he had received by having a lesson

from Mascagni himself, he evidently conceived an idea—he broke into a broad grin. The next morning he appeared before the composer's house with a huge placard in front of his organ, inscribed "Pupil of the celebrated Mascagni." This was "turning the tables" indeed!

Tossing for Death.—English music lost a promising young representative in the untimely death of Jeremiah Clarke, at one time organist of St. Paul's Cathedral. He had formed a violent passion for a very beautiful lady, far his

SOME EFFECTS OF MUSIC.

superior in position. She did not reciprocate the musician's love, so he determined to end his trouble. On his way to town from the country, a fit of melancholy and despair having seized him, he alighted, and giving his horse to the servant who was attending him, he went into a field, in the corner of which there was a pond surrounded with trees, thus offering to his choice two ways of getting rid of life. Not being

particularly inclined to one more than the other, he left it to the determination of chance, and taking a coin out of his pocket and tossing it in the air, resolved to abide by its decision; but the money falling on its edge in the clay, seemed to prohibit both these modes of self-destruction. He therefore re-mounted his horse and rode to London, and not many weeks after his return, in July 1707, he shot himself in his own house, in St. Paul's Churchyard.

"Save in his Own Country."—A friend, almost as poor as Beethoven himself, had persuaded the musician to accompany him in a walk, and in passing through some by-streets of the city, Beethoven began lamenting his unfortunate position by saying, "I shall never be understood. I know I must have genius, but who will see it? Who cares for Beethoven? and yet he has a heart! If I could only invest myself with gilded attractions, then I might be beloved." Just as Beethoven finished speaking, his attention was arrested by the sound of a tinkling piano on the opposite side of the street, and, bad as was the instrument, he noticed that the performer was playing with great expression, and he detected with surprise that the music was snatches from his recently-composed symphony. While he listened and wondered, he heard a woman's voice saying, "Oh, if I could only do justice to it! It is *so* beautiful, I would go many a mile to hear it well played." "My sister," returned a rich, manly voice, "were we wealthy, we could have many enjoyments like that; but as it is, these things are far beyond our reach. Perhaps some day you may master it yourself." Without a knock, Beethoven walked into the room in which the brother and sister were conversing, and found a poor home, in which a shoemaker's bench and a dilapidated piano comprised nearly the whole of the furniture. "You will excuse the intrusion, but I too play," he explained; "perhaps I can entertain you;" and as he received the hearty thanks of the young girl, and the apology for the poor piano, he saw that she was blind. As he seated himself at the in-

strument, the brother remarked, "My sister, as you see, is blind. She heard a lady play that music a few months ago when visiting in Bruhl, and as she plays by ear, she has caught it as best she could." As the girl heard the sounds produced by Beethoven's skilful fingers she listened with deep attention, and finally exclaimed, "Who *can* you be, to play like this?" Beethoven was, however, so much absorbed that he did not hear her until she repeated the question, when he answered by playing the "Andante in F," but with such expression that she cried out joyously, "I know you can be no other than Beethoven. Oh, do give us more music!" "I will tell you what I'll do," he returned: "I will improvise a sonata for you, and call it 'A Sonata to the Moon.'" Passing his fingers over the keys, he began with a low, gentle cadence, which gradually swelled into a lively, quick movement like a picturesque dance, and broke later into a brilliant finale. Then rising abruptly from his seat, he turned towards the door. "I am sure you will come again," exclaimed the brother and sister in a breath. "To be sure I will," exclaimed the musician; "I will come *every day*, and give mademoiselle lessons." "Thanks be to God!" the girl returned delightedly, as she bent her knee in reverence to the Almighty. On gaining the outside of the house Beethoven left his friend abruptly, and spent the remainder of the night in his lonely room reconstructing the sonata he had just played for the poor blind girl of Bonn. He forgot his promise, and the sightless girl never heard him again; yet the memory of the music she had that once heard never faded from her memory, but left a bright celestial gleam in her life of night.

A "Prepared" Discord.—One sure test of a good orchestra and a bad one is the difference in the dissonance and duration of the period of "tuning up." At its best, the noise is more peculiar than pleasing, even when its most disagreeable features are drowned in a flood of eccentric chords on the

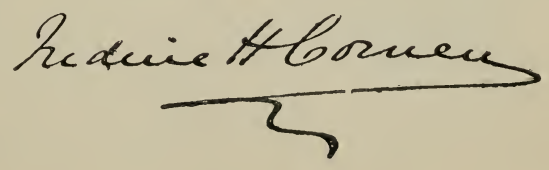
pedal note given out by the organ; but at its worst, in the amateur "scratch band," it produces an effect on the nerves which is so frightful that, supposing Dante ever to have heard such a row, it is surprising that he did not include it in his ingenious train of torments. The period of agony might, we think, often be shortened. To avoid "tuning up" altogether seems impracticable—unless folks wish to lose the

ST. GEORGE OF HARMONY.

programme openings. Possibly many prefer this; hence the late arrivals. Handel was peculiarly sensitive to the horrors of the "tuning-up" period, and arranged that it should all take place before the audience had assembled, so that not a sound of scraping or blowing was to be heard before the opening chords of the performance itself. Unfortunately, however, on one occasion somebody with a turn for practical

joking contrived to gain access to the orchestra, where the ready-tuned instruments were lying, and, with diabolical dexterity, put every string and crook out of tune. In due course Mr. Handel appeared, and, with his usual air of superiority, moved into his place. The uproar of applause ceased, and the conductor's *bâton* was raised for the down-beat that should start the performance. No sooner did the wand fall than a most unearthly crash followed; the discord was terrible. Handel went nearly mad. He started from his place, and after wreaking his vengeance upon a drum and a double-bass, he, minus his wig, hurried from the stage, snorting with rage, and vowing vengeance upon him "vat take such a vicked liberty."

Dogmatic.—When the Wagner theories were first brought forth for universal acceptance there was no small stir in this, as in many other countries, about such strange doctrines. Many people were for, many against, the German's innovations. Of course some stupid utterances were made, as they always are made in party warfare, amid which the great "futurist" calmly went on with his harmonious propaganda. As we look back to-day, it is amusing to reflect that no one seems much the worse for the controversy, despite the hard things said. Fortunately, in those days, as now, there was a host of people talking about music who knew nothing whatever about it. There was a well-known sculptor: one day, warmly asserting that Wagner's compositions were not music, he gave an unanswerable proof of his argument. "Dogs are well known," said he, "to howl at music of any kind: yet a whole pack of fifty hounds are brought on the stage in *Tannhäuser,* in the midst of vigorous strains from the singers and orchestra, and not one dog gives voice. Is not that true evidence from unprejudiced creatures?" Poor Wagner!



Rossini in the Wash-tub.—Among the many stories told of Rossini is one which could scarcely be attributed to anybody else. A poor artist called on him one day to say that he had arranged the celebrated Prayer from *Mosè* for musical glasses. Might he bring his tools and play the piece to the composer? The latter, with his usual cynical good-humour, consented, made an appointment, and kept it. The tray and man arrived, the glasses were set, a few buckets of water were supplied, the requisite puddles made, and the poor man turned up his coat-sleeves, wetted his fingers, and began. Rossini had taken up a resigned position on the sofa. In the middle of the forty-fifth variation a friend arrived with news of importance. He was shown in, when Rossini beckoned him to a place by him, saying in an undertone: "I shall only be too glad to hear what news you have brought me—*après que ce monsieur aura fini de rinçer ma prière!*"

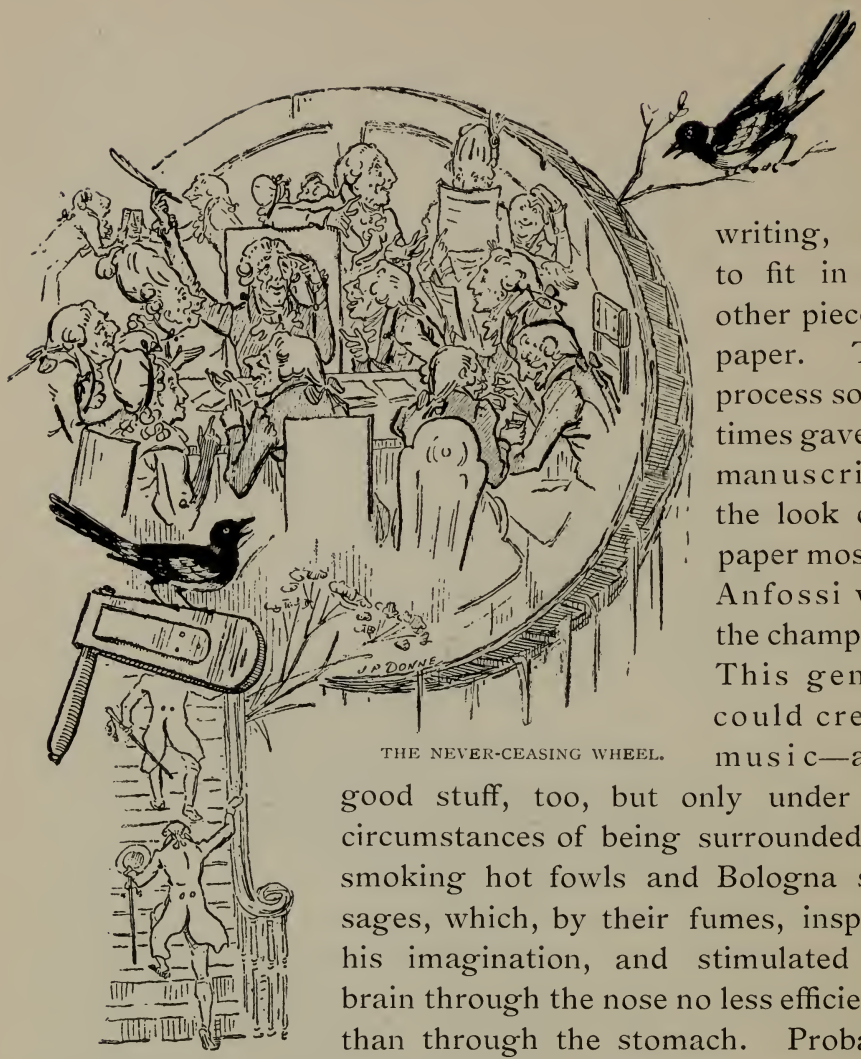
Inducing the Muse.—It is remarkable how fastidious were many of the great musicians when setting themselves down to composition—a condition of things, however, not limited to musicians, inasmuch as there have been novelists, male and female, hopelessly unable to warm to the required temperature of inspiration without either stewing their feet in mustard and water, or encircling their brains in many windings of cold compress. Haydn, solitary and sober as Newton, could neither compose nor extemporise unless he had on the diamond ring which Frederick the Great presented to him. Rossini

READY!

swilled champagne ere he sat down to compose. Paisiello could only write music between the warm sheets. Sacchini must have a pretty woman by his side ere a note of inspiration would come. Mozart could compose as he rested his cue at billiards. Gluck, to warm his imagination, and to transport himself to Aulis or Sparta, was accustomed to place himself in the middle of a beautiful meadow, with his piano before

BRAIN STIMULATERS.

him and a bottle of champagne on each side. Beethoven used to run about bareheaded to inspire his muse, and not infrequently he doused himself with cold water. Cimarosa liked gabbling, chattering friends about him when composing. Zingarelli went down on his knees, missal in hand; while Sarti's muse sang at no time or place but amid the funereal gloom of a darkened room, lighted by a solitary taper. Cherubini had a peculiarity to cut out any blot he made when



THE NEVER-CEASING WHEEL.

writing, and to fit in another piece of paper. This process sometimes gave his manuscripts the look of a paper mosaic. Anfossi was the champion. This genius could create music—and good stuff, too, but only under the circumstances of being surrounded by smoking hot fowls and Bologna sausages, which, by their fumes, inspired his imagination, and stimulated the brain through the nose no less efficiently than through the stomach. Probably no hard and fast rules could be laid down wherever the fire of genius—the *feu sacré*—is burning. It is clearly a case of "what is one man's meat is another man's poison."

Art and Force.—Beloved by everybody, Verdi as a child was exceptionally quiet and reserved. Perhaps it was this good and melancholy temperament which attracted the attention of the parish priest, and which led to Verdi's appointment as acolyte at the village church of Le Roncole. He was seven years old, and it was in connection with his office as

"server" that we are introduced to the first episode, a really dramatic one, in his career. One day the ecclesiastic was celebrating the Mass, with young Verdi as his assistant; but the boy, instead of following the service attentively with the priest (which no acolyte ever does), got so carried away by the music that rose from the organ that he forgot all else. "Water," whispered the priest to the acolyte, who did not respond; and, concluding that his request was not heard, the celebrant repeated the word—"Water." Still there was no response, when, turning round, he found the server gazing in wonderment at the organ! "Water," demanded the priest for the third time, at the same moment accompanying the order with such a violent and well-directed movement of the foot, that little Verdi was pitched headlong down the altar steps. In falling, he struck his head, and had to be carried in an unconscious state to the vestry. A somewhat forcible music lesson!

Near Thing.—*Maritana,* one of the most popular of English operas, has always been a particular favourite with the Australians, who claim that it was partially composed on their soil. William Vincent Wallace was an adventurous young Irishman, who emigrated to Australia in his early twenties, and spent some time in the bush. During a casual visit to Sydney his remarkable ability as a violin-player came under the notice of the reigning Governor, General Sir Richard Bourke. Under his patronage young Wallace settled in Sydney, and there it is not unlikely that he composed some of the music that he afterwards incorporated in *Maritana* and other of his operas. But he was of a restless disposition, and set out on a cruise in a whaler. There was a murderous mutiny in the vessel, and Wallace narrowly escaped with his life. Undeterred by this experience, he ventured among the rebel Maories of New Zealand, was captured, and was within an ace of being sacrificed. As it was, he lived until 1865, when the wander-

ing British minstrel died on French soil. Wallace had a wonderful gift of melody.

Too Much of a Good Thing. — Most true musicians have great admiration for Bach's music, since it is one of the most precious bequests to the world's great *répertoire*. Peculiar as it is in its colouring, its forms and effects, it nevertheless abounds in almost indescribable beauties which are not to be met with in any other composer's works. Every phrase of it is full of meaning, affording much scope for the inquiring musician and the plodding student, to whom we can safely recommend the immortalised Thuringian, as holding exactly the same position in respect to music as does Euclid to mathematics.

MUSIC A FELLAH CANNOT UNDERSTAND.

Who, then, would suppose that such music could act as an opiate? Whatever we may hold in theory, in practice even the best music has frequently been found to have this result. Count Kaiserling, a contemporary of Bach's, and at one time Russian Ambassador at the court of Saxony, was a great admirer of Bach's music, and had a musician specially instructed in its intricacies and characteristics. His name was Goldberg; and, poor fellow, he seems, from all accounts, to have had rather a hard post, for his music-loving master was troubled with sleepless nights, and he was accustomed to wile away his intervals of sleeplessness with music. With this object in view, "the count once said to Bach that he should like to have some harpsichord pieces for Goldberg,

which should be of a soothing and rather cheerful character, that he might be a little amused by them in his sleepless nights. Bach thought he could best fulfil this wish by variations, which the count always called *his* variations. He was never weary of hearing them, and for a long time afterwards, when the sleepless nights came, he used to say, 'Dear Goldberg, do play me one of my Variations.'" Bach was perhaps never so well rewarded for any work as for this: the count made him a present of a golden goblet filled with a hundred louis d'or, which points to the fact that the variations answered their purpose admirably, at least so far as the count was concerned. The difficulty, however, is that while

MUSIC FOR SLEEPLESSNESS.

such music must be adapted to send one person to sleep, it must not be of such a soporiferous character as to prevent the performer from keeping awake. Some day let us hope Bach will be played by the majority of English music-lovers, while now only a few seem able to tolerate it. This will be the case if all teachers are like Sir Walter Parratt, Master of the King's Band. He has an ideal composer in Bach. He once asked a young lady why she had not attended a certain performance of Bach's music. In a moment of stupendous honesty she replied, "Because I did not care about it." Sir Walter gazed in sorrowful silence, and then quietly said, "You're a little donkey."

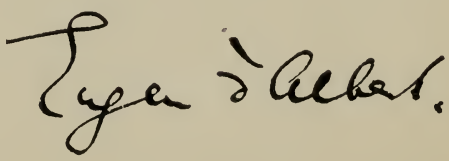
Consolation.—"Nae great loss but there's some sma' 'vantage," runs the proverb, and so thought Gretry, when but a boy he met with an accident which nearly cost him his life. The little fellow had long made up his mind to pray that he might be an honest man and a great musician. On the very day of asking for this blessing he ascended the tower of St. Denis's Church to see the men toll the bells. By some means a heavy rafter of wood fell upon him, knocking him senseless on the floor of the belfry. But, while one of the ringers ran for the extreme unction, Master Gretry righted himself; and on being shown the large beam which might have killed him, exclaimed: "Well, since I am not killed, I am now sure to be a great musician!"

Union is Strength.—The popular opera, *La Dame Blanche,* generally ascribed to the pen of Boieldieu, offers a singular refutation to that well-known proverb which comments so severely upon the efforts of "too many cooks." Certainly "The White Lady" did not owe her existence to any culinary combination, but it is believed that no fewer than three musicians had a hand in the composition. It appears that Boieldieu had two pupils, Adolphe Adam and Théodore Labarre, to whom Boieldieu confided his engagement to compose another opera — adding that being somewhat pressed he should expect them, as good pupils, to render him all the assistance they could. Labarre, therefore, contributed three themes which now find a place in the third act. Adam contributed some pieces which figure in the first and second acts. The cream of the thing, however, was supplied in the overture. The day preceding the performance of the opera had arrived before even a note of the overture was composed, and Boieldieu, who was responsible for it, was so "knocked up" with fatigue of constant rehearsals, that he could hardly give it a thought. He called to him Adam and Labarre, and said: "My children, I am a ruined man if you forsake me to-night." Not a moment was to be lost. The

themes for the overture were chosen, and the work of instrumenting them was divided between the three musicians. Boieldieu took the andante, the two others the remaining movements. As the day began to dawn, the overture was completed, and was being copied, studied, and rehearsed, while the composers were all three at Boieldieu's house sleeping off their night's fatigue.

Furnishing Expedients.—The composer of the *Creation* and the *Seasons* has, rightly or wrongly, frequently been accused of avarice. When the "Father of Symphony" died, among his effects there were found forty-six canons framed and mounted like engravings. They used to adorn the walls of Haydn's bedroom. Most of his friends knew of these, and also how they came to their hangings. "I was not," Haydn used to say, "rich enough to buy good pictures, so I made myself some tapestry such as every one I am sure cannot have."

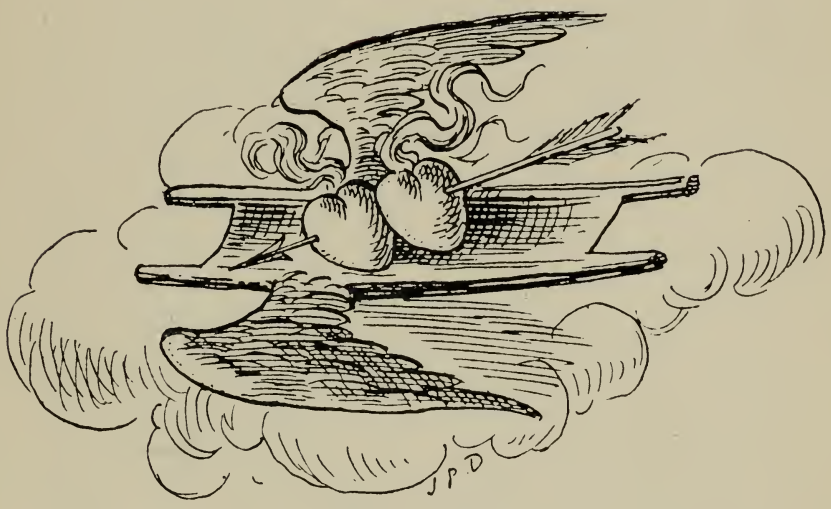
Good Memory.—Despite his difficult and petulant temper, Beethoven had a warm heart for those in distress; and, moreover, he never forgot any one who had rendered him a good service. For instance, when his mother lay ill at Bonn, and he hurried home from Vienna only in time to witness her death, he found himself after the funeral reduced to such poverty that he would have starved had it not been for the kindness of Ries, the violinist, who advanced him a little money. Years and years afterwards, Ries, junior, an aspirant for musical fame, waited upon Beethoven with a note of introduction from his father; and besides receiving an assurance of Beethoven's friendship and recommendation, he was the happy bearer of the following message: "Tell your father that I have not forgotten the death of my mother."



As it Ought to be.—Most of us have known or heard of individuals, pompous, overbearing, and mediocre in ability, who, by the exercise of the back-stair process, have managed to get knighted, only to become immediately so inflated with estimates of their importance that ordinary doorways, pavements, and good-sized entrances grew too small for them. Much-to-be-pitied men! When the late Sir Frederick Leighton was created a peer, his remark to the congratulations of his fellow-craftsmen was—"I don't value the honour so much for myself, as for its recognition of my fellow-Academicians. We are all peers now." Something of the same spirit pervades that excellent musician who sits in the seat of Purcell, Turle, and a few more admirably-minded musicians who have adorned Westminster Abbey's musical annals. Sir Frederick Bridge is as game for a joke to-day as he ever was; and his knighthood sits lightly enough upon his shoulders. He never tires of telling stories, and often enough they are against himself. Some of his piscatorial episodes are as fresh as pebbles, and would fill a brook. "Westminster" Bridge was only twenty-one when there was a vacancy for the organistship of Holy Trinity Church, Windsor. Young Bridge called on the rector, the Rev. H. C. Hawtrey. He was out; but his brother, the Eton mathematical master, received the aspirant very kindly. They chatted until the rector returned. "Henry," said the Reverend Stephen, "this is our new organist, Mr. Bridge." The rector looked the young musician up and down as he shook hands. "What a stripling!" he remarked. Nevertheless, the "stripling" got the coveted appointment. Sir Frederick Bridge tells an amusing story *apropos* of the dynamite scare of 1887. Having been especially warned to examine the organ-pipes at the Abbey, in case of concealed clock-work machinery, he was startled by an assistant suddenly exclaiming: "Doctor, don't you hear something?" "No, what is it?" "A ticking clock-work." "Good gracious, where does it come from?"

"That black bag over there in the corner." It was the eve of the Jubilee Day, so the organist's feelings can be imagined. In less than a minute an official had the bag out, and opened it. Its contents were a cheap American clock, the property of one of the cornet-players, who had bought it on his way to the Abbey practice.

Love Wound.—Perhaps the greatest charm of life is the obscurity of its future. Could we but peep a few years, or



FLIGHT OF LOVE.

even months, ahead, how different probably would be our words and deeds; and no doubt some such prescience would have greatly affected the decision at which the Neapolitan judge arrived, when Bellini sought his daughter's hand and heart. Alas! the lawyer objected to the social position of the composer, and gave little heed to his promise for the future, or to his girl's entreaties. The refusal was too much for poor Bellini. He quitted Naples for Milan, and there built a fame which soon found its way round Europe. With his *Norma* score under his arm, Bellini was a made man. Full of pride and joy, he set out for the city which, but a year or two previously, he had left with such a heavy heart. All

Naples awaited to welcome him, the first living composer of Italy. For some their friendship came too late: disappointed love had found its solace in gratified ambition. The old judge desired a reconciliation, but Bellini refused. Shortly afterwards the poor heroine of the story died, much to the grief and concern of Bellini, who soon followed her.

Rewarded.—Veracity in a critic—especially a musical critic—is a quality which we cannot too much admire. From what may be read in the newspapers in the shape of musical criticism, particularly in face of the divergent opinions expressed upon subjects which ought to be beyond the pale of criticism—the music of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, for instance—it is to be feared that other influences beyond the desire for truth are at the bottom of much that is written. If all criticism is gospel-truth, then an amazing narrow-mindedness and jealousy must be rampant. It is quite possible, however, that sound musical criticism is a lost art. Rubinstein, the wonder-pianist, had no concern for critics, but he admired veracity in their community. On one occasion he had his attention attracted, during one of his brilliant concerts, by a musical critic, whom he immediately beckoned to his side. The eminent pianist remarked that he always noticed him at his recitals, to which the critic replied: "Oh! I attend as a matter of business." This pleased Rubinstein immensely. He made the truthful critic sit beside him for the remainder of the concert, and at subsequent recitals Rubinstein never failed to greet him cordially.

Doubtful Attraction.—The members of the musical profession are not noteworthy for their business qualities, nor are those of the clerical; when, therefore, these two parties come to matters of "business," as is frequently the case in engaging organists and choirs, the results are frequently peculiar, the bargains eccentric, and the expectations on

both sides doomed to disappointment. Nothing short of a revolution, both in the clerical mind and in the musical, will probably cure this; but the necessity of carefully "looking before you leap" is shown by the story of Handel's application for the post of organist at Lübeck—when (luckily for himself) he found that a somewhat unusual stipulation was to be enforced by the cathedral authorities. When the composer of the *Messiah* was but a young man the Lübeck organist-ship became vacant. His exchequer being hardly commensurate with his wants, Handel trudged to Lübeck in hopes of securing the appointment. Musically speaking, all was right. It was a splendid organ, the duties were light, and the pay was good. But there was something more: the retiring organist's daughter to marry! Whoever desired the organ must take the maiden with it. Here was the barrier. The charms of the girl were anything but a stimulant to the bargain, so Handel retired,

ANDROMEDA: "COME IF YOU DARE."

congratulating himself that although he was inseparably wedded to the art of music, he was still free to enjoy the charms of bachelor life.

Preferring a "Royalty."—Brains *versus* Capital have been conflicting elements since the world began, and the battle between the two seems to get keener the longer the world wags on. Certainly the present competitive age drives most thinking minds to the conclusion that "things," as they are called, are getting worse every day. No class of people feel this particular aspect of social economics more than does the *littérateur*—the man who lives by his pen, the composer, etc.—in fact, all those who have to filter their creations through a publisher before they can place them before the public. Many an author, no doubt, has frequently asked himself—"Why were publishers created?" It is, indeed, hard to say, unless it were to add one more to the terrors of life, and an additional inducement to authors to seek the vast Unknown. Nor do things seem likely to improve, although we are entering upon what is supposed to be a more enlightened century. Publishing, it is to be feared, will still go on fattening and prospering by sweating 50,000 words of original matter from poor authors for paltry sums like £25! The only remedy seems to be the "royalty" system, strictly adhered to; experience has taught us that it is the only way. Tito Mattei says that when he first settled in London, he was asked by his friend Caravoglia to set a song to music for him. "I asked £50 for the song," relates Tito, "and was refused by the publishers, Hutchings & Romer. I was offered fourpence royalty. I accepted it, and it was a lucky flash of business instinct, as the song was 'Non e Ver.' Then they asked me for a pianoforte piece, for which I desired £30. Again it was too much, and I was offered sixpence royalty. Flash number two, I said, 'I'll accept sixpence royalty.' The name of the piece was Mattei's 'Grand Waltz.' It was my firstling,

and composed at the age of nine." This should help others. If not, let them attend a London sale-room when musical copyrights are put up. The figures obtained are always interesting to musicians, showing as they do the relative value of the prices paid to workers for their pains and skill, which are invariably abnormally low, and the assessment at which an appeal to the open market places modern musical work.

An Undesirable Lodger. — Never was there a more troublesome lodger than Beethoven. He was always at war with his landlords—and not only with them, but also with his fellow-lodgers. Nor can we wonder at this. Totally lost in music, the thought never entered his mind of what an intolerable neighbour he was.

"WILL HE COME?"

At all hours of both day and night he was at his pianoforte, pouring forth the music that filled his soul. His tempestuous energy in playing converted the instrument, as it were, into a complete orchestra. Then, as his deafness increased, he struck and

thumped harder at the notes, the sound of which he could scarcely hear. Nor was this all. The music that filled his brain gave him no rest. He became an inspired madman. For hours he would pace the room "howling and roaring" (as his pupil Ries puts it); or he would stand beating time with hand and foot to the music which was so vividly present to his mind. This soon put him into a feverish excitement, when, to cool himself, he would take his water-jug, and, thoughtless of everything, pour its contents over his hands, after which he could sit down to his piano. With all this, it can easily be imagined that Beethoven was frequently called to account. The landlord complained of a damaged ceiling, and the fellow-lodgers declared that either they or the madman must leave the house, for they could get no rest where he was. So Beethoven never for long had a resting-place. Impatient at being interfered with, he immediately packed up and went off to some other vacant lodging. From this cause he was at one time paying the rent of four lodgings at once. At times he would get tired of this changing from one place to another—from the suburbs to the town—and then he would fall back upon the hospitable home of a patron, once again taking possession of an apartment which he had vacated, probably without the least explanation or cause. One admirer of his genius, who always reserved him a chamber in his establishment, used to say to his servants, "Leave it empty; Beethoven is sure to come back again."

In the Balance.—Human nature seems ordained to get kinder and more charitable as it mellows and ripens towards old age. Whether this comes of a physical change, or is the late unfolding of the better natures lying dormant within us, furnishes a little problem in psychology. Possibly the soul matures as the body decays. Reinken, the organist of St. Catherine's, Hamburg, when ninety-seven years old, met Bach, and listened to one of his masterly improvisations in motet style. When it was concluded he almost wept,

approached Bach, and exclaimed, "I thought this art was dead, but I perceive that it still lives in you." As Reinken, albeit a very great artiste, was vain and jealous, the compliment was not less marked than it was unexpected. The company present were dubious as to how Reinken would receive Bach.

Princely Plagiarism.—Few musical amateurs are unacquainted with the beauties of that wonderful Sonata in C

PLEASANT PATHS.

major, Op. 53, which Beethoven dedicated to Count Waldstein. Its slow movement in F major is exceedingly fine, and so thoroughly in keeping with the movements which precede and follow it—in short, is altogether so completely in its place, that it is very difficult to realise that Beethoven originally intended the well-known Andante in F major to

occupy the position now held by the adagio molto movement. The Andante, however, was too long, and Beethoven replaced it with the present movement. Of the Andante in F, Ferdinand Ries, Beethoven's pupil, used to say: "This piece, the Andante in F, always wakes in me a painful recollection. When Beethoven played it for the first time it pleased me so much that I begged him to repeat it. On my return from his lodgings, I called on Prince Lichnowski and spoke about the 'Andante.' My description so much interested the prince, that I was compelled to play, to the best of my ability, as much of it as I could remember. The next day the prince, whose memory retained several passages, called upon Beethoven and told him that he had composed a piece for the piano; and although Beethoven replied that he was not anxious to hear it, the prince sat down and played a fragment of the 'Andante.' Instead of enjoying the pleasantry, however, Beethoven was very angry, and from that time would never play it in my presence. Nothing could persuade him—neither my entreaties nor the explanations of Prince Lichnowski—ever to swerve from his resolution."

Bach's Ideal.—Among the reflections which must often have occupied the minds of that great minority—the people who are wise enough to pause betimes in the great onrush of life to think over men, methods, and manners, there has probably been that all-absorbing problem of how the great masters in literature, painting, and music found time, opportunity, and will to carry out the enormous number of artistic creations of the highest order which bear their names. When we contemplate the life's work of Beethoven or Handel, the patience and industry they exercised is positively astounding. In most instances, too, we find this talent for hard work linked with genius of the highest rank, and a modesty as rare as it is great. Bach was a tremendous worker, and has untied this knot for us. "Any one," said he, "could do as much as I have done if he worked as

hard." Musical students might do worse than remember this; laziness is a horrible disease. And there should be an ideal in all work. "The sole object of all music," said Bach, "should be the glory of God, and pleasant recreation."

Questionable Taste.—The rubicon betwixt wisdom and folly should be a very well-defined line. Unfortunately this is not always the case, even among musicians. This was once noted of Balfe, who displayed all his countrymen's characteristics. On one occasion we find him in Rome, let loose, as it were, by the privileges of carnival-time. The gaily-decked and flag-strung streets are crowded with sight-seers—cardinals, sisters, monks, visitors, tumblers, musicians, and flower-girls, all supposed to be doing nothing more harmless than sight-seeing. Balfe is not among them. Suddenly he remembered his striking likeness to his patroness (the Countess Mazzaras), and straightway went and dressed himself in her costume and appeared at the window, making eyes and hideous faces at the monks and other ecclesiastics as they passed by, much to their annoyance and to the enjoyment of the scandal-mongers of the place.

Another Character!—The "gentleman" who is supposed to reside and rule in a deep, bottomless abode has been credited with a catalogue and variety of parts which, to say the least, are complimentary to his many-sided capacity as a variety and quick-change artist. Then, his modesty must be supernatural to bear the multiplicity of honours so thickly thrust upon him! Whoever heard of his majesty affecting the rôle of Time? Yet, Eureka! that prince among conductors, Mendelssohn, once told Wagner that "too slow a tempo was the Devil, and for choice he would rather things were taken too fast."

Isidore de Lara

His Doom.—The present is an age of realism. The days have gone by when the showman could bluff his audiences with a stuffed lard-bag for a monkey, and make Kohinoors out of polished flint. It must be the real article for those in front of and on the stage, although it has to be admitted that in spite of all the killing that goes on between the scenes, we have scarcely yet reached the point of real murder to please the keenest lovers of melodrama. A real corpse, for instance, is rarely brought into illumination by the footlights, nor do we ever remember to have seen a suitable skeleton utilised to enhance the realistic surroundings of even the best appointed stages. If we are to believe a story told of Weber's *Der Freischütz,* this was done some years back in Paris. A man had hissed the opera. He was a grocer's shopman, and was promptly ejected by some medical students who were present. One of these afterwards found the man in a hospital, where he died, and his body was given out for dissection. Fifteen years later, Hector Berlioz revived *Der Freischütz,* and, in order to give greater effect, proposed to introduce a real skeleton in the Wolf's Glen scene. By chance, it is said, he met the student who had turned out the grocer's assistant and had afterwards dissected and preserved his skeleton. "He's all right," said the student; "he fills a case in my consulting-room, hung on wires and beautifully put together. There's not a bone missing, not even one of the phalanges—only the skull is a little damaged." "I want you to lend him to me," said Berlioz. "There is a part he can play to perfection in the opera." "I don't understand," said the medical man. "You will shortly," affirmed the musician. *"Un secret de comédie."* "Well, I'll send you the skeleton." Thus in a box, corded and locked, the poor shopman's bones reached the opera-house. "You see this, young man?" said Berlioz to the property-master. "He is to make his first appearance on the stage. His costume will be very simple. You will provide him with an iron-rod, to be secured to his back, so that he can bear himself stiffly. Afterwards you will

place a torch in his right hand." "I understand, sir." "You will make a hole in the grocer's skull. Don't be afraid; nothing will come out—it is as empty now as ever it was. This is the skull Caspar's sword will pierce in the incantation scene. He will hold it aloft, and the blue fire will fizz all round it." "I understand, sir." Thus, at every representation of *Der Freischütz,* at the Grand Opera, at the moment of Zandel's terrible cry, "Here I am," the tempest raged, the lightning flashed, a tree was riven by a thunderbolt, all in strict accordance with the direction of the composer, and there appeared the skeleton of the man who had hissed Weber's music in that very scene, waving in the air a flaming torch. This story takes us back to our early days, when we were urgently enjoined not to follow the example of the juveniles who jeered Elisha. It may possibly serve the purposes of a warning to any tempted to hiss modern tonal prophets, whether of our own country or any other.

A Song of Thanksgiving.—Lovers of Purcell's cathedral music will remember his fine anthem, "They that go down to the sea in ships," with its low D, such a terror to the

IMPORTATION OF GERMAN MUSIC.

ordinary bass singer; but probably few of those who have heard the anthem are aware of the circumstances which gave rise to the composition. Charles II. had built a yacht (which, *en passant,* we may state was christened "The Tubbs," in honour of the Duchess of Portsmouth!). No sooner was the vessel off the stocks than the King and some of his friends set out for a sail round the Kentish coast, and, to add the pleasures of song to the charms of congenial society, Gostling, the *basso profundo* of the Chapel-royal, was invited to join the party and sing one or two songs. Alas! another occupation was in store for him. A storm arose, and increased with such violence that it became a case of "all hands on deck." The King, Duke of York, Gostling, and the rest, had to apply themselves to the sails, etc. Happily the hurricane abated, and the occupants of the yacht landed in safety; nevertheless the occurrence had so affected Gostling that he determined to offer up his gratitude in song. Accordingly he selected the nautical passages of Scripture, of which the words of this anthem consist, and begged Purcell to set them with special regard to the capabilities of his (Gostling's) voice. Purcell did so; and the low notes of the bass solo enable us to judge in a measure of the magnificent organ that this singer must have possessed. Charles II. was the only one of the yachting party who did not hear the composition when Gostling first sang it in the Chapel-royal.

Spur to Genius.—All admirers of Mendelssohn must be familiar with his *Ruy Blas* overture, which was composed while Mendelssohn was actually smarting under the weight of wounded pride. He had been asked to write an overture and a romance for a performance of *Ruy Blas*, in aid of the Theatrical Pension Fund. Desirous of helping the institution, he wrote the romance music, but not the overture, for he was much pressed at the time. On sending the score of the romance, the committee called upon Mendelssohn and

thanked him warmly for the composition, but said it was "a great pity he had not written the overture, though they quite understood it could not be done in a hurry, and next year, if they might be allowed, they would give him longer notice." "This," Mendelssohn has said, "rather nettled me, so in the evening I turned the whole matter over and began to write." The day was on Tuesday. On Wednesday he had a rehearsal the whole morning, and on Thursday a concert, but early on Friday morning the overture went to the copyists—on Monday was played (three times in the concert-room, and once in the theatre), and on the same evening was performed in public in aid of the Fund. Mendelssohn said this overture gave him more fun than anything he ever did; and he declared it ought to be named the "Overture to the Theatrical Pension Fund."

A False Accusation.—"He that says what he likes will hear what he doesna like," runs the proverb; and so it was with Salieri, who in his lifetime was so bitterly jealous of Mozart that when the composer of *Don Giovanni* died, Salieri was credited with having poisoned him. Literally, this was untrue, but there is no doubt whatever that he had poisoned many an hour of Mozart's short existence. Salieri had his day for his dog-like behaviour. He never prospered, but grew old, weak, and poor, ultimately finding his death-bed in the common hospital of Vienna. There he was visited by

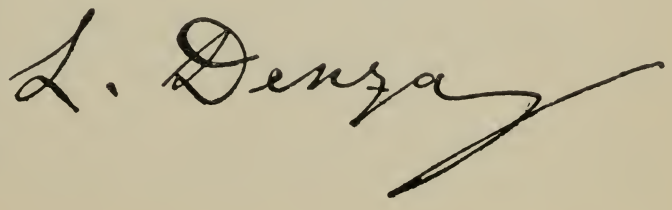
REQUIEM PRESENTIMENTS.

Moscheles, to whom Salieri made the following statement about the Mozart affair: "My dear Moscheles, I assure you there is not a grain of truth in the report—you know—Mozart, whom I am said to have poisoned. Let the world knew, dear Moscheles, that Salieri on his death-bed declared this to you."

Quick Change.—At the great Congress at Erfurt in 1808, Napoleon, then at the zenith of his power, kept magnificent state in the German town, and entertained his royal allies and vassals as an emperor should. Among other things, he summoned Talma, Mars, and other luminaries of the French stage from Paris, upon which Spohr and three of his pupils started on foot for Erfurt, in the hope of somehow or other enjoying a great dramatic treat. But they found that the performances were only for the sovereigns and their suites, even the musicians being forbidden to introduce any one into the orchestra. It then occurred to Spohr that he and his pupils might bribe some of the musicians to give up their instruments for a single evening, and two violins and a violoncello were thus transferred. No other stringed-instrument player being open to temptation, the bold idea occurred to Spohr of learning enough of a wind instrument in a single day for the required purpose, and the second hornist was willing to cede his place. Let Spohr tell the rest: "I soon prevailed on him whose place I wished to take to yield his horn to me, and began my studies. At first I produced the most terrific tones, but after about an hour I succeeded in bringing out the natural tones of the instrument. After dinner, while my pupils walked, I recommenced my studies, and although my lips pained me very much, I did not rest until I could play my horn part perfectly in the very easy overtures and *entr'actes* which were to be performed in the evening. Thus prepared, I and my pupils joined the other musicians, and, as each carried his instrument under his arm, we reached our places without opposition. We found the

saloon already brilliantly lit up, and filled with the numerous suites of the sovereigns. The seats for Napoleon and his guests were close behind the orchestra. The orchestra, with their faces turned towards the stage, stood in a long row, and each was strictly forbidden to turn and look at the sovereigns. As I had received notice of this beforehand, I had provided myself secretly with a small looking-glass, by the help of which, as soon as the music was ended, I obtained a good view of those who directed the destinies of Europe. At every succeeding *entr'acte* the pain of my lips increased, and at the close they became so swollen and blistered that in the evening I could scarcely eat my supper. Even the next day, on my return to Gotha, they had a very negro-like appearance, and my young wife was not a little alarmed when she saw me; but she was nettled when, jesting, I said it was from kissing to excess the pretty Erfurt women. When, however, I related to her the history of my studies on the horn, she laughed heartily at my expense."

"Not there—not there."—Strangely, the *Messiah* was not published during Handel's lifetime. He gave MS. copies to the Dublin Charitable Musical Society, the Royal Society of Musicians, and the Foundling Hospital. The governors of the last-named institution, misunderstanding the conditions of the gift, thought they were to have the exclusive right of performing it for ever. A bill was drawn up to obtain Parliament's confirmation of legal rights. When Handel heard of this he was positively furious. "The devil!" said he, "for what shall the Foundlings put mine oratorio in the Parliament? The devil! mine music shall not go to the Parliament."



Might have been Better.—Schumann admired the works of Jean Paul, and affirmed that he owed more to him than to any other composer of music. He benefited much from his friendship with Mendelssohn, and, without rivalry, they freely criticised each other. A story is told that, on one occasion Schumann refused to take a walk with Mendelssohn, as he did not wish to interrupt his flow of inspiration when composing. Some days later, Mendelssohn asked to look at the new composition, and, turning to Schumann's wife, remarked, "Oh, he would have done better to take a walk with me the other day."

Harmonious Cerberus.—Berlioz was possessed of a fiery temperament in many ways, and must have been something like Cherubini, whom Mendelssohn described as "a burnt-out volcano, all covered with stones and ashes." He stands one of the very few great composers with a bitter tongue, and incapable of seeing good in the compositions of fellow-musicians. Thus he professed to know nothing of Handel's music; he laughed Haydn to scorn, as a pedantic old baby in music. Mozart fared still worse with him; Cherubini he hardly cared to speak of; and to the end of his life he could not be persuaded to hear Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. There appears to have been little love lost between these composers. Mendelssohn used to tell the story that while Berlioz was at Leipzig, he received and retained for many days certain manuscripts of the great cantor existing in the Thomas-Schule, to examine which he expressed the greatest curiosity. At length, he returned the packet with the seals unbroken! "Yet," said Mendelssohn, "he gave his opinion about them just the same." Possibly the great-tone-poem-symphonist heard of this, which would account for the report that when Berlioz was in London as conductor, he would stand before an orchestra to superintend the rendering of Mendelssohn's Violin Concertos and other works without ever rehearsing or even perusing them. It is only fair to the composer of *La*

Damnation de Faust to say that he made an exception in the case of one Italian artist. This was Spontini, whom he lauded to the skies, and in whose praise he could never use language too glowing. It must not be forgotten, however, that Spontini was as noisy a composer as Berlioz himself—the powerful and brilliant effects of the former killing his operas much in the same way as Berlioz overstates all that he had to say. Possibly, according to Berlioz's ethics, all new music should supply the quietus to all that has gone before!

Libellous Catch.—Lovers of music and students of its literature must ever acknowledge a debt of gratitude both

HIS DEGREE.

to Charles Burney, doctor of music, and Sir John Hawkins, for the elaborate *History of Music* which both these writers

have left. Of the respective merits of the two works little need be said. They are both good, and differ widely in the treatment of the subject. When they first appeared, however, popularity ran all on the side of the doctor's book, and not a little was said and written in disparagement of the rival history. The cream of the waggery perhaps was Dr. Callcott's amusing Catch, which supplies a good illustration of the controversy:—

1st voice. "Have you Sir John Hawkins' Hist'ry?
Some folks think it quite a myst'ry."
2nd voice. "Music filled his wondrous brain—
How d'ye like him? Is it plain?"
3rd voice. "Both I've read, and must agree
That Burney's Hist'ry pleases me."

After it has been sung through the first time, the cross readings begin, and we hear the following:—

1. "Sir John Hawkins;"
2. "How d'ye like him?"
3. "Burney's History."

Problem—Find the satire.

Notable Dedication.—Who would now know of the many names familiar to the amateur and musician "as household words," had it not been for the dedications of great works inscribed by Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, and others? How many, for instance, would now mention the name of Kreutzer, the once famous violinist and composer, were it not for Beethoven's delightful and popular sonata in A for violin and pianoforte (Op. 47), and universally known as the *Kreutzer Sonata?* Strangely enough, it was little more than accident which has thus given Kreutzer his immortality. It is said that originally Beethoven had intended to dedicate this sonata to Bridgetower, a young African, an excellent fiddler, and at this time (1802) a perfect rage in musical circles, from the Fourth George downwards. Before

the sonata was printed, however, Beethoven and Bridgetower had some quarrel on the commonest subject of quarrel —a young lady. Consequently the two musicians parted bad friends. Bridgetower's name was erased from the title-page, and Beethoven substituted that of Rudolphe Kreutzer, whom it is said Beethoven not only did not know, but had never seen!

Those Rude Boys!—Moscheles vouches for the truth of the following anecdote concerning Beethoven: "When I came early in the morning to Beethoven, he was still lying in bed; he happened to be in remarkably good spirits, jumped up immediately, and placed himself just as he was at the window looking out on the Schottenbastei with the view of examining the 'Fidelio' numbers which I had arranged. Naturally a crowd of street boys collected under the window, when he roared out, 'Now, what do those confounded boys want?' I laughed, and pointed to his own figure. 'Yes, yes, you are quite right,' he said, and hastily put on a dressing-gown."

"CONFOUNDED BOYS."

Genius and Study.—However true it may be of musicians, that they are born and not made, yet music is not an art which can set aside the aid of science. There is no royal road to perfection in it, and it is only cruel kindness to encourage the infant phenomenon who shows a strong gift for music to compose or perform, until he has properly

studied the science of his art. Trained genius can no doubt afford to break rules now and then, but we very seldom detect departures from those rules even in the works of the great masters. The spirit of self-assertion and resistance of authority, which seems to be the prevailing sentiment in this the beginning of the twentieth century, has shown itself strongly among composers. We have new modulations, startling progressions, ingenious discords, and too often shapelessness instead of form, novelty for beauty, incoherent maundering in place of melody. And this is music! Nor is it to be wondered at that ill-regulated emotions or want of self-culture should reflect in art work, as it assuredly does, only to be distasteful, except perhaps to a few superficial critics, who call it "originality"! It is a pity that it should be so. It may unquestionably be stated that no one who has wandered to any extent into the intricacies of harmony and counterpoint—especially under a master—can claim exemption from many a rebuff which at the time was hard to bear, and which only riper experience clearly demonstrates. All harmony students are the same in this respect. Sir Alexander Campbell Mackenzie tells an amusing recollection of his early training. His harmony master was Charles Lucas, who took him in hand when he was ignorant of counterpoint:—"Whenever there was anything startling in my composition exercises, he would remark: 'That is all very well for young Scotland,' punctuating the remark with a pinch of snuff, 'but it won't do; take it out, sir, *take it out.*'"

New Jerusalem Art.—Palestrina, the regenerator of Italian church music, was, indeed, a great light in early Italian musical history. A valuable feature marked all his sacred art-work. This was the lofty, reverent nature of his harmony, which was as arresting as it was beautiful. In 1562 the Council of Trent condemned the frivolous style and character that the church music had assumed; and, had it not been for Pope Pius IV., music would have been banished

from the Roman service. He discovered Palestrina, and suggested to him a return to the simple, solemn style which the Netherlands masters took into Italy. The result was the *Missa Papæ Marcelli*—a Mass named after Pope Marcellus Cervinas—which, when heard by the conclave of pope and cardinals, was declared to be worthy sanctuary music. "It is John"—they averred—"who gives us here in this earthly Jerusalem a foretaste of that new song which the holy Apostle John realised in the heavenly Jerusalem in his prophetic trance." This composition is now known as the "Mass of Pope Marcel," in honour of a former patron of Palestrina.

Barbarous.—Air in music is an old intimate, but never probably in the history of musical art has there been such a commotion anent the hirsute adornment of its exponents and professors as that which set in these past few years. "There's 'air!" is a vulgarism which every London pedestrian has heard and wondered at; while "Get your hair cut!" has reached the dignity of musical setting, and bids fair to oust the barber's pole as a trade sign. We have a notion that the advent here of a certain famous pianist with a wondrous stock of silky filaments is responsible for this hubbub. Not that the craze is quite a new one. The composer of the "Appassionata" Sonata was a victim to it. The wife of a pianoforte-player and composer in Vienna, who had long possessed a desire for a lock of Beethoven's hair, one day induced her husband to ask a friend of the composer to intercede for her, and if possible procure the relic she desired. The friend went to Beethoven and persuaded him to send the lady a lock of hair from a goat's beard, which Beethoven's coarse grey hair nearly resembled; and when she was pluming herself on her treasure, another friend, a party to the trick which had been practised, informed the hero-worshipper of the deception. The husband wrote an indignant letter to Beethoven, upbraiding him with the

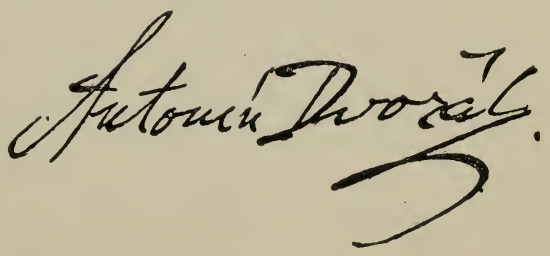
mockery, and so fairly shamed the composer for the discourtesy and unkindness of the jest in which he had joined, that he wrote a letter of apology to the aggrieved lady, enclosing in it a real lock of his hair, and refused to receive further visits from the gentleman who had prompted him to play the deception. *Apropos* of this craze is this stupid story:—Paderewski is so fond of his own hair that he will pick any stray bits off his coat sleeve, and carefully put them away in a little receptacle which he always carries with him. When he reaches his bedroom the day's harvest is emptied into a bag, that contains all the odds and ends and tufts of hair which have been cut off at his barber's.

As He Thought.—Seldom, probably, is the *obscurum per obscurius* more apt to display itself than in those torturous ordeals "examinations," so called, which a modern system has foisted upon us in a fashion that would make our grandmothers stagger. We live in a competitive age, and lucky is the man holding any position worth the name if he has not had to struggle for it through the exhausting process of a wretched "cram" and a tedious examination. Music, of course, has been infected by the "examination" craze, and for those peculiarly constituted individuals who delight to see themselves decked in musical millinery, the art has furnished a profitable field—commercially and sartorially. Whether all this "exam." fuss does the country any permanent musical good is not so clear as that the proceedings provide the examiners with ample food for merriment. Many of the questions are often ludicrous; but it must be conceded that most of the answers beat the questions in undesigned humour. Herr Gmür, Professor of the learned science of music, once got an answer from a candidate which, to say the least of it, was, like *Charley's Aunt*, enough to make a cat laugh. Some harmonious sage had put the question—"What is understood by a triplet?" A promising youth gave the following answer:—"A triplet

is a precious gift from God, which entitles the lucky possessor to the Queen's bounty." Whether the harassed candidate got full marks for this definition in notation has not transpired; but he certainly deserved credit for furnishing examiners in music with an explanation of something obscure by something more obscure.

Satisfactory Solution.—Arne was once placed in the unenviable position of judge between two of the worst singers who ever vibrated their vocal chords. After hearing the two singers: "You are the worst singer I ever heard in my life," exclaimed the doctor to one of the combatants. "Then," cried the other exultingly, "I win." "No," said Dr. Arne, "you can't sing *at all*." Surely such wisdom is worthy even of a Solomon. What, then, when it comes from a *virtuoso!*

A Cheap Lease.—Yorkshire folk proverbially make close bargains, and a certain Oxford Doctor of Music, of Yorkshire extraction, and for many years organist and choirmaster to the St. James's Chapel Royal, in nowise prejudiced his county's reputation. There was, some years since, a certain house in Clubland that would not let, although it was roomy and wonderfully cheap. The fact is, it was said to be haunted. One fine day a Yorkshireman was promoted to a good position, and needing a convenient town residence, the haunted house in St. James's Street came under his eye and was leased. The new neighbour was Dr. Ayrton, who used the ghost scare in coming to terms, and by its influence obtained a long lease of the spacious mansion, with three acres of ground attached to it—all for forty pounds a year!



A Melodramatic Mistress.—Unreal and overstrained as many of the situations and incidents in Italian operas may often seem to us Northerners, we must not forget that they appear very different to Italian eyes. Tragic incidents which we should term melodramatic occur again and again in the daily life of Southern people, and the fiery passion which appears to us so stagey and exaggerated, is really seldom overdrawn. Leonardo Vinci was at Rome, in the height of his musical success, when he made the acquaintance of a distinguished and beautiful Italian lady, who returned his passion. Unfortunately, he took to boasting about the lady's favours. Upon hearing of this, she revenged herself by presenting him with a cup of poisoned chocolate, which he drank and died.

Marked.—A few years back, when travelling was not so speedy and pleasant as it now is, those who were forced to journey from place to place for a livelihood were often sore put to it. No class suffered more than did musicians—eminent ones, many of whom, could they have got out of the four walls of their native environment and reached this country, might have died in peace and comfort instead of poverty. Spohr, the great violinist and industrious travelling artist, has left us a picture of the hardships of locomotion in his day. He, with a band of pupils, set out one day on a professional excursion on tour. Arrived at Clansthal, the first care was to get rid of the unseemly growth of beard that had accrued to all during the journey, so as to resume a civilised appearance. They sent therefore for a barber, and submitted themselves one after the other to his razor. A comical incident arose out of this operation. All had more or less a sore place under the chin from holding the violin, and Spohr, who first sat down, directed the barber's attention to it, and begged him to go over it lightly. As the barber found a similar sore place under the chin of each that followed, his countenance assumed more and more the grotesque ex-

pression exhibited in the disposition to whistle and smile at the same time, while every now and then he murmured something inwardly. Upon being asked the reason, he replied, with a grave look, "Gentlemen, I see very clearly that you all belong to a secret society, and you all carry the sign. You are Freemasons probably, and I am right glad that I know at last how that is to be discovered." Upon hearing this all broke out into shouts of laughter, and the barber was very much disconcerted, nor was it possible to shake his belief.

Musical Memory.—In music a good memory is almost always allied with great inventive power. Most of our executants of the first rank have cultivated this faculty. To an operatic singer it is an absolute necessity, many fine voices having been lost to the stage from the owners thereof being unable to remember the music. Wonderful stories are told of Mendelssohn's memory. In our own days Sir Charles Hallé has performed Beethoven's sonatas from memory, without missing a note. Von Bülow in his day conducted whole concerts without reference to a score, besides which he gave pianoforte recitals of some three hours' durance, entirely from memory. All the great composers had wonderful memories, but in this, as in many other matters, Mozart stands pre-eminent. We know how he appropriated Gregorio Allegri's beautiful *Miserere* entirely by memory; how he once played a duet with the fair violinist Madame Schlick, with only a sheet of blank paper before him to guide him with the piano part; besides which, there was his constant habit of playing his concertos in public without a "bit" of music. For instance, in a concert at Leipzig, some three years before his untimely end, Mozart performed his concerto in C. The band all in readiness, Mozart sat down to the pianoforte to begin the composition. What was the surprise of the audience, however, on seeing Mozart place on the desk, not his part, but a small piece of paper scribbled

with a few notes, being the beginnings of a few of the passages. "Oh!" replied he, upon being questioned by a friend, "the piano part is safely locked up in my desk at Vienna. I am obliged to take this precaution when I am travelling, otherwise people contrive somehow or other to get copies of my scores and print them—while I starve."

Frank!—A music publisher's catalogue is not very pretty reading; nevertheless it is interesting to notice the wonderful

EXTINGUISHERS.

caprice with which Fortune smiles upon it. While one or two works find exclusive favour, all the rest, perhaps in no respect inferior, are so much dead weight—"stickers." Of all Dibdin's operettas, once so popular, but two have survived, *The Quaker* and *The Waterman*. In his lifetime it was quite the reverse. All his works were then successful save only one—*The Shepherdess of the Alps*. From the first it never succeeded in attracting an audience. To use Charles Dibdin's own words, "the piece fell for sheer want of support." That inexplicable thing called fate had set its

face against the work, and there was no promise of its frown being turned to a smile, although Dibdin at that time was high in the favour of the public. He did the best thing possible under the circumstances: he took it cheerfully, and himself jested at the expense of his unlucky work. The best piece of pleasantry, however, came from one who acted in the operetta. Dibdin used to tell the story against himself: "I remember Vernon's saying, when he was asked why he did not get perfect and play his best, 'that he saw it was the general wish the piece should be ——, and, as in duty bound, he lent it a hand.'"

"Prevention Better than Cure."—How to keep one's umbrella has been presented to most people as a serious problem for a thoughtful mind. One of the best solutions propounded is due to Cherubini, and may be briefly summed up in a few words: "Never lend your umbrella." One day Cherubini was walking along a *boulevard* in Paris when it began to rain. A gentleman passing by in his carriage recognised the *maestro*, and alighting, begged that Cherubini would take the reins and drive home. The gentleman, who was going in a different direction, said, "Will you, M. Cherubini, lend me your umbrella?" "No; I never lend my umbrella," was Cherubini's reply, as he drove off; and whatever we may think of his courtesy, there cannot be two opinions about his prudence.

Promptings of Genius.—What a wonderfully interesting book might be written were some patient hack to sit himself down and discuss all the little matters in every-day life which have prompted some of the greatest conceptions of the poet, painter, and musician! The atom makes the mountain, and everything that is great has an infinitesimal genesis—*clarior ex obscuro*. What mankind would be all the better for knowing are the causes which have given effect to many of the greatest achievements of the world's geniuses. Some day

such a compilation will be made, and we shall know the real promptings of many immortal doings on paper and canvas. It is said that the sound of hammers on an anvil suggested to Handel the theme of the "Harmonious Blacksmith." Pythagoras and Tubal Cain also got results from the sounds of the smithery. Mendelssohn wrote a work —*The Evening Bell*, a duet for harp and pianoforte—which was suggested by, and in which in his humour he incorporated, the gate-bell at his friend Thomas Attwood's house at Norwood.

Effective Music!—A good many tales have been told of the power of music, and the marvellous things resulting

WHEN MUSIC ANIMATES.

from it. On the occasion of the marriage of Henry III.'s favourite, the Duc de Joyeuse, to Mademoiselle de Vaudemont, the king's favourite musician, Claude Le Jeune, caused a spirited air to be sung, which so animated a gentleman who was present, that he clapped his hand on his sword and swore that it was impossible for him to refrain from fighting with the first person he met; upon which Claude caused another air to be performed, of a soothing kind, which immediately restored him to his natural temperament. An opposite but almost as remarkable a result once attended one of Haydn's symphonies that was played during the time he was in London. It formed part of the

programme of a concert given in the Hanover Square Rooms, by Miss Corri (the leading harpist of the day), and when the andante (adagio) was performed, a clergyman who was present sank into a fit of the deepest melancholy, because he had dreamed the night before of this andante, and he imagined that it foretold his death. He left the room immediately, went home and took to his bed. A few days afterwards he was a dead man! The Chevalier St. George was once rehearsing a symphony composed by Leduc, who had recently died. In the middle of the adagio the chevalier was so overcome by the expression of the music that he let fall his bow and burst into tears. The Abbé Arnauld, when he first heard one of the pieces in Gluck's *Iphigénie,* was so impressed that he exclaimed, "With that air one might found a new religion!"

A Painstaking Critic.—

> "He that is thy friend indeed,
> He will help thee at thy need,"

says Shakespeare in the "Passionate Pilgrim," and the philosophy is fine. Handel does not appear to have been any other than a friend who gave action to his word, and that, too, at some personal pains. Dr. Maurice Greene, whose compositions, whether for the Church or the chamber, were never remarkably exhilarating, having solicited Handel's perusal and opinion of a solo anthem, was invited by the great German to take his coffee with him the next morning, when he would say what he thought of it. The doctor was punctual in his attendance; the coffee was served, and a variety of topics discussed, but not a word said by Handel concerning the composition. At length Greene, whose patience was exhausted, said, with eagerness and anxiety which he could no longer conceal, "Well, sir, but my anthem—what do you think of it?" "Oh! your antum. Ah! I did tink dat it wanted air." "Air," said Greene. "Yes, air; and so I did hang it out of de vindow," replied Handel.

Sociable Company!—Gretry, composer of operas and the author of *De la Vérité* and the *Essais sur la Musique*, was a man of considerable humour. He was also one of those terrible nuisances, a talking travelling companion. He met at Turin with a German baron who proposed that they should travel together. As soon as they were out of the town, Gretry addressed him with: "Ah, sir! how enchanted I am with——" "Sir," rudely interrupted the baron, "I never

HOBBY-HORSE.

speak in a carriage." "Very well," said Gretry. At night, having alighted at the inn, the baron ordered a great fire, put on his *robe de chambre,* and coming to Gretry with open arms, said: "Ah, my dear friend, how glad I am that——" Gretry interrupted him in his turn, and said dryly: "Sir, I never speak in an inn." The baron laughed heartily, and the two then entered into conversation. The following day they passed Mont Cenis. In ascending the mountain some

guides assisted them. Gretry asked them the meaning of a red cross he saw near a precipice. "Peace!" said the guides. "How now!" thought Gretry, "am I everywhere to meet with German barons?" His conductor afterwards told him that the sound, or only the echo of the sound of a voice, *might* occasion the fall of the snows congealed and suspended over their heads.

Infectious.—Many years ago, the late Sir Robert Stewart had a small private musical society—the Bray Philharmonic. A performance of music was to take place on a certain evening, and the Dublin contingent was leaving Westland Row railway-station to lend their aid. In a smoking compartment were R. M. Levey, Herr Elsner, and other members of the band. Just as the train was moving off, Dr. Purefoy, the present respected Master of the Rotunda Hospital (then a student in Trinity College), and the possessor of a fine bass voice, rushed wildly on to the platform in search of a carriage. Herr Elsner at once cried out—"Let him come in here, 'and he shall Purefoy the sons of Levey'!"

A Promising Hopeful.—Rinaldo di Capua deserves to be preserved in musical history, for, if he was not the inventor of the *recitative*, he was certainly one of the first musicians who largely used that form of musical expression. But Di Capua also deserves our sympathy, he having a profligate son, for whom he entertained hopes more charitable than just. Old age overtook the musician, and with it came a time of need, so he determined to have recourse to his scores, which would probably bring him a comparative independency. Alas! upon searching for the treasures, they were nowhere to be found; and an inquiry left little doubt that the profligate son had sold the precious manuscripts to a waste-paper dealer.

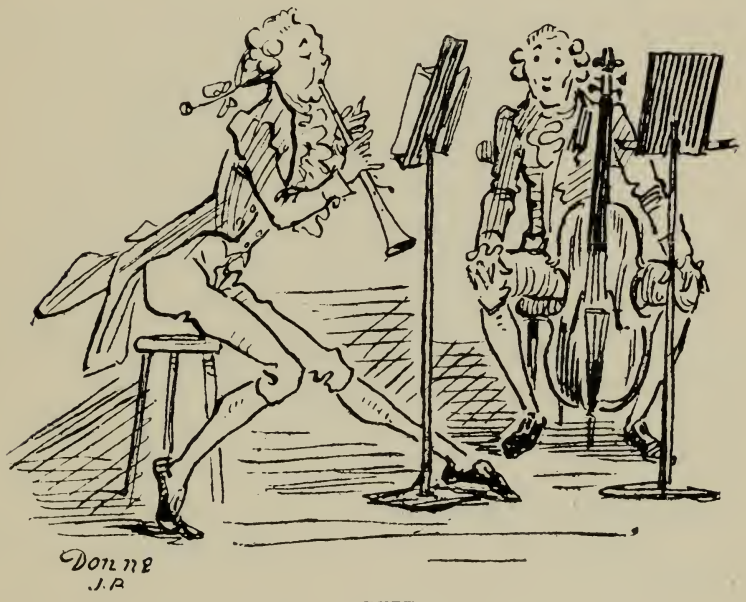
Rosalind F. Elliott

Handel as he Was.—The British public are not unfamiliar with Handel, both as a man and a musician; but amid all that has been written concerning the great artist no picture shows us the man in more graphic reality than the following. Schœlcher, who wrote a Life of Handel, had a relative Zachary Hardcastle, a retired merchant, who was intimately acquainted with all the most distinguished men of his time,

SOLO.

artists, poets, musicians, and physicians. This old gentleman, who lived at Paper Buildings, Gray's Inn, was accustomed to take his morning walk in the garden of Somerset House, where he happened to meet with another old man, Colley Cibber, and proposed to him to go and hear a competition which was to take place at midday for the post of organist to the Temple, and he invited him to breakfast, telling him at the same time that Dr. Pepusch and Dr. Arne were to be with

him at nine o'clock. They go in; Pepusch arrives punctually at the stroke of nine; presently there is a knock, the door is opened, and Handel unexpectedly presents himself. Then follows the scene: Handel: "Vat! mein dear friendt Hardgasdle. Vat! you are merry py dimes. Vat! and Misder Golley Cibbers too! aye, and Togder Peepbush as vell! Vell, dat is gomigal. Vell, mein friendts, andt how vags the vorldt wid you, mein tdears? Bray, bray, do let me sit town a momend." Pepusch took the great man's hat, Colley Cibber

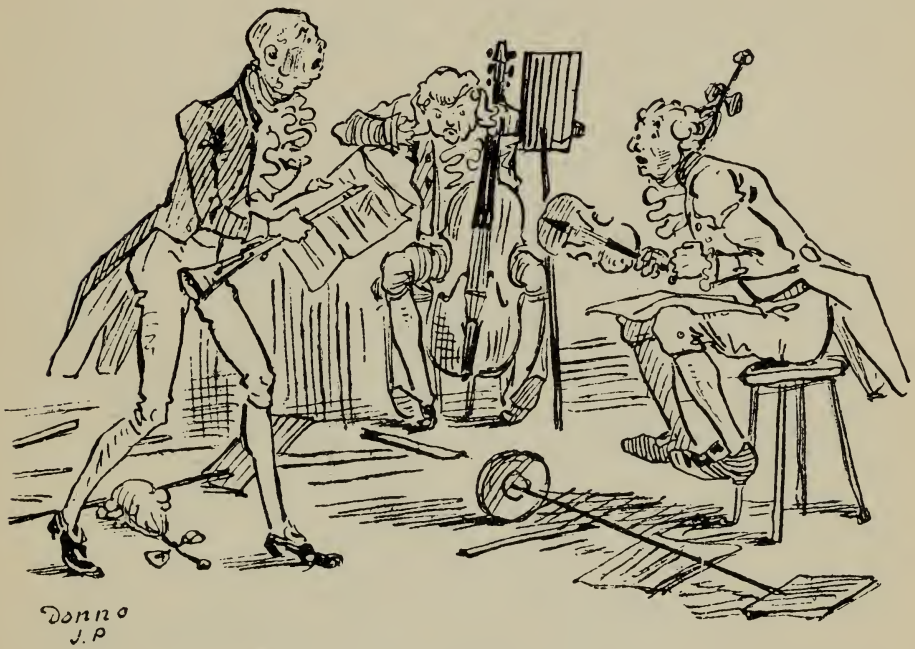


DUET.

the stick, and Schœlcher's great-uncle wheeled round his reading-chair, which was somewhat about the dimensions of that in which our kings and queens are crowned; and then the great man sat him down. "Vell, I thank you, gendlemen; now I am at mein ease vonce more. Upon mein vord, dat is a picture of a ham. It is very pold of me to gome to preak my fastd wid you uninvided; and I have brought along wid me a nodable abbetite; for the wader of old Fader Dems is it not a fine pracer of the stomach?" "You do me great honour, Mr. Handel," said the great-uncle. "I take this early

visit as a great kindness." "A delightful morning for the water," said Colley Cibber. "Pray, did you come with oars or skullers, Mr. Handel?" said Pepusch. "Now, how gan you demand of me dat zilly question, you who are a musician and a man of science, Togder Peepbush? Vot gan it goncern you whether I have one votdermans or two votdermans—whether I bull out mine burce for to pay von shilling or two. Diavolo! I gannot go here, or I gannot go dere, but some one shall send it to some newsbaber, as how Misder Chorge Vrederick Handel did go somedimes last week in a votderman's wherry, to preak his fastd wid Misder Zac. Hardgasdle; but it shall be all the fault wid himself, if it shall be but in print, whether I was rowed by one votdermans or by two votdermans. So, Togder Peepbush, you will blease to excuse me from dat." Poor Dr. Pepusch was for a moment disconcerted, but it was soon forgotten in the first dish of coffee. "Well, gentlemen," said great-uncle Zachary, looking at his tompion, "it is ten minutes past nine. Shall we wait more for Dr. Arne?" "Let us give him another five minutes' chance, Master Hardcastle," said Colley Cibber; "he is too great a genius to keep time." "Let us put it to the vote," said Dr. Pepusch, smiling. "Who holds up hands?" "I will segond your motion wid all mine heartd," said Handel. "I will hold up mine feeble hands for mine oldt friendt Custos [Arne's name was Augustine], for I know not who I wouldt waitd for, over andt above mine oldt rival, Master Dom [meaning Pepusch]. Only by your bermission, I vill dake a snag of your ham, andt a slice of French roll, or a modicum of chicken; for to dell you the honest faed, I am all pote famished, for I laid me down on mine billow in bed the lastd nightd, widout mine supper, at the instance of mine physician, for which I am not altogeddere inglined to extend mine fastd no longer." Then, laughing, "Berhaps, Mister Golley Cibbers, you may like to pote this to the vote? But I shall not segond the motion nor shall I holdt up mine hand, as I will, by bermission, embloy it some dime in a better office.

So, if you blease, do me the kindness for to gut me a small slice of ham." At this instant a hasty footstep was heard on the stairs, accompanied by the humming of an air, all as gay as the morning, which was beautiful and bright. It was the month of May. "Bresto! be quick," said Handel; he knew it was Arne; "fifteen minutes of dime is butty well for an adlibitum." "Mr. Arne," said great-uncle's man. A chair was placed, and the social party commenced their *déjeuner.*



TRIO.

"Well, and how do you find yourself, my dear sir?" inquired Arne, with friendly warmth. "Why, by the mercy of Heaven, and the waders of Aix-la-Chapelle, andt the addentions of mine togders andt physicians, and oggulists, of lade years, under Providence, I am surbrizingly pedder, thank you kindly, Misder Custos. Andt you have also been doing well of lade, as I am bleased to hear. You see, sir," pointing to his plate, "you see, sir, dat I am in the way for to regruit

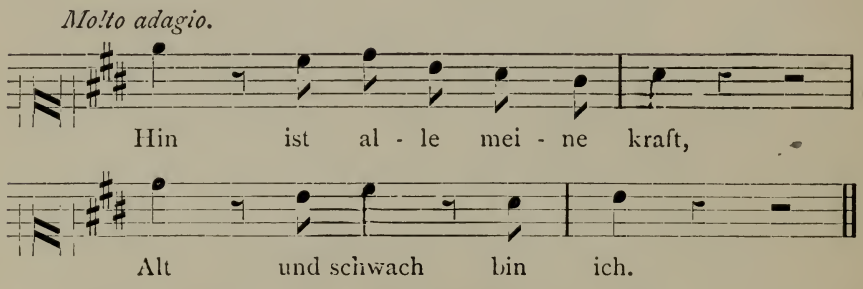
mine flesh wid the good viands of Misder Zachary Hardgasdle." "So, sir, I presume you are come to witness the trial of skill at the old round church? I understand the amateurs expect a pretty sharp contest," said Arne. "Gondest!" echoed Handel, laying down his knife and fork. "Yes, no doubt; your amadeurs have a bassion for gondest.

QUARTETTE "FINALE."

Not vot it vos in our remembrance. Hey, mine friendt? Ha, ha, ha!" "No, sir, I am happy to say those days of envy and bickering, and party feeling, are gone and past. To be sure we had enough of such disgraceful warfare: it lasted too long." "Why, yes; it tid last too long, it bereft me of mine poor limbs: it tid bereave me of that vot is the

most blessed gift of Him vot made us, andt not wee ourselves. And for vot? Vy, for noding in the vorldt pode the bleasure and bastime of them who, having no widt, nor no want, set at loggerheads such men as live by their widts, to worry and destroy one andt anodere as wild beasts in the Golloseum in the dimes of the Romans." Poor Dr. Pepusch during this conversation, as the great-uncle observed, was sitting on thorns; he was in the confederacy professionally only. "I hope, sir," observed the doctor, "you do not include me among those who did injustice to your talents?" "Nod at all, nod at all, God forbid! I am a great admirer of the airs of the *Peggar's Obera*, andt every professional gendtleman must do his best for to live." This mild return, couched under an apparent compliment, was well received; but Handel, who had a talent for sarcastic drolling, added: "Pute why blay the Peggar yourself, togder, andt adapt oldt pallad humsdrum, ven, as a man of science, you could gombose original airs of your own? Here is mine friendt, Custos Arne, who has made a road for himself, for to drive along his own genius to the demple of fame;" then, turning to our illustrious Arne, he continued, "Mine friendt, Custos, you and I must meed togeder some dimes before it is long, and hold a *tête-à-tête* of old days vat is gone; ha, ha! O! it is gomigal now dat id is all gone by. Custos, to nod you remember as it was almost only of yesterday dat she devil Guzzoni, andt dat other brecious taughter of iniquity, Pelzebub's spoiled child, the bretty-faced Faustina? O! the mad rage vat I have to answer for, vot with one and the oder of these fine latdies' airs andt graces. Again, do you not remember dat ubstardt buppy Senesino, and the goxgomb Farinelli? Next, again, mine somedimes nodtable rival Bononcini, and old Borbora? Ha, ha, ha! all at war wid me, andt all at war wid themselves. Such a gonfusion of rivalshibs, andt double-facedness, andt hybocrisy, andt malice, vot would make a gomigal subject for a boem in rhymes, or a biece for the stage, as I hopes to be saved."

Warning to "Fogeydom."—A pedant once went to Cherubini, complaining of a "flagrant fault" in the shape of the chromatic progression from F sharp to F natural in the well-known "Dal tuo stellato" from Rossini's *Mosè in Egitto*. "What do you say to that libertine being guilty of such an act?" inquired the pedant. "What do I say to it?" exclaimed Cherubini; "why, I am only sorry that I was not the perpetrator."

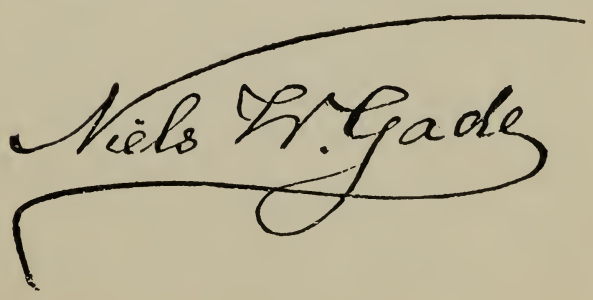
A Famous Visiting-card.—All who write about Haydn make some reference to the card designed by his own hands, in the quiet repose of his villa at Gumpendorff, near Vienna. Whenever he wished to remind a friend that he was still "in the land of the living," he would send him one of his visiting cards, upon which was engraved the closing passage of his last quartet :—

The music stops short before reaching a cadence, and thus gives full expression to his feebleness and uncertain state of health, as well as to the words themselves :—

"All my strength has left me :
Old and weak am I."

Civil Warfare.—The brothers Beethoven, Ludwig and Johann, were not remarkable either for the friendly terms on which they lived, or for the brotherly affection that existed between them. The fact is one was an artist, the other a man of business. Johann had money, while Ludwig had

knowledge; but neither of them possessed both, so seldom are these powerful agencies found hand in hand. The brothers were by no means bitter enemies; but Johann's keen "eye to business," and his brother's total absence of all money-keeping qualifications, led to constant clashing and scenes. One occurred on New Year's Day, 1823. The chemist—for this was Johann's occupation—had lately effected the purchase of a piece of land, and forthwith had cards with the following pompous words printed upon them —"Johann van Beethoven, land-owner." One of these cards was sent to the composer, who immediately appreciated the spirit in which it had been sent, and, in his usual hasty manner, snatched it up, scribbled on its back, "Ludwig van Beethoven, brain-owner," and sent it back to the source whence it had come.

Speech is Silvern.—Cherubini, though generally esteemed a great talker, would sometimes make a curious use of the golden quality of silence. This was when the topic under consideration was not agreeable to him; and to those who knew him, this sullen reserve was more severe than any outspoken reproof. His favourite pupil, Halèvy, having invited Cherubini to hear a new opera of Halèvy's composition, at the end of the first act its composer asked Cherubini how he liked it. There was no reply. At the end of the second act Halèvy repeated his question. Still no reply came. Halèvy began to feel warm. "*Vous ne me répondez point*," he exclaimed. Again there was no answer, at which Halèvy was so exasperated that he rose up and left the box, muttering his indignation at Cherubini's sitting for two hours without uttering a single word.



Forcible Illustration.—Few people of average intelligence find great difficulty in learning their notes. It is "time" that brings the first serious trouble to master and pupil. Even this may soon be overcome by patient attention, and that wonderful invention called "counting." But for the simple device of dividing a piece into bars, which Guido d'Arezzo invented ages back, music might still be the magical accomplishment of a few. But of the thousands who now correctly execute music of all sorts, how few there are who really understand accentuation! Some emphasise a note because it is the first in a bar, or because it is marked with an accent, others because their musical instinct apprehends the fitness of the thing. Who, however, has defined clearly, in words, the thing called musical accent? There are plenty of definitions, it is true, but they convey no idea to people who do not already understand by experience or "ear" what the thing really is. Cooke the composer, when in difficulty on this score, had recourse to an illustration more personal than polite. This is the story. At a trial in the Court of King's Bench, in the year 1833, as to an alleged piracy of the *Old English Gentleman*, one of the first witnesses put into the box was Cooke. "Now, sir," said Sir James Scarlett in his cross-examination of Cooke, "you say that the two melodies are identical, but different; what am I to understand by that, sir?" "What I said," replied Cooke, "was that the notes in the two arrangements are the same, but with a different accent: the one being in common, while the other is in triple, time; and consequently the position of the accented notes is different in the two copies." "What is musical accent?" Sir James flippantly inquired. "My terms for teaching music are a guinea a lesson," said Cooke, much to the merriment of the crowded court. "I do not want to know your terms for teaching," said the counsel; "I want you to explain to his lordship and the jury what is 'musical accent.'" Sir James grew angry. "Can you see it?" he continued. "No!" was the answer. "Can

you feel it?" "Well," Cooke drawled out, "a musician can." After an appeal to the judge, the cross-examining counsel again put the question: "Will you explain to his lordship and the jury, who are supposed to know nothing about music, the meaning of what you call accent?" "Musical accent," rejoined Cooke, "is emphasis laid on a

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certain note just in the same manner as you would lay stress on any word when speaking, in order to make yourself better understood. Let me give you an illustration, Sir James. If I were to say: 'You are a *donkey*,' the accent rests on donkey; but if instead I said: '*You* are a donkey,' it rests on you, Sir James; and I have no doubt that the gentlemen of the jury will corroborate me in this."

Tenebris Lux.—It is the fashion to paint Chopin as a sickly sentimentalist. He was not that by nature. As a young man he was lively and joyous, always ready for fun, full of humour—especially in caricature; in brief, he was a dare-devil boy. As he grew up, he contracted the disease called "love," and it killed him. For eleven years he was at the skirts of Madame Sand, and when she jilted him and cast him aside, it broke his heart. For many years his soul pined in the bitter-sweet of memory. The sweetest picture that we can call to mind of him was when he had lain

insensible from one of his swooning attacks for some time. His sister Louise was by his side, and the Countess Delphine Potocka, his beautiful countrywoman and a most devoted friend, watched him with streaming eyes. The dying musician became conscious, and faintly ordered a piano to be rolled in from the adjoining room. He turned to the Countess, and whispered feebly, "Sing." She had a lovely voice, and, gathering herself for the effort, she sang that famous canticle to the Virgin which, tradition says, saved Stradella's life from assassins. "How beautiful it is!" he exclaimed. "My God! how very beautiful!" Again she sang to him, and the dying musician passed into a trance, from which he was never fully aroused till he expired.

Conspicuous by Absence.—A good illustration of the old joke about playing *Hamlet* with the part of Hamlet omitted, was supplied by Mehul in his opera *Uthal.* In composing this work, for some reason best known to himself, Mehul elected to dispense with violins altogether; and the singers were therefore accompanied by a band without any fiddles in it. It has never been our lot to listen to an orchestra thus constituted, but the effect produced on nerves and ears may be fairly guessed from the neat remark of Gretry while listening to it: "Heavens! I would give a louis to hear a cricket chirp just now!"

Cold Water Cure.—Beethoven was not the only musician who has had a weakness for pouring cold water on his arms: the eccentricity of his proceeding lay in the fact that he generally omitted to use a basin or bath during the process; moreover, the circumstance may have found a place as a curiosity among English musical chronicles from the fact that the English mind has never credited Beethoven's nation with any special fondness for ablutions! Gounod, we know, used to find in cold water a valuable aid to his studies. A friend, who had called on the composer, perceived under his

writing-table a large tub of cold water, and ventured to ask the reason for this. "When I have written for an hour or so," replied the composer, "my head gets very hot, and strange to say the only way of securing relief is by going to the other extreme, and putting my feet in very cold water." "That is a dangerous remedy," said the other. "Well, well, perhaps so; but you see it has not hurt me thus far very much," said Gounod, "and so I shall continue to use it." Bad as the habit may be, in the long-run it may be found to be not more injurious than that of an eminent novelist who had a habit of writing late, and of keeping his brain cool and his inspiration at high water-mark by the help of a tub of hot water for his feet, a bottle of champagne, and a large cigar for his head!

A Faded Constellation.—Who that ever saw Monsieur Jullien could forget his gorgeous array, his melodramatic gestures, or his affected exhaustion after conducting his monstrous orchestra through any long piece? How he carried away every one—bandsmen, critics, audience—everybody! Jullien was a marvel. One day, however, the light went out; Jullien sank, and his music with him. A strange reputation remained behind. It had to do with the idea of Promenade concerts, and a successful attempt to raise a "shilling audience" for great music. Under these circumstances we can forgive a great deal—the flimsy attempts at operatic fame, the vanity, the diamond jewellery, the rose-tinted gloves, the gold-mounted *bâton*, the frills and curls: all of which led on the excited thousands, and paved the way for present-day concerts. Curiously enough, Jullien valued himself more as a composer than in any other capacity. When the news of Mendelssohn's sudden death reached him at rehearsal, he stopped his band and smote his forehead a tragical blow, in which there was a touch of genuine display and regret, and exclaimed: "This is what happens to all people of genius. *I* will never compose any more."

A Standstill at St. Paul's.—Dr. Samuel Arnold, who died in the second year of last century at the age of sixty-two, was one of the brightest ornaments of the English school. For many years he filled the post of organist at St. Paul's Cathedral, and also of Westminster Abbey, as well as that of conductor of the "Antient Concerts." Arnold had a turn for humour. Once during his lifetime the musical service in St. Paul's Cathedral was suspended on account of a peculiarly uncomfortable indisposition which attacked all the choristers. On that occasion the following epigram appeared:—

"The church shut up! the organ mute!
Who shall explain this riddle?
Now, minor canons, play the flute;
Now, boys, play the *Scotch fiddle*."

It was commonly believed that poet and organist were one.

When Doctors Differ.—Rossini had musical genius that manifested itself with unequalled spontaneity and facility. Strangely, he could not bear the thought of the success of any other composer. Not satisfied with his extraordinary gifts, he wished to be thought a dramatic genius, and never wrote a score after Paris received *Guillaume Tell* with coldness. Verdi's success jarred on him. He spoke of his music as good for Republican mobs marching on to sack a palace. The Germans he could not endure. One day Garnier the architect and the Fine Arts Committee that helped him asked Rossini to call at the Opera House and go round with him to decide what busts should be set up round the cornice of the auditorium. He had something biting to say of every great Italian musician, while admitting that Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi had a right to figure in a musical pantheon. When it came to admitting the busts of Germans he had only objections to make. "Meyerbeer? a mere compiler." "Mendelssohn? all verbosity and compilation; words without songs. The genius that inspired

him wore a white cravat and an evening coat." "Come, come," said Marshal Vaillant; "don't you admit that Beethoven, Handel, and Weber had musical genius? Do you mean to say that the Germans cannot boast of a great musician?" "They're such awfully bad cooks!" said Rossini.

"Actions Speak Louder," etc.—Here is a clue to the problem which so many have attempted to solve concerning Rossini's reason for ceasing to compose when still a young man. The composer of the *Barbiere*, lounging on a sofa in his dressing-gown and slippers, was one morning chatting to a familiar friend upon the subject of music, when at last the visitor ventured the question which he had long been anxious to put to the great operatic writer. "Why is it, signor, that you have been silent so long when your inspirations live in the highest regions of the art?" Rossini made no reply. He quietly moved towards his pianoforte, which he opened, and drifting leisurely over its keys, he gave out a beautiful passage from *Don Giovanni*. "There, my dear friend," said he, as he finished playing, "to compose music after such as that is simply to carry water to a springing well."

A Last Sad Scene.—In Haydn's *Creation* there occurs a passage which cannot be easily equalled either for its sublimity or for the simplicity of the means employed. The point is that wonderful transition from minor to major on the words "Let there be light, and there was light," connected with which there is an interesting anecdote. In the year 1808 a grand performance of the *Creation* took place in Vienna. Haydn was present, but he was so old and feeble that he had to be wheeled in a chair into the theatre, where a princess of the house of Esterhazy took her seat by his side. The presence of the old musician roused intense enthusiasm among the audience, which could no longer be suppressed as the chorus and orchestra burst in full power

upon the superb passage, "And there was light." Amid the tumult the old composer was seen striving to raise himself. Once on his feet, he mustered up all his strength, and, in reply to the applause of the audience, he cried out as loud as he was able: "No, no! not from me, but," pointing to heaven, "from thence—from heaven above—comes all!" saying which, he fell back in his chair, faint and exhausted.

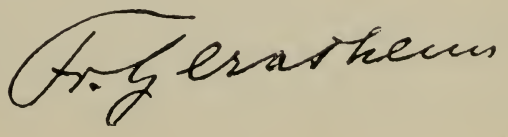
Ruled by Reason.—One day a composer asked Gretry why he had not employed in his compositions any of those terrible transitions which make the hair to stand on end, and the critics in the pit to assume a vacant stare at the end of each piece. "Some day," replied Gretry, "I will give the public something of this sort, but I must have my reasons for so doing." "Oh! what are they?" "Well, for example: supposing an amorous spark, in spite of a father's strict injunctions, should attempt to make love to his daughter—if the father should steal on them unawares and astonish our lover from behind with a good kick, then," said Gretry, "I assure you I will modulate very abruptly!"

Fiery Ordeals.—The caprices of musical genius are curious, especially in respect to their musical offspring, towards which it might be supposed they would always entertain affection. Sometimes this sympathy shows itself oddly. It was in our presence that that wonderful organist, the late Augustus L. Tamplin, with his own hands burnt the score of a charming and original Service with orchestral accompaniments, lest the music should fall into the hands of his successor! A still more strange story is told of Beethoven's *Adelaida*. Before the notes were well dry on the original MS. a visitor was announced—Beethoven's old friend Barth. "Here," said Beethoven, putting a sheet of score paper in his hand, "look at that. I have just written it, and don't like it. There is hardly fire enough in the stove to burn it, but I will try." Barth glanced through

the composition, then sang it, and finally grew into such enthusiasm concerning it as to draw from Beethoven the promise of "No, then, we will not burn it, old fellow."

To the Dogs.—A clergyman named Felton—a musical curate probably—had published a set of organ concertos for which he got a strong subscription list. The enterprising possessor of theological and musical attainments bethought him of a second set, and sought Handel's name for the subscription book. When the request was conveyed to him one morning, Handel was being shaved. He flew up in a fury, and, with his face covered with lather, said, "—— yourself and go to the devil! A parson make concertos? why he no make sermons?" *Ne sutor ultra crepidam!*

A Good Substitute.—To put a few short spoken sentences together in a graceful manner is a performance in which Englishmen fail, so that it is not surprising to find foreigners a little uneasy at improvising in English. Meyerbeer one night honestly prepared himself for a more elaborate display of oratory than he succeeded in delivering. On the occasion of the first production in this country of *L'Étoile du Nord*, it was, thanks to (Sir) Michael Costa, a great success. It can easily be imagined that no one was more delighted than Meyerbeer. One of his first wishes was to thank the members of the band for their pains. For this purpose he was escorted below stairs, where the performers were assembled, and at once began to address them in the first few words of what promised to be a very successful *pièce d'occasion*, but in the excitement of the moment he grew confused, forgot his words, and collapsed. The cheers of his audience simply increased his confusion, and at last he was compelled to take refuge in the confession: "Gentlemen, my heart is so full that the words cannot get out!"



Artist's Heart.—Mademoiselle Henriette Sontag, the celebrated singer, began her career in Vienna. Young, amiable, and highly endowed, she still had to struggle against the envy of her competitors. One of the most passionately vindictive of these was Miss Amalie Steininger, whose voice had been reduced by the storm of passion to a few hoarse notes. One fine morning Sontag was driving in Berlin, when she heard the Viennese national song sung by a child's tender voice. The great cantatrice called the little singer, and asked the child her name. "Naunerl," was the answer. "Who is that woman you lead there?" continued Sontag. "Oh, that's my poor blind mother, Amalie Steininger, madam," replied the child. "Amalie Steininger!" repeated Henriette Sontag, with the greatest surprise. "Yes, Amalie Steininger," said the child. "My mother was a celebrated singer before she lost her voice and her eyes, because she had cried so much. After this all our friends left us. We had to sell everything we had, and have to beg now for our daily bread." On the spur of the moment Sontag started a street collection, the first contribution being her own purse. The next day she called on her old rival, in company with an oculist—but all was too late.

A Neat Distinction.—Musical comparisons are quite as odious as any others. Nevertheless the world persists in making them, despite the oft-printed and oft-stated assurance that certain styles of music cannot be compared. We are but little wiser than our ancestors in this respect. Their bone of contention was the "question" of superiority between Mozart and Cimarosa. They were more fortunate than we, however, in having a critic of authority so capable of setting them right as Gretry. The First Consul was one of those who interested themselves in the question of Cimarosa's dramatic power as against that of Mozart's. Napoleon, however, gave little pains to the point at issue. He turned it over to Gretry, who returned his imperial

master the following reply: "Sire, Cimarosa puts the statue on the theatre and the pedestal in the orchestra, instead of which Mozart puts the statue in the orchestra and the pedestal on the theatre."

Music and Wine.—We are all familiar with the conventional union of wine and music, which forms the theme of endless German vocal quartets, Italian brindisis, and bacchanalian choruses without number. Nearly every opera has

CATGUT.

its drinking song or drinking chorus. We rarely come across any combination of the two things in real life—the melodious efforts of those whom wine incites to music being generally unsuccessful. Michael Kelly in his early days was a pupil of Mozart, but the great master's tuition only made a

moderate vocalist and a third-rate composer of Kelly. For some years, however, he made a good living out of his professional duties; then things began to fluctuate, so Kelly turned wine merchant. His friends joked him—especially Sheridan, who suggested that the inscription over his door should be, "Michael Kelly, composer of wine and importer of music."

An Unwelcome "Aubade."—Composers have frequently a great difficulty to overcome in the prejudices and fancies of performers, before their music finds its way to the public. Singers especially are hard to please, and it is not every composer who, like Handel, can take a songstress by the hair and threaten to throw her out of the window if she will not obey him; or, like Wagner, can compose strains which are the terror of every singer with a voice and a desire to preserve it! A song of Balfe's once had to be forced upon the singer's attention in a somewhat unusual manner. The rondo finale, "With Rapture Dwelling" ("Balfe's air," as it used to be called), from the *Maid of Artois*, did not occur in the original score of the opera. Once at midnight, Balfe awoke, and the theme of a new air suggesting itself to him, he then and there sat up and wrote the finale, afterwards so famous. At eight o'clock the next morning, Balfe, all impatience, hurried off to Conduit Street, where Malibran and her husband then resided. He found De Beriot practising his violin in the drawing-room, and immediately played him the new rondo, with which De Beriot was so enchanted that he declared Malibran must hear it at once. Malibran was, however, at that hour in bed, comfortably enjoying her morning doze, and felt by no means inclined to disturb herself, especially for such a purpose; for she was as firmly possessed in favour of the original rondo as was Balfe against it. In this state of things De Beriot suggested that a small cottage piano, part of the furniture of the drawing-room, should be carried up into Malibran's bedroom, and Balfe

should play over his new inspiration to the recalcitrant singer. The shutters were thrown open, the curtains of her bed drawn aside, all to the infinite indignation of Malibran; and in this most unfavourable mood was she forced to listen to the song, not without loudly protesting that the ruthless disturbers of her rest were "both cracked!" However, she was charmed with the tune. This was the air Balfe heard the Grand Duchess Constantine whistling so charmingly when he was the guest of the Russian Emperor at St. Petersburg.

"More Light!"—A restless, brooding self-consciousness, self-satisfaction, and a habit of chuckling over a sense of one's own cleverness, can scarcely be accounted among the exercises the practice of which have a specially healthy effect upon either the mind or manners of individuals. The cleverest amongst us may well find time to reflect over the ancient axiom, "Pride goeth," etc. The struggle for existence, especially the race for precedence, has made it difficult, however, in most of us to forego the opportunity of a little cheap advertisement; and perhaps that is why the unwholesome habit of not covering one's light with a bushel, *pace* Holy Writ, has developed into something of the dignity of an accepted science. He is a smart fellow, though, who on looking around cannot discover some one that can go "one better" than himself, no matter what his "line" may be. Yet human nature is so comprehensive and beautifully contrived that she has made scope and provision for a liberal percentage of dead-heads wholly incapable of perceiving this actuality in things. To such must have belonged one Hurlebusch, a superficial and exceedingly conceited organist, contemporary with Bach. Hurlebusch had the reputation of being angry if his listeners praised him instead of being so overcome with his playing that they could say nothing. His visit to Bach at Leipzig was made, not to hear but to be heard by, and to astonish the great contrapuntist. Bach took him to the

harpsichord, and listened attentively to a very feeble minuet, with variations. Hurlebusch, taking Bach's politeness as a recognition of his great talent, showed his gratitude by unwrapping a printed collection of easy sonatas. These he handed to Bach's son, Friedemann (gifted, like all the Bachs, with an enormous talent for music), enjoining him to practise them diligently, and he would some day become a good organist. Old Bach could hardly repress a smile, but he thanked his guest politely, and bade him adieu without in the least betraying his amusement. Such superlative vacuousness as that of Hurlebusch's ought even to pacify a clever painter-friend's wrath and amazement at a sitter's remark when he came by appointment, and found him in the act of plaster-pushing. "Why, I never knew you could model," exclaimed Mr. All-money. "Well, who the devil's fault is that?" retaliated the Royal Academy exhibitor. "And so say all of us, for——"

Catching the Tide.—Avon's bard has declared "there is a tide," etc., which is fine philosophy, but the difficulty that most people discover is how to give it practice. Few enough catch "the flood," and still fewer find it as easily as Haydn did. The secret of the problem is this—a bold stroke often succeeds where years of modest self-control do not. When a boy of fifteen Haydn was dismissed from his position as leading chorister in the Vienna Cathedral choir. Suddenly he remembered having heard of a new church which was to be consecrated in the neighbouring village of Zell, so off he trudged. The choirmaster naturally refused the boy's application to admit him into the choir. Nevertheless, on the day the church was opened, Haydn managed to secure a place near the boy entrusted with the solo, and Haydn begged he would allow him to sing it in his stead. This the boy very naturally refused. Finding him inflexible, Haydn quietly bided his time, and at the instant of commencing the anthem, he snatched away the score from the alarmed

chorister and sang the solo himself, in such clear, ringing tones as to astonish every one. Such was the delight of the church authorities that they not only failed to reprove him for his rude behaviour, but rewarded him with a good sum of money and a place at the banquet which followed.

"Noblesse Oblige."—Nothing is more irritating to an artist than the impertinent air with which some persons in "society" come rustling into a concert-room, some twenty minutes after a performance is begun, take ten minutes more to unsettle their neighbours and settle themselves, and then carry on an animated conversation during a great part of the music, which they are supposed to come to hear. Such persons cannot now plead that they have examples in high places. Our present royal family has recognised the truth of our heading in both punctuality and attention, which makes their presence at any public entertainment doubly welcome. In Handel's time, it was not "the thing" for patrons to be punctual. This did not prevent the irascible *maestro* from protesting. He used to conduct the rehearsals of his oratorios at Carlton House, when, if the young Prince and Princess of Wales did not enter the music-room at exactly the time, he began to grow very violent. After their Highnesses had arrived, if any of the maids of honour or other attendants talked during the performance—and they were given to chattering—it irritated Handel so much, that he was not content with swearing at the offenders, but actually called them names;

PREAMBLE.

at which the Princess, with her accustomed mildness and benignity, used to say, "Hush! hush! Handel is in a passion!"

Opportune.—Cherubini became the musical giant of Europe when Beethoven died. Rossini, Meyerbeer, Weber, and Schumann all bowed before him. Rossini particularly, although so opposite in musical method and manner, worshipped the modest, reserved genius. On the death of Cherubini, Rossini sent Cherubini's portrait to the widow, with the touching words—"Here, madam, is the portrait of a truly great man, who is as young in your heart as he is in my mind."

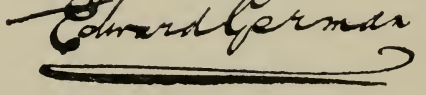
Unwritten Law.—Handel took immense pains to make his oratorio performances successful, and many of his effects do not appear in the printed editions. Happily, his method of supplying the intermediate harmonies in the slightly instrumented songs is known traditionally. The late Sir George Smart was a youthful chorister at the Handel Festival in Westminster Abbey in 1784, and turned over the leaves for Joah Bates, the organist-conductor. Bates caught the puzzled face of the watchful boy. "Ah! my little fellow. You want my authority for the chords I have been playing." "Well, I don't see the notes in the score," said young Smart. "Very true," replied Bates; "but Handel himself used to supply the harmonies in precisely the same way." These were chords of two or three notes on a soft-toned unison stop.

Knew his Bible.—The composer of the *Messiah* was possessed of an impetuousness which frequently put him into undesirable situations. This ready impetuosity showed itself in every direction—even in his religion. At the coronation of George II., the bishops, having chosen the words for the anthem, sent them to Handel to be set to music. Handel,

in a great rage, returned a message "dat he readt his Biple, andt vouldt choose some vords for himself." He thereupon selected the very appropriate passage commencing, "My heart is inditing of a good matter."

"Spare the Rod——"—Schoolboy escapades are amongst the remembrances of most of us who are verging into the "sere and yellow" of an unenvied maturity. Haydn relished one such in the days when he had put away childish things. As a chorister at St. Stephen's Cathedral, Vienna, he used to be taken to the Empress Maria Theresa's palace at Schönbrunn to sing. On a certain occasion the Empress detected him climbing the scaffolding which the builders had erected for purposes of repairing the palace. Then the Empress issued orders that the "fair-headed blockhead"—the ringleader—should receive a good hiding *(einen recenten Schilling)*, which fell duly to his share. Many years afterwards, in 1773 (he would be in his forty-first year), the Empress was glad to have music from him. Being introduced to her, he benefited the occasion by reminding her of the "good hiding" she had secured for him in his chorister days. "Yes, my dear Herr Haydn: but you see what good fruit the hiding has borne," was her only reply.

What he Thought.—Haydn had no reason to regret his acquaintance with English soil and English people. Nor, indeed, did he, for he used to say that Germany did not appreciate him until he had come back from England. His best friend here was the Prince of Wales, who had him at Carlton House on nearly thirty separate occasions. On the first opportunity the Prince introduced Haydn to George III. and Queen Caroline. It was at York House. "You have written a great deal of music, Dr. Haydn," remarked the King. "Yes, sire," responded the composer, "more than is good for me."

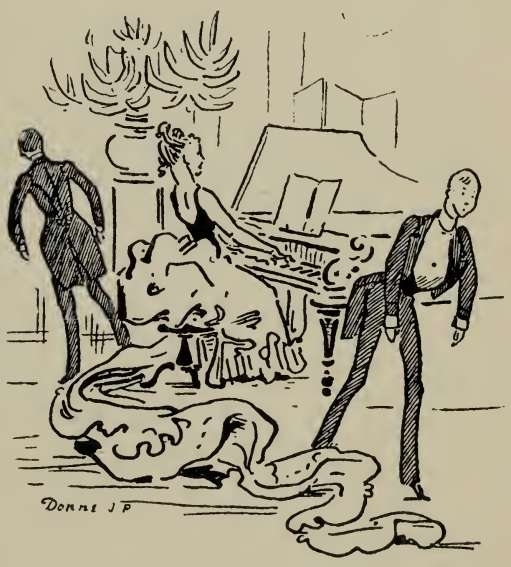


Virtue—not Lineage.—"Appearances go a long way," runs an old saw—one which is worth remembering—until experience brings us the confronting negative which can invariably be found to upset every proverb. In the present case, "Judge not a ship as she lies on the stocks," fits in with a little story told of the greatest musician who ever lived—the unfathomable Beethoven. When Beethoven, shortly before his death, was shown a picture of the humble-looking cottage—a low-roofed dwelling—in which Haydn was born, his utterance was:—"Strange that so great a man should have been born in so poor a home." Beethoven had often spoken depreciatingly of Haydn's work. Perhaps the composer of *Fidelio* was slowly undeceiving himself, and crying *peccavi*.

"Trifles Light as Air."—No better judge of an organ and organist there ever was than John Sebastian Bach. Defective work in the one, and superficiality and incompetence in the other, were his especial bugbears. Thus he was an excellent examiner of a new instrument, as well as of the abilities of the gentleman whose office it would be to preside at it. Yet he had a fault. Like most musicians with a soul for their art, he possessed a quick temper, to which he did not hesitate to give full rein. On one occasion when Görner, the organist of St. Thomas', effected a blunder, Bach pulled off the wig from his own head and threw it at Görner, while in a voice of thunder he cried, "You ought to be a shoemaker." This little *contretemps* reminds us of the late Mr. Tamplin. He was a stickler for "counting out," as he called it, audibly, and pounced upon his pupils immediately they forgot his injunction. More than once he seriously assaulted the walnut case of his hired Broadwood by the lightning stroke of a trusty oak which he was wont to flourish and employ; also he was known to take up a plate or anything at hand and shy it at the pupil's head whenever the "one, two, three, four" was not adhered to in

a robust voice. The writer suffered both these indignities at his hands. All the same, he was a great, good bear, and an instructor to whom one could never be too grateful. *Requiescat in pace,* dear old "Tam"! you have joined the great majority with Haweis, D'Almaine, Harry Jones, and other good London parsons for whom you catered musically and well, if not wisely.

"To all whom it may concern."—If to be happy with a thing really implies to have enough of it, it may be doubted whether it is always a bad compliment to the composer to leave a concert before his piece is finished. One might argue: I have had enough, I am pleased and satisfied. Do not I really pay more homage to my musical *chef* by declining further dainties, than by going through the whole *menu* at the risk of afterwards abusing him, for having caused me an attack of musical indigestion? On the occasion of the first performance of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* Overture in Paris, a seat was reserved for the composer in one of the grand tier boxes, in which also were two distinguished musical amateurs. Towards the end of the Overture one of these gentlemen made a move, at the same time remarking, "It is very good, very good; but we shall not relish the rest;" and both of them glided from the box, exquisitely ignorant of the presence of Mendelssohn. The same composer on something of a similar occasion once took



"A LITTLE MUSIC."

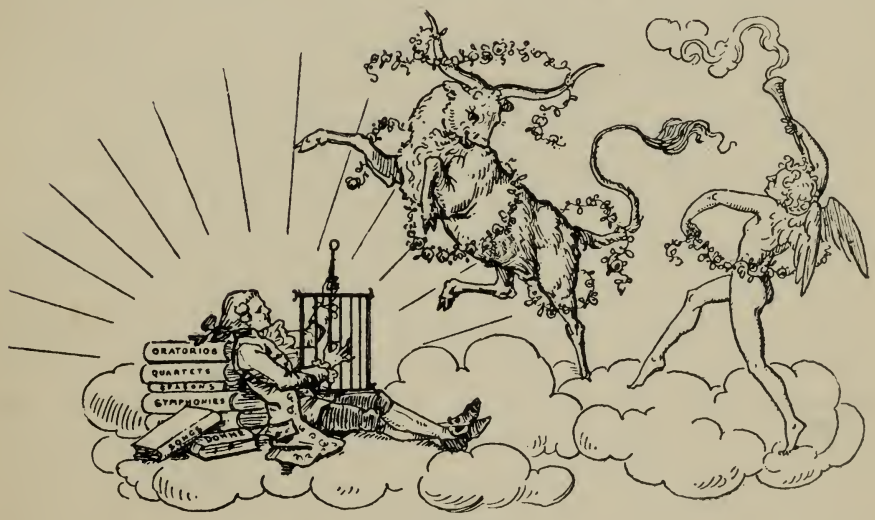
up the cudgel. Being present at the performance of an opera by Donizetti, he listened patiently to the contemptuous criticisms of some pedants around him. At length Mendelssohn showed signs of uneasiness, and finally broke out: "I like it;" and then, "do you know—I should like to have composed such music myself!"

Danger in Music.—Both Verdi and Auber have something to answer for in their revolutionary music. The latter had an interview with Charles XII. in 1830. That fiery opera *Masaniello* had stirred up a popular ferment. "Ah, Monsieur Auber," exclaimed the King, "you have no idea of the good your opera has done me." "How, sire?" "All revolutions," replied the monarch, "resemble each other. To sing one is to provoke one. What can I do to please you?" "Ah, sire, I am not ambitious," answered the musician. "I am inclined to appoint you Director of the Court Concerts. I shall not forget; but," added the King as he took Auber's arm, "from this time forth, understand me distinctly, I expect you to bring forward *La Muette* but *very seldom.*"

How will it End?—A book might be written upon the subject of wonders performed upon instruments. Each decade brings with it something more wonderful in music, especially on the part of the *virtuoso.* In the days of our great-grandmothers, Paganini was staggering humanity by his performances on one string of his fiddle. Then there was a Mr. Scarborough, organist of Spalding, whose habit was to bet that he would strike one million notes on the piano in the space of twelve hours. As a matter of fact, he totalled 1,030,392 notes in a little over eight hours. And there have been other freaks. Yet there never was an age when solo performers made such sums of money out of their instruments and performances as they do now. Popular musicians coin money, as is well known. For a

long time Paderewski's net income has averaged over £50,000 a year, or more than half the aggregate revenue of the British Cabinet; and it will not be long before Kubelik is in the same enviable position. Kubelik, the latest wonder in violin performers, is making his fortune almost as rapidly as a South African mine-owner. His right hand is very providentially insured against accident for £2000, while total disablement of his left arm would bring him £10,000, and he could never play any more. When he tours, six persons accompany him — his manager, valet, and four others; in fact, he is as much taken care of as a *prima donna*. With all the magnificent instruments now at his disposal, he can recall the time when (with his incessant practice on it) his father's violin fell to pieces, and for a period he had no money to buy another.

A Good Turn.—A butcher one day called upon Haydn, stating that he owned a daughter who was shortly to be



"OX" MINUET.

wedded, and being particularly partial to Haydn's music, she was extremely anxious that he should compose a piece specially for this interesting event. Haydn, good as ever,

complied with the request, and the next day the man of meat received a minuet. Here Haydn would have thought the thing ended, had he not been surprised a few days afterwards by hearing the music of the minuet played outside his house. He hastened to his window, and looking down discovered a huge ox with gilded horns and wonderful decorations, surrounded by a street orchestra. The butcher gained admission to the house and finally stood before Haydn. "Dear sir," said he, "I thought that a butcher could not express his gratitude for your kindness in a more becoming manner than by offering you the finest ox in his possession." Haydn very naturally wished to decline the animal, but the grateful butcher would not agree. Finally the ox was left with Haydn. History does not relate what the result was to the composer's pocket, but the outcome of the incident was the title of the "Ox" minuet.

Appetites of Musicians.—Rossini was a firm believer in good eating and drinking. One day he paid a visit to his favourite provision store, the owner of which was soon in attendance upon the customer. Having completed a somewhat miscellaneous purchase, the *maestro* was preparing to leave, when the merchant interrupted him, and after some hesitation said to Rossini: "Pardon me, sir, but I have for a very long time desired to ask of you a favour." "What is it?" said the composer. "It is this, sir," said the merchant, "that you will give me your photograph, with a few words under it." "Oh yes, with pleasure," answered Rossini; and taking a portrait from his pocket he wrote under it, "To my stomach's best friend." Handel was a composer with a stomach; and although the title of "Saxon Giant" is generally understood to refer to his genius, yet the mighty master's mightiness was also not inapplicable to his physique—the enormous bulk and unwieldy movements of which were frequently the subject of satire and caricature. Intending one day to dine at a certain tavern, he ordered

beforehand a dinner for three persons. At the appointed hour Handel sat down at the table and expressed his astonishment that the dinner was not brought up. The host said: "It shall come up, sir, immediately the company arrives." "Den pring up de tinner prestissimo," replied Handel; "I am de gombany." Another great eater was Dussek. To him Pope's lines were especially applicable—

"The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still."

Many of the great musicians have the reputation for eating too little and drinking too much, but Dussek both ate and drank too liberally, and eventually killed himself thereby. He extended his fondness for sweet sounds to delicious viands and choice brands. With no patron would Dussek associate himself save him who at times, and that frequently, would wash down the music with a bottle of good choice hock. Such a one was the Prince of Benevento, who paid Dussek eight hundred napoleons per annum, besides a free and daily table for three persons, at which, however, one person only, instead of two or three, more often presided. Here he lived, grew corpulent, indolent, and ultimately died from over-eating. One day Dussek's gormandising powers were placed beyond doubt. A musical historian who can be trusted, went in the summer of 1797, with three friends (two of whom were ladies), to dine at the "Ship Tavern," Greenwich, and sat in the long room which commands a view of the Thames. While at dinner, near one of the windows, a waiter came and laid a cloth for one person on the next table, and placed the dishes on it, which consisted of a dish of boiled eels, one of fried flounders, a boiled fowl, a dish of veal cutlets, and a couple of tarts. "That's pretty well for one person," remarked the historian, when in came Dussek, who, after a "How d'ye do?" sat down and demolished the whole. *Apropos*, Sir Frederick Bridge tells how, one day, being at the time a chorister boy in Rochester Cathedral, he felt very

faint and unwell during the service. Having struggled bravely against the feeling, he was at last obliged to leave the choir. In the nave he met the verger, who looked at the treble with a severe and unsympathising eye, remarking in a jeering tone, "Too much pudding!"

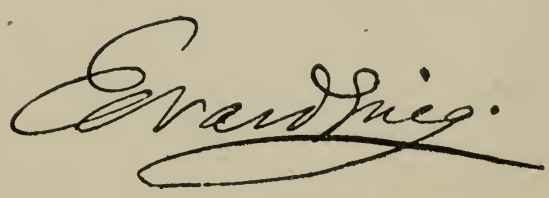
Attention!—No more wholesome spectacle exists than that of a father exerting himself in the advancement of the offspring which he has brought into existence. Yet there is scarcely any sight more pitiable than that of a parent seeking to make a prodigy of miniature flesh and blood. Poor Weber went through this bitter experience. How his father groaned at the child's seeming lack of talent! How the half-brother Fridolin used to rap Carl's knuckles and tear the fiddle-bow from his little trembling hands, with the harsh words—"Whatever you may become, Carl, it will never be a musician!" Albeit, Weber proved the inventor of the great scheme of romantic opera.

Composer and Librettist.—Whatever may be thought of Wagner's theories of opera and music generally, there can be no doubt that in one point he is perfectly right—*i.e.*, the necessity of agreement between music and words. Composer and librettist must work together unless, as in Wagner's case, they are one and the same person. Undoubtedly the librettist is much indebted to the musician. Handel seems to have been of this opinion concerning "vortmakers." "Vat," said the musician on one occasion to his librettist, Dr. Morell: "Vat! you teach me music? De music is goot music. —— your vorts! Here," said he, thrumming on his harpsichord, "here are mine ideas; go and make vorts to dem!"

An Unfriendly Bidder.—Cherubini never spared the rod of musical criticism. When, therefore, Cherubini fell into the hands of critics, it may easily be imagined that they never spared him. Fortunately Cherubini offered his enemies few

loopholes for attack, but like all of us he had his weak moments, and according to the Parisian critics of his day, it was at one of these that he "let go" his opera *Ali Baba*, concerning which he himself had great misgivings. At length the day of its first performance came round. Cherubini, more anxious for his reputation in his old than he had ever been in his young days, had not forgotten to paper the pit of the "Grand Opera," which on this occasion was unusually well attended by *Conservatoire* scholars. Berlioz by some means obtained a ticket for the *début* of *Ali Baba*, but he soon found it tedious pleasure, and fell to creating a disturbance. Towards the end of the first act he was so disappointed at not having heard something new that he could not restrain himself from muttering loud enough to be heard by those around, "Twenty francs for an idea!" In the second act he increased his bid—"Forty francs for an idea!" The *finale* began, and the same tame music continued. "There!" he exclaimed, "eighty francs for an idea!" The *finale* over, he rose up, exclaiming, "Ah! my faith, I am not rich enough—I give it up."

À la Bonne Heure.—The teeming, melodious Donizetti, who in the height of his fashion held sway over operatic Europe, was as soft of heart as most other of the great masters of music. This kindness of heart was once exerted to the extent of saving an obscure Neapolitan theatre from ruin. Hearing that it was on the verge of suspension and the performers in great distress, the composer sought them out and supplied their immediate wants. The manager said a new work from the pen of Donizetti would be his salvation. "You shall have one within a week," was the answer. The opera was *L'Elisir d'Amour*—afterwards extended and produced at Milan.



Fortunate Pleasantry.—The whims and fancies of a great musical *dilettante* demand a good long purse; otherwise when the money stops, the music, as a rule, stops also. Prince Esterhazy once decided to dissolve his celebrated orchestra which Haydn conducted. All were truly sorry at this, and none more so than Haydn, for Prince Esterhazy was a generous and artistic patron. Still, there was nothing to be done; so with that fund of wit and humour which seems to have been concealed under the immaculate coat and

"FAREWELL."

formal wig of the straitlaced Haydn, he set about composing a work for the last performance of the royal band, a work which has ever since borne the appropriate title of the "Farewell" symphony. On the night of its performance a brilliant company, including the prince, had assembled. The music of the new symphony began gaily enough—it was even merry. As it went on, however, it became soft and dreamy. The strains were sad and "long drawn out." At length a sorrowful wailing began. One instrument after another left off, and each musician, as his task ended, blew

out his candle and departed with his music rolled up under his arm. Haydn was the last to finish, save one, and this was the prince's favourite violinist, who said all that he had to say in a brilliant violin cadenza, when, behold! he made off. The Prince was astonished. "What is the meaning of all this?" cried he. "It is our sorrowful farewell," answered Haydn.

Of Critics.—Artists—musical and otherwise—are generally of one opinion concerning men who call themselves critics, a race of men who for the most part merit any amount of

POPE'S OWN.

contempt. Yet it is only now and then that Nature kindly dowers a genius with a temper so happy that it enables him to shut his eyes to the critics! Rossini is a brilliant example of this. He did not care a jot for the verdict of any one. More than this, he would even defy the public, and he has

been known to treat an audience with open contempt. When *La Gazza Ladra* first appeared, it was very severely handled by these gentlemen, and the composer was accused of having violated the rules of musical grammar. "Well then," retorted Rossini, "reform your grammar: it must be *that* which is defective!"

Death-bed and Others.—Lully on his death-bed desired absolution, but his confessor would not absolve him, except on the condition that he would commit to the flames the score of his latest opera. After many excuses Lully at length acquiesced, and pointing to a drawer where was the rough score of *Achille et Polixene*, it was burnt, the absolution granted, and the priest went home satisfied. Lully grew better, and one of the young princes visited him. "What, Baptiste," said he to him, "have you burnt your opera? You were a fool for giving such credit to a gloomy confessor, and burning such good music." "Hush! hush!" whispered Lully, "I knew well what I was about —I have another copy of it!" Unhappily this joke was followed by a relapse, and the prospect of certain death caused him such dreadful remorse for his deceit to the priest, that he confessed all, and submitted to be laid on a heap of ashes, with a cord round his neck, which was the penance recommended him! He was then placed in bed, and expired singing, "*Il faut mourir, pécheur, il faut mourir!*" to one of his own airs. Theodore Hook might have won a reputation for humour only inferior to that afterwards gained by his son. But instead of spending his life in making jokes, he devoted it to music. He was what is popularly known as club-footed, though as an extenuating circumstance it may be mentioned that one foot was not so far wrong as the other. Happily, like many deformed people, he had learned to treat his misfortune as a joke, and on one occasion contrived to make it profitable as well. Being one evening with a party of particular friends, and the conversation

turning on pretty feet, it was agreed that each one present, male and female, should put one forward, to ascertain who had the handsomest. "When it came to my turn," said Hook, "of course I put my *best* foot forth, which creating a general laugh, I said to the gentlemen present: 'Notwithstanding your mirth, I'll bet any one of you five pounds that there's a *worse* foot in the company than this;' and the bet being instantly accepted, I produced my other foot, and won the wager." Dr. Tudway, Professor of Music at Cambridge during Queen Anne's reign, was as inveterate a punster as he was a great musician. When the Duke of Somerset was Chancellor, and discontent was rife at his poor patronage, etc., Tudway joined in the clamour and said, "The Chancellor rides us all *without a bit in our mouths.*" Nor did the wicked sin of punning desert him in sickness; for having been dangerously ill of a quinsy, and unable for some time to swallow either food or medicine, the physician who attended him, turning to Mrs. Tudway, said, "Courage, madam! the doctor will get up Hay Hill yet. He has been able to swallow some nourishment." Tudway immediately exclaimed, "Don't mind him, my dear; *one swallow* makes no summer." "Jack" Bannister, a friend of Shield who wrote "The Thorn," once perpetrated a *bon mot* which did not die with him. It happened that Bannister, together with the Tattersall of the day, Mr. Fozard, had been invited to dinner by Shield. Each diner, save one, had something entertaining to talk about. Fozard was very "down in the mouth" in consequence of some villains having broken into his stables on the preceding night, and cut off the tails of several valuable young horses. "The affair," said Fozard, "is all the more serious as I can never sell them to the customers for whom I intended them." "Well," said Bannister, "under the circumstances, I should advise you to sell them *wholesale*, for you'll never be able to *re-tail* them." Porpora, the greatest singing-master the world has known, and whose boots Haydn used to black and brush, was passing one day

through a German convent. The monks begged him to assist at the service in order that he might hear their organist, for whose talent they had great respect. The service finished, the superior said, "Now, Signor Porpora, give us your testimony of our organist's ability." "Well——" replied Porpora. "Well," interrupted the prior, "he is a clever man, isn't he? and likewise he is a good man—quite pure and simple." "Oh! as for his simplicity," chimed in Porpora, "I quickly perceived that, for his left hand knoweth not what his right hand doth."

True Inspiration.—The creative faculty in music is a very delicate quality, and needs to be understood. To overtax it will sometimes extinguish it for ever. Artistic ideas come at all hours and under all circumstances, and to record them immediately is not only to secure to oneself a sort of stock-in-trade to which recourse may be had when the mind has been overworked and ideas will not come, but such a practice is beneficial in developing the creative faculty, and may prevent the loss, perhaps for ever, of some snatch of melody which might live for ages. This was a great custom with Schubert, who was always at work; the country road, tavern-parlour, or beer-garden served him equally well to jot down his fancies. One Sunday he, with several friends, was strolling along through Wahring, and saw his friend Tieze sitting at a table in the garden of the "Zum Biersack." The whole party determined on a halt in their journey. Tieze had a book lying before him, and Schubert soon began to turn over the leaves. Suddenly he stopped, and pointing to

ERE IT FLIES AWAY.

a poem, exclaimed, "Such a delicious melody has just come into my head, if I but had a sheet of music-paper with me!" Herr Doppler drew a few music lines on the back of the bill-of-fare, and in the midst of a genuine Sunday hubbub, with fiddlers, skittle-players, and waiters running about in different directions with orders, Schubert wrote that lovely song, the "Ständchen"—one of the most beautiful of Schubert's vocal pieces.

Musical Portraiture.—It is anything but difficult to realise why Beethoven should have admired the first

BEETHOVEN'S CONSTITUTIONAL.

Napoleon. Both the soldier and composer were made of that sturdy stuff which would, and did, defy the world;

and it is not strange that Beethoven should have desired in some way—and he knew of no better course than through his art—to honour one so characteristically akin to himself, and who at that time was the most prominent man in Europe. Beethoven began the work in 1802, and in 1804 it was completed, and bore the following title:—

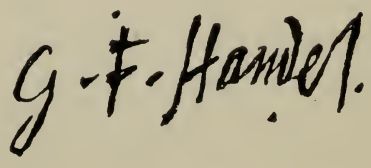
"Sinfonia grande
'Napoleon Bonaparte'
1804 in August
del Sigr.
Louis van Beethoven
Sinfonia 3.
Op. 55."

This was copied and the original score despatched to the ambassador for presentation, while Beethoven retained the copy. Before the composition was laid before Napoleon, however, the great general had accepted the title of Emperor. No sooner did Beethoven hear of this from his pupil Ries than he started up in a rage, and exclaimed: "After all, then, he's nothing but an ordinary mortal! He will trample the rights of men under his feet!" saying which he rushed to the table, seized the copy of his score, and tore the title-page completely off. From this time Beethoven hated Napoleon, and never again spoke of him in connection with the symphony until he heard of Napoleon's death in St. Helena, when he observed, "I have already composed music for this calamity," evidently referring to the Funeral March in this symphony.

Haydn and Women.—The composer of the *Creation* has hitherto escaped with a far better character than he apparently deserves. Remembering the leanings of his wife—Keller the barber's daughter—towards priests and monks, he cannot well be blamed for seeking consolation in the society of one of his most charming singers—Mdlle. Boselli. Upon no less an authority than Puppo, the celebrated violinist, Haydn had another partner, who, however, we may

at once say was a no more dangerous one than Boccherini, the composer of much beautiful chamber music, so akin to that of Haydn's that Puppo christened him, "The *wife* of Haydn." By-the-bye, it was Haydn who was mixed up in the little affair with Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mrs. Billington, whose portrait Reynolds had just completed. Reynolds had painted her as Cecilia listening to celestial music. "Yes!" said Haydn upon being asked for his opinion, "it is, indeed, a beautiful picture: it is just like her, but there is a strange mistake." "Oh! what is it?" asked the painter. "Why, you have painted her listening to the angels when you ought to have represented the angels listening to her."

A Musical Pickling.—Authors and composers always have been, and probably ever will be, disappointed with each other. The librettist complains of the musician, and maintains that his book has been ruined in the setting, while the votary of Apollo as firmly declares that his friend's drama is not worth the music. Singers and actors, too, seldom think of attributing any share of a success to any but themselves. Garrick and Dr. Arne were once at cross purposes. Arne had a pupil named Brent, whom Garrick wished to hear, previous to her public *début*. When Garrick heard her he willingly admitted her merit, but at the same time warned Arne "that all his geese were swans." "Tommy," continued the actor, "you should consider, after all, that music is at best but pickle to my roast beef." "By ——, Davy," replied Arne, "your beef shall be well pickled before I have done." Shortly afterwards Miss Brent appeared at the rival theatre of Covent Garden, and sang in Gay's *Beggar's Opera* with huge success, so that Drury Lane was well-nigh deserted, and Garrick soon found himself obliged to gratify the public taste by pickling his roast beef after Dr. Arne's method.



"**Sight-reading.**"—The rage for execution is superseding all the most useful forms of musical work and practice. Sight-reading especially is a branch of practice to which students of music should devote more time and attention. At the same time it must be observed, that those who *can* read well at sight are often tempted to trust too much to luck and their skill. This habit is not a safe one, for in the matter of reading music at sight even the most skilful may be caught tripping. This assertion is amply proved by an incident which occurred to Bach, who had more than once expressed his belief that he could without hesitation play any piece of music at first sight. A friend put him to the test. Inviting him one morning to breakfast, he placed upon the desk of his instrument, among other pieces, one which at the first glance appeared to be very trifling. Bach came, and, according to his custom, went immediately to the instrument, partly to play, partly to look over the music that lay on the desk. While he was turning over and playing them, his friend went into the next room to prepare breakfast. In a few minutes Bach reached the piece which was destined to make him change his opinion, and began to play it. But he had not proceeded

"NOT AT FIRST SIGHT."

far when he came to a passage at which he stopped. He looked at it, began anew, and again stopped at the same passage. "No," he called out to his friend, who was laughing to himself in the next room, at the same time going away from the instrument, "one cannot play everything at first sight; it is not possible." Every one has heard of Handel's experience with a chorister who replied in the affirmative when asked if he could sing at "soite!" Poor Mr. Janson "had a good bass voice, and was one of the best musicians in the Chester Cathedral choir." Exactly at the appointed hour, Handel met the singers in his apartments at the "Golden Falcon," but, sad to say, on trial of the chorus "And with His stripes we are healed," the chorister failed so egregiously that Handel cried out, "You schountrel! Tit not you dell me dat you could sing at soite?" "Yes, sir, and so I can, but not at *first* sight."

Come In.—Haydn, who was fond of a joke, had observed that an English audience kept at least one eye open during his allegros and scherzos, but slept peacefully during the slow movements. He therefore contrived a movement of the most lulling and soothing character, and when it might be supposed the audience had fallen into its first snooze—the instruments having gradually died away to the softest pianissimo—there came a BANG!! from the full orchestra, which made the slumbering audience start! A wag has been known to tell the story that at a certain performance of the "Surprise" symphony, and at the most critical part in the work, a gentleman present opened one eye, and muttered

MUST BE AWAKENED.

sleepily, "Come in!" It is quite possible. It is difficult to imagine, however, that to surprise a lady in America on her birthday, a brass band was placed in her parlour. As she entered, the band struck up and gave her such a start

THE "SURPRISE" SYMPHONY.

that she fell in a fit and died. We have heard of marrow-bones and cleavers, even tongs and shovels, for marking conjugal occasions, but not in quite such close proximity as the adjoining parlour.

"That Fly."—Perhaps we shall never know how much musicians have been indebted for some of their inspirations to the sounds of nature. There is no doubt that great artists

in music have derived many lessons from the great world of out-door life. Mendelssohn, at the time he was busy with the Overture to a *Midsummer Night's Dream,* was one day riding with his friend Schubring. The weather was beautiful, and the two were engaged in animated conversation as they lay in the shade on the grass, resting themselves and their horses, when, all of a sudden, there was a "Hush!" A large fly had just then gone buzzing by, and Mendelssohn wanted to hear the sound it produced gradually die away. When the Overture was completed, Mendelssohn drew Schubring's attention to the passage in the progression where the violoncello modulates in the chord of the seventh of the descending scale from B minor to F sharp minor. "There, that's the fly that buzzed past us at Schönhauser!" said Mendelssohn.

No Fuss.—It is remarkable how much fuss most people —especially those with small minds—make when settling down to any undertaking in connection with which they "must not be disturbed." Whether this is the case in music to-day need not be discussed. Certainly the great masters of the art gave themselves no airs when they set down their eternal thoughts. Gossip and biography furnish us with interesting particulars showing us, for instance, Rossini lazily scrawling his score in bed or in a café, or Mozart sitting up all night finishing off his *Don Giovanni*, and writing the overture thereto. But no one would judge, from the easy flow and spontaneity of Mozart's music, under what difficulties it was often composed, or that it could have

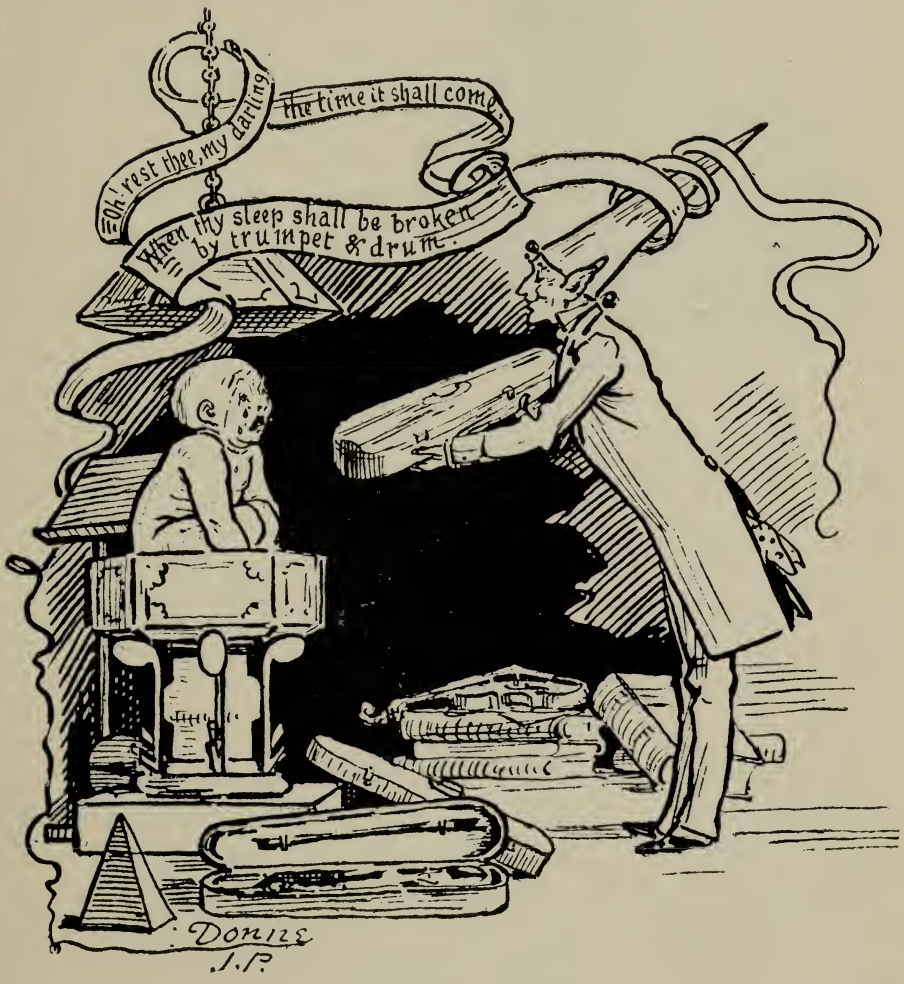
"ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS."

been produced by a young man of delicate constitution, with a sickly family, and in embarrassed circumstances. But no external distractions interfered with his facility of production. Most of the music to *Don Giovanni* was composed when Mozart was on a visit to Dussek, whose house was a scene of great resort and revelry while Mozart was his guest; and it is to be remembered that there was often considerable playing of bowls in his grounds. In the midst of all the talk and laughter with which this amusement was attended, the composer pursued his work, but rose from time to time when it came to his turn to take part in the game. Again, his wife has said that he needed no pianoforte when composing, but that he would take music-paper, and, sitting down, would say to her, "Now, my dear, have the goodness to talk to me and tell me all the news;" and so the immortal Mozart worked on.

"We May be Happy Yet."—Despite the wear and tear from the two classes into which we may divide the musical world—those who can sing and those who cannot—there are some ballads which never grow old. Of several such Balfe was the fortunate composer, and one of these, "We may be happy yet," was originally written for the tenor, Harrison, who, however, could not sing the first melody that was composed to the words. Balfe, therefore, had to think of another, and one night, while sitting with his friend St. Leger, the charming strain, so inseparably associated with these words, suggested itself to the composer. St. Leger liked it, and was so sure of Harrison's opinion of it, that he there and then volunteered to convey the song to the singer that night. It was late, indeed past midnight; and when he arrived in Margaret Street, but one window in the house denoted life within. A loud knock at the door was soon followed by the opening of a window, and a cry of "Who's there?" "We may be happy yet," was the reply, and forthwith Harrison came below in costume more appropriate to

the third than to the ground floor. The two were soon in the parlour and in ecstasies over the new ballad, which Harrison declared "should become popular," a prophecy to the fulfilment of which many a barrel-organ testified.

On Critics.—There is a section of critics who claim a species of omniscience—laying down the law with all the



A CHRISTENING PRESENT.

authority imaginable, and leading astray a large proportion of the public who take such "critics" at their own valuation. A good lesson was once given to writers of this class.

Among the many splendid works that Berlioz gave to the world was one entitled the *Fuite en Egypte*, which, however, made its way before the public as the composition of one Pierre Ducré, a composer of the seventeenth century (according to the programme of the concert at which it was first performed). The trap was laid and the critics fell into it.

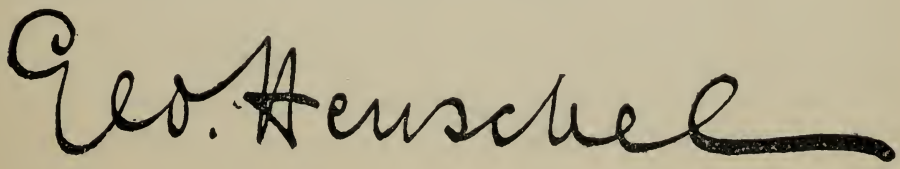
THE PIPING CRITIC.

With their usual faculty of inexhaustible knowledge, or rather inventive genius, they supplied their journals with glowing articles on the antiquated score which Berlioz had unearthed, while many went so far as to give details concerning the life of Pierre Ducré, and to hint at hunting up more compositions from the same pen. While all this was at its height Berlioz stepped upon the scene and coolly informed all he met that the existence of such a personage as Pierre Ducré was quite imaginary, and that *he* was the sole composer of the new music, the merits of which had been so unanimously acknowledged, a fact for which he begged to tender to the critics his sincerest thanks!

Inscrutable Critic.—It is only fair to that estimable body, or craft, styled "critics," to say that when Wagner invaded England they did not wholly flock to his banner, and, for a consideration, write him up as the Messiah of music. There were disagreements and great searchings of heart, even among harmonious scribes, respecting all the new operatic doctrines placed before them; there were Wagnerian "ayes" and "noes," "contents" and "non-contents." To wit: when *Tannhäuser* was to be produced for the first time in America, one critic wrote a synopsis of it and said,

"There are some good numbers in the score, but they follow each other *longo intervallo*. I recommend every one who wishes to enjoy himself, to go out after each of these, and to remain absent for at least half-an-hour." Thus, on the first night, all those who knew the critic watched him attentively, and followed his example whenever he withdrew. At last there was a greater crowd in the adjoining *café* than in the theatre itself. This was unkind to Wagner; but, still more unkind was the remark of a bystander, to the effect that the critic held a retainer for the proprietor of the *café!*

Test of Memory.—It must have been a tremendous blow to Carlyle when he first received the news that the initial volume of his *French Revolution* was irretrievably lost. He had lent the work in MS. to John Stuart Mill to read, and by a maid's carelessness it was burnt. Of course Mill was deeply distressed, and Carlyle was in despair. However, the man "born in the clouds and struck by the lightning" (as Ruskin puts it) got over the injury and completed the work. Beethoven had a maid who used to wrap the pots and pans in his scores, and it is impossible to say how many beautiful pieces were lost to the world from this cause. Haydn's wife (Anne Maria Keller) used his manuscript scores for curling papers and underlays for the pastry. Attwood once imitated Mill. After the first performance in London of Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* overture, Attwood left the score in a hackney-coach, and as there was no Scotland Yard then, it was lost. "Never mind—I'll make another," said Mendelssohn, on the news of the loss being broken to him. He did so, and it corresponded with the original in every way. What a memory!



Frank Criticism.—There is no doubt that Handel, with all his genius and learning, wrote a great deal, comparatively speaking, of rubbish, and no one knew this better than Handel himself. A good story is told of how this fact was

APOTHEOSIS OF ENGLISH MUSIC.

once brought home to the "mighty Saxon." The Rev. J. Fountagne was an enthusiast in music, and cultivated most of all the friendship of musical men, especially of Handel, who visited him often, and had a great predilection for his society. While Marylebone Gardens were flourishing, the

enchanting music of Handel was often heard from the orchestra there. One evening the parson and Handel were walking together and alone, a new piece was struck up by the band. "Come, Mr. Fountagne," said Handel, "let us sit down and listen to this piece; I want to know your opinion about it." Down they sat; and after some time the clergyman, turning to his companion, said, "It is not worth listening to: it's very poor stuff." "You are right, Mr. Fountagne," said Handel, "it is very poor stuff; I thought so myself when I had finished it." The old gentleman, being taken by surprise, was beginning to apologise; but Handel assured him there was no necessity, that the music was really bad, having been composed hastily, and his time for the production limited, and that the opinion given was as correct as it was honest.

London Shops and Shopping.—One morning, being out in pursuit of enjoyment, Haydn came across a music-shop. He went in, and asked to be shown any novelties that the publisher might have for sale. "Certainly," replied the shopman, who forthwith brought out "some sublime music of Haydn's," as he termed it. "Oh! I'll have nothing to do with that," said the customer. "Why not?" quickly retorted the shopman, who happened to be a very warm admirer of Haydn's music; "have you any fault to find with it?" "Yes!" said the other; "and if you can show me nothing better than that, I must go without making a purchase." "Well then, you had better go, for I've nothing that I can supply as suitable for such as you," and Mr. Shopman marched off. Before Haydn could reach the door, a gentleman entered who was known not only to Haydn, but also to the music-publisher. He greeted the composer by name, and rushed into a congratulatory speech about the latest symphony that Haydn had produced at Salomon's concerts. Upon hearing the name "Haydn" the music-seller turned round: "Ah!" he chimed in, "here's a musician who does not like that composer's music." The gentleman at once perceived the joke. A some-

what similar story is related of Rossini, who, blessed with a temperament in curious contrast to those second-rate composers and artists who get furious at any disparagement of their names or their genius, was once on a journey from Ancona to Reggio, during which he managed to pass himself off for a musical professor who was well known to be a mortal enemy of Rossini. He amused himself with singing the most execrable music possible to the words of his own best airs, to show his superiority to that pig Rossini, whom ignorant pretenders to taste had the folly to extol to the skies!

Criticism.—There is no criticism in which a composer places more faith or values more than that which comes from his orchestra and his singers. There is no surer proof that music is genuine than when it meets with such a reception at rehearsal as was accorded to the famous song, "Non più Andrai." At the first rehearsal of *La Nozze di Figaro,* Mozart himself was present in "full rig"—crimson pelisse and gold-laced hat, giving the time to the band. When "Non più Andrai" was reached, Benuci, who was to create the rôle of Figaro, gave the song with great power and animation. When he came to the fine passage, "Cherubino, alla vittoria, alla gloria militar," which he gave out with stentorian lungs, the effect was electricity itself; for the whole of the performers on the stage and in the orchestra, as if actuated by one feeling of delight, vociferated, "Bravo, bravo, Maestro! Viva, viva, grande Mozart."

Peculiar Prejudice.—While we are told that the "bad workman quarrels with his tools," it is as well not to forget that the best workmen are quickest to find out the failings of the weapons of their craft. There is hardly a great score of any master which does not show the marks of a struggle with difficulties caused by the imperfections of orchestral instruments. On the whole, however, the composers meet

their difficulties bravely with the material at command, besides battling successfully with that other influence, the vanity of the performers. It is related that Scarlatti once refused to indulge himself in the luxury of saying "yes" to please

Mr Clef after a few weeks interval resumes the practice of his favourite "Moonlight."
But he finds he does not play it so well as he did 6 months ago.
After a little fortissimo &c comes remorse & the Glue pot &c &c

HE QUARRELS WITH HIS TOOLS.

a player. Quantz, the flautist, had begged for a solo passage to be given to him in some composition, but Scarlatti was firm in his refusal, saying privately to Hasse, "My son, you know I detest wind instruments; they are never in tune."

If the disappointed flautist set down the refusal to prejudice, and had lived, he might have discovered that Scarlatti's "prejudice" was shared by a greater than Scarlatti, for Cherubini was one day heard to exclaim in disgust, "The only thing worse than one flute is two."

Tastes Differ.—Tastes and opinions differ in the matter of music just as they do in regard to a *menu*, or its less elegant companion the "bill-of-fare." Food and music programmes are always open to dispute. One has only to think of the varied nature of the musical entertainments in London alone to see how fastidious is the public taste. One person can't stand the "Monday Pops"; another revels in the Promenade Concerts—and so it goes on. Messrs. Levey, Elsner, and Pauer were once playing Beethoven's grand Trio at a Dublin Philharmonic Concert. A gentleman was heard to say at the top of his voice, "There are those scraping fiddles again! My God, will they never stop!" That gentleman must have loved ballads.

Undaunted.—In these days, when the name of Handel is "a household word," we are apt to forget the years of neglect and the long catalogue of disappointments to which he had to submit. For instance, when the success of the *Messiah* brought many applicants to him begging for tickets, the opportunity was too good to be lost. "Your servant, mein Herren," he would say, "you are tamnaple tainty! you vouldt not co to *Teodore*—dere vas room enough to tance dere when dat vas perform"—which was perfectly true, for Handel had been glad to get an audience for *Theodora* by giving tickets away right and left. But in the days of empty houses the grand airs were not there, and the disappointed composer had to summon courage and philosophy to his aid at the sight of empty benches. "Never mind," Handel used to say, "de moosic vill soundt de petter." Lord Chesterfield, in one of his pithy sayings, has presented us with the above state

of things in a very few words. An old *habitué* once met his lordship coming out of Covent Garden Theatre one evening in the middle of a performance. "What, my lord," said the *dilettante,* "is there not an oratorio?" "Yes!" replied Lord Chesterfield, "they are now performing, but I thought it best to retire, lest I should disturb the King in his privacy."

An Extra Attraction.—Perhaps the least appreciated branch of musical art is that of accompanying. It is a separate accomplishment in itself, demanding powers entirely distinct from those of the solo performer. And yet, while the accompanist receives scant recognition at the hands of the public, he is often made the scapegoat for an unsuccessful performance of a singer or solo-player. Handel was once in hot water with a singer named Gordon, who accused the composer of accompanying him badly, and added that, if he did not change his style of accompanying, he (Gordon) would jump upon the harpsichord and smash it. "Let me know vhen you vill do dat," said the angry composer, "and I vill adverdise it. I am sure more beoble vill come to see you shump, dan vill come to hear you sing!" This style of repartee is scarcely to be commended among professors of harmony; but the singer must always bear in mind that the accompanist happens to be master of the situation, and can make it what is technically known as "warm" for any singer who chooses to make himself unsociable. The following gives a clue to "how it is done." When Beethoven was but a youth, and organist of the Electoral Chapel at Bonn, there was engaged in the chapel a coxcomb who was constantly priding himself upon his singing abilities, or upon the inability of any accompanist to disconcert him when singing. Beethoven soon heard of this conceited fellow, and made a wager with him to the effect that he would bring him to a standstill while he was singing. Accordingly at one of the services in Passion-week, while the singer was warbling in the most approved fashion, Beethoven, by a gradual and

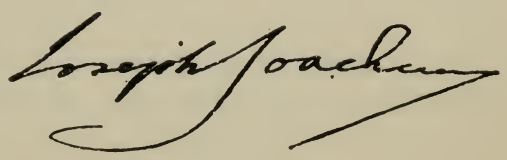
adroit modulation, suddenly landed the singer in a region from which he could not move or do anything but leave off his singing. The failure of the singer, and his confusion too, was complete. Choking with rage, he complained to the Elector, who very wisely heard both sides of the tale, when he warmly reprimanded each of the parties to the suit, adding that if one was more to blame than another, that one was the singer, for his meanness in complaining.

A Chef d'Œuvre.—It is not often that an author, artist, or composer can be followed in his own views of his works. People as a rule value most highly their weakest points. For instance, excellent comedians feel convinced that their real *forte* lies in tragedy; many good singers pride themselves on knowing how to play better than how to sing, and *vice versâ*. That genius may sometimes be trusted to judge of its own work may be gathered from Haydn's own estimate of his "Salomon" symphonies. "Sir," said the well-satisfied *entrepreneur*, after a successful performance of one of them, "I am strongly of opinion that you will never surpass these symphonies." "No!" replied Haydn, who had a wonderful power of gauging his own faculties; "I never mean to try."

Harmony and Hair.—"'Air" has always been a more or less important and abiding feature in music from all ages, but never in the history of man has that small filament issuing from the skin and called "hair" become so associated with the art of crotchets and quavers as has been the case since Paderewski set the musical world in a blaze. How is this? The style of hair which has become associated with musicians is not altogether dependent on fashion. It is evidence of trophic changes resulting from mental habits. The growth and vitality of the hair are profoundly influenced by emotions. What says M. Paderewski, for surely he should know? During one of his American

tours he and his party were passing through Georgia in a private car. At one of the stops Paderewski was handed a letter from a celebrated society *grande dame*. A gushing epistle indeed, winding up with a request for "a lock of hair." The great pianist's secretary indited the reply: "You fail to specify whose hair you desire, so M. Paderewski, to avoid error, has secured a specimen from each member of the staff *en voyage,* to wit: his manager, secretary, two cooks, waiter, and the cat." Quite recently *The New York Herald* had a caricature which was admirable. It represented the great pianist seated at the piano, with a wealth of wig, but surrounded by a barbed wire fence to keep off impressionable American lady admirers. Hanging on the fence was a huge basket, labelled in bold letters, "My hair. Help yourselves."

Fame's Penalty.—The inventive faculty of the average journalist is amazing. Still more astonishing are the feats of a lower order of ink distributors—those "copy"-planters who maintain themselves by a vigorous weekly supply of highly-seasoned, turgid, personal paragraphs for the trashy, littering "penny numbers" which are trailed before an indiscriminating public as so much literature, but which periodicals can only be described as a libel upon the Fourth Estate. Musicians do funny things, like other people, but is it likely that the following instructive personal paragraph has any foundation save the brain of its industrious compiler?—"Paderewski keeps a valet whose principal occupation is to rub the great pianist's fingers at stated times, to knead the palms of his hands, and to massage his knuckles. Before stepping on a platform to play a solo he plunges his hands into hot water and keeps them there as long as the pain will let him."



A Will and a Way.—Whatever may be the case with the little men in music, it is quite certain that the great ones have not been remarkable for "getting on" with the world;

PIZZICATO.

and the cause of this seems to lie chiefly with the artists themselves. Schubert was an instance of this unfortunate peculiarity. Two years before his death he lost a fixed

appointment at the Court Opera House in Vienna through his persistent refusal to listen to reason. Another appointment was dependent on a trial of his qualifications in setting to music some operatic scenes put together and composed for the purpose. This task he accomplished, and the chief part was intended for Frl. Schechner. While attending to pianoforte rehearsals, the lady called Schubert's attention to the impracticable nature of the chief air for the soprano, and begged him, by curtailments and simplifying the accompaniments, to make some alteration in his music—a request pointedly refused by Schubert. He was entreated by his friends and acquaintance to make some alterations, but all to no purpose. He adhered to his first refusal. Then came the general rehearsal and even the day of performance, which latter even was deferred. Finally several of the players in the orchestra exhorted Schubert to give way. Schubert's wrath only grew more intense, and calling out at the top of his voice, "I alter nothing!" he shut up the score with a bang, put it under his arm, and walked off home as fast as he could.

Rash Wager.—All that is good in the theories of Wagner, Meyerbeer—following in the steps of Gluck, and hand in hand with Weber—carried out in practice. Widely different in many respects as the two men were, we yet find that one of Meyerbeer's warmest admirers was Rossini, many of whose own operas had been displaced by Meyerbeer's. Indeed, Meyerbeer and Rossini were intimate friends. On one occasion they were together in a box at the Paris Opera, listening to a performance of *Roberto il Diavolo*, when Rossini was so delighted with one particular piece that he started up and said to its composer: "If you can write anything to surpass this, I will undertake to dance upon my head." "Well, then," said Meyerbeer, "you had better soon commence practising, for I have just composed the fourth act of *Les Huguenots*."

Musicians' Money.—The old glee-men and minstrels were men who lived literally from hand to mouth. Generous and careless when in possession of a little money, light-hearted

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and hopeful when it was all gone, they seemed to have thought that wealth in their pockets was fatal to the inspiration of their art, which was worth far more to them. This

character seems to have clung to the craft. "Bohemianism" may be a source of the evil habit of carelessness for the morrow. Certain it is that too many most successful concert and music-hall artists seem to be afflicted as was Giardini, to whom it was once said by a most liberal friend of his, "How happens it, Giardini, that though you are continually receiving such large sums for your professional exertions, yet you are always poor?" "My good friend," replied Giardini, "I'll tell you the plain, honest truth: I candidly confess that I never in my life had five guineas in my pocket but I had a *fever* till they were gone."

A Profitable Customer.—We all know the proverbial saying that a favourite pursuit is "meat and drink" to any one. It has not been our lot, however, to come across a more complete case of abstraction than that recorded of Beethoven, who, when he was occupied with any great work, forgot everything else, and ate, drank, walked, and talked like a somnambulist. A story is told that at about the time of the composition of that splendid descriptive symphony—the Sixth or "Pastorale," as Beethoven termed it—its composer went into one of the Vienna restaurants and ordered dinner. While it was being prepared Beethoven grew absorbed. Before long the waiter came with the food. "I have dined," roared Beethoven, and ere the astonished waiter could say a word, the musician placed upon the table the price of the dinner and disappeared.

Thoughtful!—Gossec, an ornament of the French school, was a vigorous old worker and enthusiast in music to the day of his death. He held tenaciously to life, and when asked to attend the funeral of his friend and fellow-worker, Mehul, in 1817, exclaimed:—"No, excuse me, I should be giving Death a hint to think of me." For a long time after the veteran had reached fourscore years he continued to hobble daily to the Opéra Comique. On one occasion he fainted in the street, but on coming to he quickly recovered

his wonted animation. "Where do you wish to be taken?" asked the kind friends around. Gossec opened his eyes: "To the Opéra Comique."

Inspirations.—We often wonder what must have been the feelings of a great composer, as the strains which were

SOLON, COMPOSER AND CRITIC.

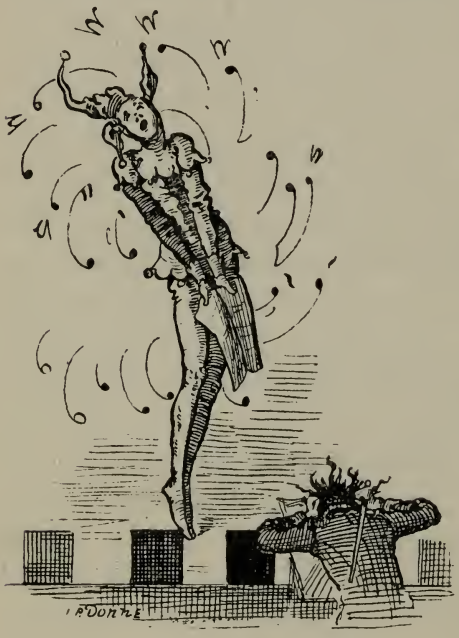
to immortalise him were first whispered in his mind, and gradually swelled with full inspiration to their perfection;

but we rarely obtain a glance into the sacred chamber. A graphic hint of what such sensations may be is given by Handel. Among the world's great *répertoire* of music, there probably is not another piece which, for sublimity of conception, power, and grandeur, at all ranks with the "Hallelujah" chorus from the *Messiah,* concerning which it may not be uninteresting to know what were Handel's feelings as he penned the seemingly undying strains of "Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." "Then," once remarked Handel, referring to this moment, "I did think I could see all heaven before me, and the great God Himself."

Exciting Performances.—John Worgan, Doctor of Music, is a name that deserves to be remembered by all who are proud of English music and English musicians. He was one of those who must not be judged by the amount of notoriety or reputation which they have gained, for although his work upon musical history is slight, yet he was in reality one of the most gifted and accomplished men whom music can claim as her own. Worgan's compositions possessed the true English ring, and were "enriched with science and illumined with genius." Worgan's *forte*, however, was his organ and harpsichord playing, in which he has the reputation of having surpassed even the "Saxon giant." We can well realise this, for though Handel would not admit it, less interested authorities gave the English doctor the preference. Handel spoke thus on being asked whether Worgan might sit by and see him perform his Concertos: "Oh yes; Mister Vorgan shall come, for he plays my music very vell at Vauxhall!" Other folks had louder praise. Battishill heard of Worgan's delight with Handel's playing, and his statement "that he had no words to express what he thought of it;" whereupon Battishill exclaimed, "That may be, but in my opinion Worgan is the greater performer of the two." Manzoli, hearing Worgan play, and unable to restrain his feelings, threw himself into the enchanter's arms. Worgan's playing

was all the more wonderful in that he possessed very small hands; he drilled himself into playing tenths with surprising ease, and his octave passages were as clean and brilliant as if they had been strings of single notes. The minister at St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, used to say, "Dr. Worgan has so touched the organ that I have been turning backward and forward over the Prayer Book for the first lesson in Isaiah, and wondered that I could not find Isaiah there." "Zounds! the man has three hands!" once exclaimed an astonished observer of Worgan's playing.

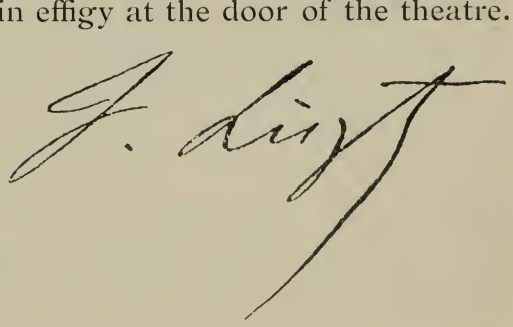
Over-exertion.—The habit, at one time so prevalent among composers, of writing their music down with slight indications to the singer, soon had its natural consequence in the fashion for over-elaboration, and singing for mere display of skill. Happily the rage for vocal fireworks is passing away, and the "fritterers" or "embroidery-workers" in music now find little opportunity for display—at any rate in all new music. Weber had a firm, yet gentle, method of protest against what he held to be a musical abomination. On one occasion he was present at a rehearsal when one of the principal singers was indulging his decorative propensity. Quietly looking at him, Weber said: "I am very sorry you are giving yourself so much trouble." "Oh, not at all," was the cheerful reply. "But you are taking great pains," he said. "Why sing so many notes besides those in the book?"



VOCAL FIREWORKS.

Lesson in Singing.—If all the sound things which Rossini uttered were hung around every singing-student's practice-room, and taken to heart, a host of professional half-guineas might be saved. The "Swan of Pesaro" was a veritable encyclopædia on singing—which seemed to concern him more than composition. In 1860 Moscheles was a visitor at Passy. In the course of conversation, Rossini got to his pet subject and was soon in a torrent of hard-hitting truths on the study and method of vocalisation. "I don't want to hear anything more of it," he said; "they scream. All I want is a resonant, full-toned voice—not a screeching voice. I care not whether it be for speaking or singing—everything ought to sound melodious."

Satirical.—It was during one of those fierce pen-and-ink warfares for which Frenchmen are notorious, that Rousseau, in espousing the cause of Italian music, told the partisans of the French school that it was impossible to compose music to French words; that the language was radically unmusical; that the French never had had music, and never could—eloquence too extravagant and too bitter to be reasonable. The national pride once hurt, it was not to be soon appeased. Therefore, when Rousseau produced the *Devin du Village,* the Opera management refused to have it at any figure. Ultimately, however, it gained a hearing, and—the public hooted it off the stage. Nor was this all, for the gentlemen of the band, in return for the many hard things said and written of them, showed their appreciation of Rousseau and his music by hanging him in effigy at the door of the theatre. On being told of this, the composer added oil to an already fierce fire. "Well," said he, "I don't wonder that they should hang me now, after having so long tortured me."



Profitable Servants!—Servants are very well in their way, but who has not at times been driven well-nigh mad through the good intentions of some housemaid or maid-of-all-work, who, in her "clearing up" and "putting things straight," as she is pleased to term her labours, either consigns some precious treasure to a place where it is beyond discovery, or stores it in some "safe" place, where indeed it is so "safe" that it can hardly be found again? Beethoven was troubled with a slattern who certainly did not belie the general reputation attached to servants of modern times. She formed a part of Beethoven's household during the time that the master was working at the Mass in D. One day he woke up to the fact that some of his pages were missing. "Where on earth could they be?" he asked himself and the servant too; but the problem remained unsolved. Beethoven, beside himself, commenced a new Kyrie—for this was the movement that was not to be found. Suddenly some loose sheets of score paper were discovered in the kitchen! Upon examination they proved to be the identical pages which Beethoven so much desired, and which the woman, in her anxiety to be "tidy" and to "keep things straight," had appropriated at some time or other for wrapping up some superannuated pots and pans that were greasy and black! Another of Beethoven's servants gave him some ill-return. He once had a horse, a very beautiful animal, presented to him by an admirer. For the first few days after its arrival the new owner mounted it and took an airing round the suburbs. Having ridden the steed a few times, he completely forgot its existence, making his journeys on foot or by coach, as if a horse was completely beyond his means. The animal soon found an owner. Beethoven at this period had a sharp-witted man-servant. He, finding that his master neither inquired for nor used the horse, took it, paid the livery bills, and as a set-off against all this, used to let out the animal to any one who cared to hire it.

Voluntary Exile.—Undoubtedly the musician is the greatest sufferer from the barrel-music nuisance and those

OUR STREET MUSIC.

other combinations which make up our street music. He needs and sighs for a pure atmosphere, untainted with the vile and detestable noises of barrel-pianos, niggers, German

bands, tom-tom men, bell performers, cornets, and ophicleides —the resultant music from which is dangerous even to brick walls. Mehul found this so, and having to finish an opera by a certain time, and finding such a thing impossible with the distracting noise of the Parisian streets, he applied to the Superintendent of Police. "I am come to solicit a favour at your hands." "What is it?" said M. Noir. "Oh, that you would shut me up for two or three weeks in the Bastille." "In the Bastille! Why?" "To finish an opera," said Mehul, "which must be ready within a short time. Do oblige me." "I really cannot." "Well, then," muttered Mehul as he turned to leave, "I must be my own gaoler, and make the best arrangements I can for getting out of reach of sound."

His Pose.—Haunted as he was with a contemporary fame such as no other musician has ever enjoyed, Rossini could spare time to bestow thought and energy upon other than Italian art. Conversation once turned upon German music: he was asked, "Who is your favourite among the great masters?" "Beethoven," he replied, "I take twice a week, Haydn four times, and Mozart every day. You will tell me that Beethoven is a colossus who often gives you a dig in the ribs, while Mozart is always adorable. That is because the latter had the chance of going very young to Italy, at a time when they still sang well."

Couldn't help it.—Because he was born to the purple, and, so far as wealth was concerned, belonged to the *patricii* and not to the "plebs," Meyerbeer, by one of those perverse freaks of nature, made more money by his music than did any one of the poor "masters" who have created music which is immortal. All the same, he was a tremendous worker—in short, he was a glutton for work. A friend one day begged him to take more rest. Meyerbeer smiled, and said, "If I should stop work I should rob myself

of my greatest enjoyment. I am so accustomed to it that it has become a necessity with me." Yet Meyerbeer, like Mendelssohn, possessed a private fortune from his rich father, Jacob Beer, the Jew banker of Berlin.

Mozart's Burial.—That Germany is the musician's paradise is one of the most widely spread of popular delusions, for no sooner does a German musician acquire recognition in his own land than he is off to England to push

AMONG THE PAUPERS.

aside all sorts and conditions of struggling British art. Germany has done no more for her great tone poets in their lifetime than England does for her talented sons. Take the case of Mozart's funeral. A solitary hearse had passed the Stubenthor and reached the distant graveyard of St. Marx, in which, amongst the third class, the great composer of the G minor symphony and the "Requiem" was to find his resting-place. The weather had proved too much for all the mourners; they had dropped off one by one, and Mozart's body was accompanied only by the driver of the carriage.

There had been already two pauper funerals that day—one of them a midwife—and Mozart was to be the third in the grave and the uppermost. "When the hearse drew up in the slush and sleet at the gate of the graveyard, it was welcomed by a strange pair, Franz Harruschka, the assistant-gravedigger, and his mother Katharina, known as "Frau Katha," who filled the quaint office of official mendicant to the place. The old woman was the first to speak: "Any coaches or mourners coming?" A shrug from the driver of the hearse was the only response. "Who have you got there, then?" continued she. "A bandmaster," replied the other. "A musician? they're a poor lot; then I've no more money to look for to-day. It is to be hoped we shall have better luck in the morning." To which the driver said, with a laugh: "I'm devilish thirsty, too—not a kreutzer of drink-money have I had."

"Decorated" Style.—Over-elaboration and a passion for excessive ornament is a bad sign in musical art. Imagine the feelings of an audience if a soprano singer were to take the same liberties with "Rejoice greatly" which are taken with "Ah, non giunge" or "Una voce!" One of Handel's rivals, Porpora, turned out music of the over-adorned rather than of the strictly florid kind. Shakes, turns, and embellishments of every sort overlaid the subjects of his compositions, and so far did he carry this that it used to be said of the air "Contrasto assai" in his opera *Témistocle*, that the composer must have been in a shivering fit when he wrote it. The Emperor Charles VI. took great objection to this composer's music on account of its many shakes and ornaments. Nevertheless the monarch was one day prevailed upon to hear an oratorio by Porpora, the composer having in the meanwhile purposely composed it without a single shake. It pleased the Emperor mightily. "Why," he kept exclaiming, "this is quite a different thing—there is not a single shake!" At last, however, came the concluding movement. It was a fugue,

and its subject set out with four trilled notes, so that, as the fugue advanced and voice after voice took up their parts, the whole thing became a pell-mell of trills, until at last, in the middle of the fugue, the whole thing became so absurd that the Emperor burst into laughter.

Music in Deafness.—Spontini was a composer who stands midway between Gluck and Meyerbeer, without possessing the genius of either. While *Olympie* was enjoying a long

HARMONIOUS BLACKSMITH.

run in the Prussian capital, there lived there a rich gentleman, a musical amateur, affected with deafness to such an extent that he was obliged to give up his favourite pleasure of attending the operas. Physician after physician was tried, but all in vain. At length another doctor was introduced to the deaf man, and this one was just going to give his patient over as

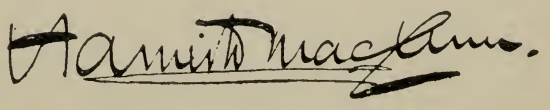
incurable, when an idea suddenly occurred to him. "Come with me to the Opera this evening," wrote down the doctor. "What's the use? I can't hear a note," was the impatient reply. "Never mind," rejoined the physician; "come, and you will see something even if you cannot hear!" This was agreed upon, and the two accordingly went to the theatre, where the doctor well knew Spontini's *Olympie* was to be played. All went well till one of the finales, more terrific and overwhelming than the rest, which on this evening happened to be played with more power than usual. At the uproarious reception which followed, the patient turned round, and, beaming with delight, exclaimed, "Doctor, I can hear." There was no reply. "Doctor, doctor, I can hear; you have cured me!" continued the patient in still louder, rapturous tones. Alas! "one man's meat——" The patient indeed was cured, but the cure had been too much for the doctor. He was as deaf as a post. That this was a wonderful cure no one will doubt. Music's power has achieved greater things. Halévy, not content with marking passages *f* and *ff*, which generally has satisfied composers, used to work up the enthusiasm of his orchestra with *fff*, or even *ffff* and *fffff*, to ensure a sufficient noise. On a certain occasion, even this was not enough. Halévy made the "brass band" play so loudly that the French horn was actually blown quite straight!

Didn't Comprehend.—Sigismondi was a "stickler" of the old musical type. The word "progress" drove him mad, and the thought of anything in music being different from what it had been, and especially as it could be met with in the accepted Italian church composers, made his hair stand upright. Donizetti tells an amusing incident of his preceptor's disgust at one of Rossini's many musical heresies. Donizetti was turning over a score of *Semiramide* in the city library, when the *maestro* came in and asked him what music it was. "Rossini's," answered the pupil. Sigismondi

glanced at the page, and saw "Trumpets 1 2 3." Staggered and aghast, he stood and shouted (stuffing his fingers in his ears), "One hundred and twenty-three trumpets! *Corpo di Cristo!* the world's gone mad, and I shall go mad too!" And so he rushed from the room, bellowing "a hundred and twenty-three trumpets — a hundred and twenty-three trumpets!" *Malgré* Rossini went on writing parts for three trumpets as long as he pleased.

Fraternal Foresight.—Doubt exists as to whether the composer of the *Creation* was born on the 31st of March or the 1st of April. His authoritative biographer, Pohl, takes the *via media*—the night between the two dates. Haydn himself gives the 1st April as the correct date, saying that his brother Michael fixed upon the March date in order to save Joseph from being styled "an April fool."

A Rebuke.—Flatteries of the tongue are noxious to sensible people, and this was the sentiment entertained by Cimarosa, who, when an enterprising painter said to him that he admired his music, nay, considered it superior to Mozart's, administered the wholesome, and probably unexpected check: "I, sir? What would you call the man who would seek to assure you that you were superior to Raphael?" Cimarosa's sentiment has been reflected in many other musicians. Cherubini, for instance, however merciless he was in his criticism of others, used still greater severity with himself and works, as we shall see. One day he was present at a concert in the programme of which was inserted, sandwich-like, his overture to *L'Hôtellerie Portugaise*, between two pieces by Beethoven. Cherubini observed the danger, and with an anxious face said to the friend that accompanied him, "See here, what they have done: I'm going to appear a very small boy."



In Tune.—Rossini was something more in music than a mere tune-spinner. He was as true an artist as ever breathed; and those who like to look for it can find in his music invention, depth, and character, as well as intoxicating tune. The fact is, he was hugely successful, and consequently had a host of jealous enemies. It is incontrovertible that no man ever accomplished more for opera than did Rossini. The late H. F. Chorley said very few things favourable to Italian opera (he garrotted Verdi); but one of the most sensible remarks he ever made upon any aspect of music was—"I have never been able to understand why this [Rossini's melody] should be contemned as necessarily false and meretricious."

As it should be.—No two musicians, small or great, were ever better disposed towards each other than were Mozart and Haydn. It is not saying too much that they truly loved each other. "Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women," lamented the royal Psalmist, when he heard of the death of Jonathan; and something of the same mutual goodness of heart existed between "Papa" Haydn and his younger *confrère* in art. Great was Haydn's disgust that no European court came forward to befriend and make an opening for Mozart. "It enrages me to think that the unparalleled Mozart is not yet enjoyed at any imperial court," was his constant theme. That the regard was reciprocal is certain. "Oh! Papa," exclaimed Mozart, on hearing of Haydn's proposed visit to England and elsewhere, "you have had no education for the wide, wide world, and you speak too few languages." Haydn was visibly affected. "My son," he exclaimed, "my language is understood the wide world over."

Well, he didn't!—Rossini was one of the most complaisant of men. He possessed the superlative gift of penetration, and had unbounded confidence in himself. When his *Sigis-*

mundo was hissed at Venice—its composer would be in his twenty-third year—he sent his mother a bottle (*fiasco*), which told her the fate of the opera. On another occasion he sent her (on the morning succeeding a first performance) a letter with the picture of a little bottle. She guessed what it meant—a *fiaschetto*. The "Swan of Pesaro" was an irregular worker. He wrote the music of *Il Barbiere di Seviglia* in thirteen days, during which time he never left the house. "Not even did I get shaved," he said to a friend. "It seems strange that through the *Barber* you should have gone without shaving." "If I had shaved," Rossini exclaimed, "I should have gone out; and if I had gone out, I should not have come back in time."

Diamond cut Diamond.—The tyranny exercised by singers over their composers and conductors is proverbial, and as singers are "necessary evils," and are perfectly well aware thereof, they wield their power with magnificent *sang froid*. Occasionally, a Samson or Jephtha arises, and triumphantly vindicates the cause of conductor, orchestra, or composer, quite regardless of any risk to his own music by the defeated vocalists. Such a deliverer was Handel, and hence arose many amusing scenes. "Verdi prati," a favourite air in *Alcina*, which was constantly encored, was at first sent back to Handel by Carestini as too trivial for him to sing; upon which Handel, fuming with rage, rushed to the singer's lodgings, and, in his usual four or five language style, exclaimed: "You tog! don't I know better as yoursulf vaat it pest for you to sing? If you vill not sing all de song vaat I give you, I vill not pay you ein stiver." Nor was he to be bullied by the opposite sex. Cuzzoni used to give him endless trouble by her insolence and her freaks, which at times were unbearable. Once she insolently refused to sing the admirable air "Falsa imagine," in *Otho*, whereupon he burst out: "I alvays knew you vas a very divil, but I vill show you dat I am Beelzebub, de Prince of Divils;"

and taking her up by the waist, he swore that if she did not immediately obey his orders, he would throw her out of the window.

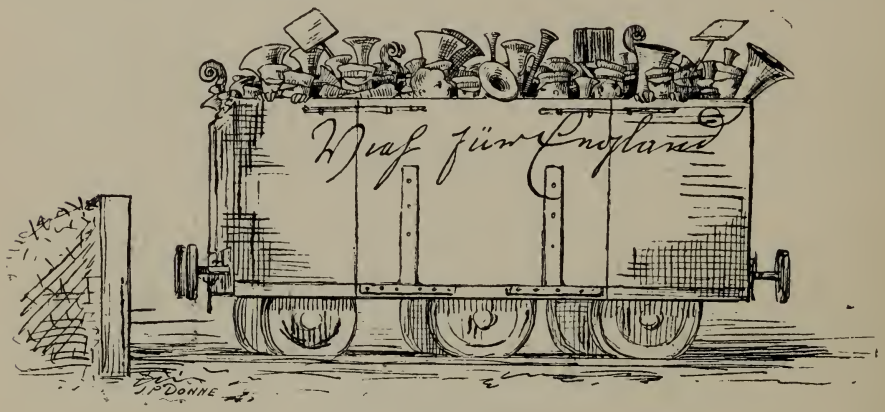
Knights of Music.—Bach would apply the epithet "harpsichord knights" to those who could not invent or compose without having recourse to the "clavecin," the pianoforte of his day; and nowadays it is a term of reproach to say that a composition "smacks of the keyboard," implying of course that the composer's knowledge was eked out by haphazard experiments among the keys. Truly there are many such heroes now. *Apropos*, it is difficult to ascertain the motive of a question once put to Dr. Arne in reference to his opera of *Artaxerxes,* whether it implied simple ignorance, or carried with it any satirical imputation. "Pray, Doctor Arne," asked Fisher, leader and composer to the Covent Garden Theatre, "when you composed your fine opera of *Artaxerxes,* did you write it with the lid of your harpsichord up or down?" An interesting story of writing at the instrument is told of Haydn. One day the Viennese clown, Curtz, called upon him. "Sit down at your piano and play an accompaniment to my antics," said the clown to Haydn. So speaking, Curtz laid himself on a chair, and had it moved about the room, during which he threw out his hands and feet, imitating a swimmer. Suddenly the clown called out: "I am sinking! save me! I shall be drowned!" Whereupon Haydn supplied an accompaniment suitable to a scene of a struggling swimmer, which so pleased Curtz that he was soon upon *terra firma*, congratulating the composer upon the manner in which he had expressed his idea, and assuring him that he was the very man and no other who must compose the desired opera—which proved to be the very successful *Devil on Two Sticks.* This reminds us of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan's extraordinary powers when emergencies arose, and in respect to which his services could be made available. Certainly the things which Arthur Sullivan was

called upon to illustrate musically were not lacking in variety. On one occasion (being at the time organist at Covent Garden Opera) he was admiring the "borders" Beverley had painted for a woodland scene. "Yes," he replied, "they are very delicate, and if you could support them by something suggestive in the orchestra, we could get a pretty effect." In a few minutes the score work was done, and Beverley was happy. At another time a variation second dance was required for the second danseuse, who had just arrived. "What on earth am I to do?" said Sullivan to the stage-manager; "I have not seen her dance yet, and know nothing of her style." "I'll see," he replied, and took the young lady aside. In five minutes he returned. "I've arranged it all," he said. "This is exactly what she wants [giving it rhythmically]: Tiddle-iddle-um, tiddle-iddle-um, rum-tirum-tirum, sixteen bars of that; then, rum-tum-rum-tum, heavy you know," and so on. In ten minutes the composition was done and ready for rehearsal.

A Musical Conscript.— Like Rossini and some other eminent composers, Adolphe Adam had his troubles with the Conscription laws of his country. In 1824 he was drawn to serve as a soldier, and he knew not how to release himself from the military grip. He thought of the master of the *Conservatoire.* Cherubini knew the rigour of his adopted country's laws, and while he loved Adolphe Adam, he only wrote this indefinite attestation—"I certify that Adolphe Adam is exactly fitted for the classes of the *Conservatoire.*" To present such a plea to the authorities would have been useless. He then thought of his finger, which had been operated upon some two years previously. "Here," said he, "is a safe excuse." But no! upon applying to the surgeon who had attended him, the doctor proved to have quite as much fear, or conscience, as the musician, and his certificate was even less satisfactory than that from Cherubini. Adam gave it up, and presented himself before the

military authorities. Fortune smiled upon him: when the army surgeon came to examine Adam he was found to be so short and his eyesight so bad as to disqualify him for military service. To these physical disqualifications the world owes many compositions of which the English public are in profound ignorance.

An Old Enemy.—Of all the nuisances to which flesh is heir perhaps street music is the greatest. Our old enemy, the street organ, has taken another shape—but it is still unsuppressed; the million still continue to be educated by it. Yet another phase of the organ-grinding nuisance presents itself to us. Why is it that the street organ has such a



CATTLE FOR ENGLAND.

peculiarly lowering effect on the spirits, at the same time that it excites the temper without fail? The peculiar hardship of the street organ is that there is no remedy. Some have tried severity—with no effect upon anything except their tempers. Those who try kindness meet with the same result: the nuisance is aggravated, and each penny bestowed tends only to increase the visits of the smiling, greasy-faced son of the South. Rossini once took the matter into his own hands. When he lived in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, he found one day in front of his house a poor old fellow who was grinding out "Di tanti palpiti" on a barrel-

organ. The passers-by stopped. All at once a voice from their midst cried, "Quicker, quicker!" "How so, sir?" "Turn your handle quicker, it is *allegro.*" "But, sir, I don't know——" "Do it so—so!" and Rossini, recognised by no one, steps up to the organ, and grinds away at the pace he wished. "Thank you, sir; I'll remember the lesson." Next day the organ stops again and plays "Di tanti palpiti," this time in the manner taught the day before. "Bravo!" cries a voice from the opposite house. "Bravo, bravo, bravo!" and a louis-d'or falls at the feet of the itinerant artist. It was Rossini again. Of course the organ-grinder was delighted, and for his own comfort Rossini was, beyond doubt, unwise. A lesson to every "grinder" by all means; but the louis-d'or would be a fatal mistake!

Friendly Antagonists.—Strunck, an excellent violinist, paid a visit to Angelo Corelli at Rome. Corelli, not knowing him personally, inquired what instrument he played. Strunck said that he played a little on the violin, and begged the favour that the great Italian master would play to him. Corelli readily complied, and exerted his abilities to the utmost. On laying down the violin, he requested Strunck to play something in his turn. Strunck began to play rather carelessly, but yet in such a style as to obtain a compliment on the freedom of his bow. Strunck, with a quiet smile, put all the strings out of tune, and then began to play with amazing execution, correcting with his fingers the false tuning of the instrument; till at last Corelli, in utter amazement, exclaimed, "They call me Archangelo, but, by Heaven! sir, you must be an Archdiavolo!" This reminds us of the story of Handel and Scarlatti. The mastery which Handel displayed over the largest instruments, his command of the pedals, his splendid execution, despite his somewhat unwieldy figure and his round, fat hands, left him for many years of his life unrivalled. Even at the early age of twenty-one he found but one man in Italy worthy to be called his rival. This was

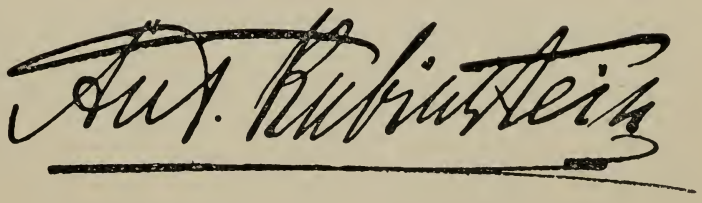
Scarlatti; and when "the dear Saxon," as the Venetians named Handel, visited their city, much excitement was caused by the friendly competition between the two players. In the end the Venetians awarded to Scarlatti the palm for playing the harpsichord, but decided that Handel was far his superior in organ-playing. This rivalry, happily, was thoroughly amicable; indeed, on the part of Scarlatti it resulted in a genuine feeling of regard and admiration; he never spoke of Handel but with the greatest respect, and used to cross himself whenever he pronounced the Saxon's name. Venice was enjoying her carnival while Handel was there, and at a masked ball given by some nobleman the young German musician was present in masquerade. Sitting down at the harpsichord, he astonished the company with his playing, but no one around the instrument could distinguish the person who was playing. Presently, however, another masquerader came into the room, and walking quickly up to the instrument, called out, "It is either the devil or the Saxon." It was afterwards discovered that it was Scarlatti who had uttered this exclamation.

Took a Model.—A great deal of hubbub surrounded the production of Haydn's *Creation* in London, in 1800. The question of scores, vocal and band parts, of any new work, is a sufficiently terrifying one at the present day—as Messrs. Goodwin & Tabb, for instance, could prove. A century ago, when the methods of duplicating copies were hardly what they are now, the difficulty was still more formidable. The oratorio was advertised for the 28th March. On the 22nd (Saturday), at 9 P.M., a King's Messenger arrived with the score from Vienna. The copyist of Covent Garden Theatre (Thomas Goodwin) immediately put in hand parts for 120 performers. On the Friday (the 28th) the famous performance duly took place. Every one was full of compliments and congratulations. Not even the copyist was forgotten: Goodwin, in fact, was overpowered with

praise. "Sir," he replied to proprietor Harris, "we have simply and humbly emulated a great example. It is not the first time, mark you, that the Creation has been accomplished in six days!"

How 'Twas Done. — On one occasion Nelson visited Eisenstadt. It was in 1800, when the hero of Aboukir was enjoying a holiday on the Continent in company with Sir William and Lady Hamilton. At Eisenstadt the redoubtable admiral heard Haydn's No. 3 Mass, known here as the "Imperial" Mass, but in Germany as "Die Nelsonmesse." This was the occasion when Nelson asked Haydn for his pen, which was handed to the sailor; whereupon he instantly produced his gold watch and handed it to Haydn.

Greatest Factor.—Not the least among the benefits for which we stand indebted to the world's greatest musicians is not only the everlasting music they have left us, but the weighty pronouncements which they have made in the course of their lives and letters upon the subject of music as an art. If Sir Joshua Reynolds has left admirable Discourses discussing the principles and practice of painting (which a hundred years have ripened into a standard work), Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and others have bequeathed precepts relating to their art which cannot fail to have an all-time value. An eternal truth lies in the following utterance which Mozart made on learning that a would-be composer was studying counterpoint:—"Melody is the essence of music. I should compare one who invents melodies to a noble racehorse, and a mere contrapuntist to a hired post-hack. So let it alone; and remember the proverb — 'He who knows most knows least.'"



In Kind.—A gift in kind is not always to be despised (especially where its recipient is a family man), and particularly when the generosity exercised is marked by some variety of character in the article bestowed that will avoid a sense of monotony. That was a thoughtful man of Leicester who sent Haydn half-a-dozen pairs of cotton socks, into which well-known melodies of the composer's had been adroitly worked. It is said that they came as a *real* surprise to Haydn! Well, cotton socks are luxuries to some folks.

Characteristic Courtesy.—A child of great talent, handsome in person, of a gentle disposition, and the son of a musician, wished very much to be a pupil at the *Conservatoire.* On the day appointed for applications his father took him to the institution. The two attracted attention, as the father was six feet high and the son but a little fellow. Promptly as the clock struck twelve, in came Cherubini, evidently astonished at encountering a tall man, who awkwardly held out one hand to him and had hold of his little son with the other. Confused at the contrast which the two presented, and not knowing which was the applicant—for the father seemed too old, and the son too young—Cherubini put on a stern face, and said, rather severely: "What do you want here?" adding, "I do not put infants out to nurse;" and he passed on. As a final resort he was taken, accompanied by the father, to the class-room, placed before a piano, and told to play anything he could think of, and not to stop in case any one should enter the room. Cherubini soon came in, and was struck by the extempore playing of the child, stopped, sat down, and listened attentively. The age, the beauty, the talent of the performer astonished him. When the playing was over, Cherubini caressed and encouraged the child. He asked him some questions on the principles of his art, which were answered. At last, unable to contain his admiration, he exclaimed: "Bravo, my little friend! but why are you here,

and what can I do for you?" "A thing that is very easy," was the reply, "and which would make me very happy: put me into the *Conservatoire.*" "It is a thing done," said Cherubini; "you are one of us." After this he left the hall, telling the story and adding good-humouredly, "I had to be careful about pushing the questions too far, for the baby was beginning to prove to me that he knew more about music than I do myself."

Great Good Feeling.—There are so many stories of enthusiastic praise bestowed by men in the first rank of composers on the works of others, that the hierarchy of art might easily be charged with being a sort of "mutual admiration society." The secret of this good feeling lies in the fact that it is most prominently marked in the greatest men of the art. Beethoven was very sincere in his admiration of Handel. "He was the greatest composer that ever lived. I would go bareheaded and kneel before his tomb," were words he once uttered. Nor did he change his opinion on his death-bed. "*There,*" said the dying man, pointing to the scores of Handel which a loving friend had brought, "*There* is the truth!" Haydn and Mozart were perfectly in accord, and each thought and did well towards the other. "Oh, Mozart!" Haydn once exclaimed, "if I could instil into the soul of every lover of music the admiration I have for his matchless works, all countries would seek to be possessed of so great a treasure. Let Prague keep him, ah! and well reward him. Mozart is incomparable. Forgive me if I get excited when speaking of him, I am so fond of him." Of Mozart's fondness for Haydn we have several proofs. Mozart and Kozeluch were one day listening to a composition of Haydn's which contained some bold modulations. Kozeluch thought them strange, and asked Mozart whether he would have written them. "I think not," smartly replied Mozart, "and for this reason: because they would not have occurred either to you or me!" On another occasion a

Viennese professor came to Mozart with a great theoretical crime to unfold. Mozart endeavoured to turn the conversation, but the learned professor still went chattering on, till at last Mozart exploded: "Sir, if you and I were both melted down together, we should not furnish materials for one Haydn." Meyerbeer's regard for Mozart and his music was very marked. Meyerbeer was once dining with some friends, when a discussion arose respecting Mozart's position in the temple of music, one of the guests venturing the suggestion "that certain beauties in Mozart's music had become stale with age." "I defy you," he continued, "to listen to *Don Giovanni* after the fourth act of the *Huguenots!*" "So much the worse, then, for the fourth act of the *Huguenots,*" cried out Meyerbeer, furious at the clumsy compliment paid to his own work at the expense of his idol.

A Good Stroke.—The art of shaving must almost be ranked, we feel, among the fine arts, to such a degree of luxury has it arrived—thanks to the construction of exquisite examples of suitable weapons, and the importation of hordes of German manipulators of the magic steel, who would starve on their own soil with an occupation by following which here they can amass fortunes. Why does half the world shave? Why will men persist in the trying pursuit of daily concentrating their minds—as they concentrate them on nothing else—on slaughtering this tegument of the body (wherever they feel it can be dispensed with) until the very eye is deceived and doubts that it ever existed? This is a great problem. A greater is, granting the necessity for this matutinal feat of arms, why do men operate upon themselves when the function can be so artistically, adroitly, and luxuriously accomplished for them? One of the "penny weekly numbers," desiring to increase its circulation and secure a cargo of gratuitous "copy," might do worse than put the conundrum to its male and female readers. Haydn was one of those who shuddered at the idea of calmly

subjecting himself to the impulses of Briton, Pole, or Greek when armed with a tool which might momentarily be poised and descend upon him as an instrument of destruction. He therefore shaved himself. When in London in 1787, he lodged in High Holborn, opposite Chancery Lane. One morning, Bland—a cute music-publisher—looked into the composer's room and found him in the act of shaving. As usual, the razor was unworthy its work. "I would give my best quartet for a good razor," testily growled Haydn. Bland took him at his word. He bolted to his room in the same house, grasped his finest filamental destroyer, and presented it to the composer. Haydn retracted not a syllable. He went to the drawer of his *escritoire,* pulled out the MS. of his latest quartet, and coolly handed it over to Mr. Bland. That composition is to-day enjoying the familiar name of the "Rasiermesser, or Razor Quartet."

Through Thorny Paths.—In music, as in more mundane matters, the way to its development, as it can be met with and enjoyed to-day, has been along a thorny path of progress beset with all the *impedimenta* with which foolish minds could bestrew it. All the same, a high state of perfection has, happily, been attained; and we shall go on, if we faint not. We have not yet improved upon grand old Guido's notation, now some nine hundred years old, nor does improvement here seem possible; but what an amazing march have theoretical and instrumental aspects of the art made! All this has been accomplished *per ardua*—through difficulties which men like Rossini rejoiced to surmount. In *Otello*, Rossini introduced his operatic changes to the Italian public, and they were well received; yet great opposition was manifested by those who clung to the time-honoured canons. Sigismondi, of the Naples Conservatory, was horror-stricken on first seeing the score of this opera. The clarionets were too much for him, but on seeing the third

and fourth horn-part, he exclaimed, "What does the man want? The greatest of our composers have always been contented with two. Shades of Pergolesi, of Leo, of Jomelli! How must they shudder at the bare thought! Four horns! Are we a hunting-party? Four horns! Enough to blow us to perdition!"

Notes for Bandsmen.—Mozart was quite right when he warned Haydn that he "spoke too few languages to go a-travelling," and the great symphonist found this out when he arrived in England—his knowledge of English being slight and peculiar. It is easy enough to bully an orchestra in a tongue that is mutually appreciated, but it is impossible to give full expression to one's mind (and temper) through the medium of crotchets and quavers. At one of the Salomon Concerts, Haydn overheard a German saying, "If these opening bars don't suit him, how shall we get on with the rest?" Haydn was wroth. He called for a violin, and then and there demonstrated the sort of rendering which he demanded for the passage in question.

"For Better for Worse."—It is well known that Haydn was scarcely happy in his conjugal state; and, indeed, from all that is known, this is not surprising. It was a case of faults on both sides. There were no children, and there was no peace. His peevish wife was one of those unwise beings who plunge themselves into the maelstrom of matrimony without first casting off a deplorable determination to look after "number one"—that numeral having reference, curiously enough, to number two in the contract. Haydn was never really a poor man, although distinctly frugal. A constant taunt of his nagging partner's bore upon money matters; and one day she went as far as to tell the old gentleman "that if he should die suddenly, there wasn't enough

money to bury him." Well—a heart of stone would leap at such a reminder, even if it were well founded. "My dear woman," exclaimed Haydn, "if such a calamity should occur, rush to the nearest music-publisher with those canons. Believe me, they will fetch enough to give me a decent burial."

Old Opponents.—The publisher has always been the bane of the author—speaking in a general sense. Of course there have been brilliant exceptions, and instances are not wanting where a producer of prose, poetry, or music would have gone literally to the dogs save for the guiding arm and helping hand of his publisher. It is a big question, and is all summed up in one word—"business." The publisher hasn't a soul—or he shouldn't have, if he wishes to succeed as a purveyor of books. What he wants is what will sell. Unhappily, creators of literature have souls—articles which frequently lift them into the highest heaven of impracticability and absurdity, from a business point of view. In these days it is hard to imagine that Mozart—the ever-abundant, melodious Mozart—would be carpeted by a publisher because of the vein of his compositions. On more than one occasion, however, Hoffmeister told Mozart plainly that he "must write in a more popular style, or I can neither print nor pay for your compositions." To which the composer is said to have retorted, "Then I will write nothing more, and go hungry, or may the devil take me."

A Good Test.—There is no reason why composers, any more than other people, should be the best judges of their own work. Meyerbeer's fondness for *L'Africaine* may be accounted for upon the same principle that parents are fondest of the child who gives them most trouble, for it is well known that Meyerbeer touched and retouched the score of this opera for seventeen years. Haydn's favourite work was the *Creation*. "That," said he, "will live. In it

angels sing, but in the *Seasons,* only peasants." Handel hesitated whether to prefer the *Messiah* or *Samson* to his other works. In neither of these cases has the world's verdict quite coincided with the composer's. *L'Africaine* is not ranked above *Le Prophète* or *Les Huguenots,* and nobody would speak of *Samson* as seriously rivalling the *Messiah.* The world and Bellini, however, have agreed on this point. He would probably never have expressed an opinion on his compositions, save for the importunate curiosity of one of his lady admirers. "Supposing you were at sea," she one day said to him, "and you had all your scores with you, and the ship were sinking, which——" Before she could say another word, Bellini cried, "Mademoiselle, I would risk everything to save the *Norma!*"

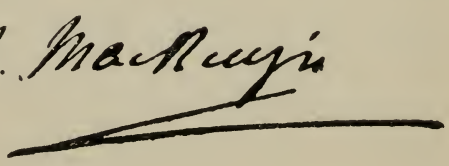
Cruel Jest.—Never since the days of the Gluck and Piccini war was the musical arena of Europe so disturbed as when Rossini marched from Italy and took possession of the whole of musical Europe in the early half of last century. The struggle was fierce, and some of the literary shots that were fired were excessively cruel. "What points of comparison can be found between Rossini and Napoleon?" was an anti-Rossinian query. "Nothing," answers an admirer of the German school; "nothing, except it be that in the noise which they made in Europe they were both fond of employing the drum."

A Royal Critic.—It is interesting to notice how, in every age of culture and civilisation, musical art has been nurtured and encouraged by royalty. In many cases the kind patron and the discriminating critic were one and the same. When Mozart's *Il Seraglio* was first produced it went down remarkably well with the public, but hardly so well with the Emperor (Joseph II.), who said to the composer: "My dear Mozart, this is too fine for our ears: there are too many notes." "I beg your Majesty's pardon," said Mozart

sharply, "there are just sufficient notes," a rejoinder, however, for which Mozart afterwards apologised.

Of Different Minds.—Haydn, like most musicians—even those who have risen to great eminence—had his struggling days. One night, he with a friend was killing time down a back street, when they heard a fiddler scraping away in a little beer-house parlour. The two entering, Haydn inquired, "Whose minuet is that you've been playing?" "Haydn's," said the catgut scraper. "It's a —— bad minuet," rejoined Haydn. Whereupon the enraged fiddler turned upon its composer and would have rent him, save for the explanations and apologies of Haydn's companion.

His Chief Mentor.—Rossini, so renowned for his musical brilliancy, dash, and melody, had no reason to regret either his reception or appreciation in England. It is true that when he came to London in 1823 he found matters at the Italian Opera unsatisfactory; yet society here accorded him every civility, and we have always kept his *Stabat Mater, Guillaume Tell,* and other scores alive. He preferred Paris to London, which probably accounts for his slight acquaintance with the English tongue. The *maestro* always regretted his ignorance of the English language, and used to say, "In my day I gave much time to the study of our Italian literature. Dante is the man that I owe most to; he taught me more music than all my music-masters put together, and when I wrote my *Otello* I would introduce those lines of Dante—you know the song of the gondolier. My librettist would have it that gondoliers never sang Dante, and but rarely Tasso; but I answered him, 'I know all about that better than you, for I have lived in Venice and you haven't. Dante I must and you will have.'"



Shifted It!—The man who gave the world *Masaniello* (otherwise *La Muette de Portici*) was as smart a conversationalist as the *salons* of his day admitted. At eighty he was as sharp as a scythe. Small, delicate—albeit distinguished-looking—Auber's tongue, in praise or blame, got home like a lancet. Sallies of wit and *bons mots* fell from him like spice from a pepper-box. While directing a musical *soirée* when verging on ninety, a gentleman having taken a white hair from his shoulder, he said laughingly, "Ah! that hair must have belonged to some old fellow who has rubbed against me. Hang him!"

Vexata Quæstio.—While human nature is (from much that may be observed around us) so reckless and antagonistic to its preservation during the heyday of life, it is astonishing how fearful it becomes, in the case of many men and women, when the question of the disposition of all that is mortal of him or her faces them. A man will break his neck to catch a train, and a woman will go cross-eyed to see a flounce or a bonnet; but when there arises a danger which is infinitesimally smaller (as, for instance, that inevitable moment when friends and officialism declare one to be dead, and fit only to be put out of sight and sound), the mere thought of that matter creates a real pallor and shudder. Of course, a living tomb is not a cheerful place of entertainment, and by no twisting of language could it be construed, we assume, into one of the pleasures of experience. Yet, how unlikely is it that any one has ever been buried alive; or that in any present-day being there is the mettle or patriotism to prompt him to hurl himself—Marcus Curtius like—into a chasm in Parliament Square even to save the fortunes of the British Empire. Notwithstanding, such is human nature that people will, we suppose, persist like its predecessors in perplexing their minds concerning a crotchet which we regard as an almost impossible possibility. To all such, then, we reluctantly commend the

cautious policy of the composer of *L'Africaine*. Meyerbeer had a great, some may say wholesome, terror of being buried alive. Funny man! In his pocket-book after his death was found a paper giving directions that small bells should be attached to his hands and feet, and that his body should be carefully watched for four days, after which it should be sent to Berlin to be interred by the side of his mother, to whom he had been most tenderly attached. How selfish and cruel of Meyerbeer, however, if the bells had happened to have rung a peal during those four days!

Pretty Compliment.—Fifty years' sojourn in the capital of France was not without its effect upon Cherubini. He learned much of the ways of Parisian society, its characteristic wit, and its mode of dealing with friends and foes. One day a friend presented himself before the master with a score, said to be Mehul's. After examining it, Cherubini remarked, "It is not Mehul's; it is too bad to be his!" "Will you believe me, M. Cherubini, if I tell you it is mine?" said the visitor. "No! It is too good to be yours!" replied Cherubini.

Something Lacking.—It is to be feared that the household over which Mozart presided was hardly one to be imitated. "Mismanagement" was writ large everywhere, and the two people who conduced most to this state of things were Mr. and Mrs. Mozart. The composer was not a business man, and his wife was not a good housekeeper. They both loved each other to the full, but order and economy were gifts not theirs. "My son could lay by 2000 florins yearly," wrote the father in 1785. In face of this, Wolfgang and Constance sighed and pined in the direst poverty. On one occasion Deiner found Mozart and his wife dancing about the room, and doubtless betrayed some astonishment, used even as he was to Mozart's jocular whims and freaks. "Oh!" explained the capering composer, "we can't afford fuel, so we are dancing to keep

ourselves warm!" It was a bitterly cold winter morning, and it was not long ere the worthy Deiner had fetched in a goodly store of wood. Deiner, it should be explained, was the landlord of an adjacent hostel, yclept "The Silver Serpent," into the exchequer of which establishment not a little of Mozart's finances unquestionably went. Moral: Two artist-minds cannot live together—at least not to be free of debt.

Smoking Dean.—Dr. Aldrich, the good dean but better musician, was an inveterate smoker, and many stories were current in the university to the effect that the dean did more smoking than preaching. A young student of Christ Church, once finding some difficulty in persuading an associate to believe that the dean really had so violent a propensity, laid him a wager that he was smoking at that instant. About ten o'clock in the morning the two repaired to the deanery, and being admitted to the dean's study, the object of the visit was related to the divine; on hearing which, he replied in the best humour possible, "You see you have lost your wager, for I am not smoking, but *filling* my pipe."

Not worth Emulating.—Among Paisiello's qualifications was the unwholesome one of knowing how to flatter whenever occasion served. It is a degrading refuge not altogether extinct nowadays with certain fellow-creatures who resort to the trick to advance their personal interests and aims. Equally unfortunate, too, there are people who are susceptible to the fine art of being stroked the right way. The cunning Italian, Paisiello, once addressed Napoleon as "Sire." "'Sire?'—what do you mean?" answered the First Consul; "I am a General and nothing more." "Well, General," continued the composer, "I have come to place myself at your Majesty's orders." "I must really beg you," rejoined Napoleon, "not to address me in this manner." "Forgive me, General," said Paisiello; "but I cannot give

up the habit I have contracted in addressing sovereigns, who, compared with you, are but pigmies. However, I will not forget your commands, and if I have been unfortunate enough to offend, I must throw myself on your Majesty's indulgence."

Delicate Ground.—What is and what ought to be worn at concerts and *matinées,* both on the stage and off, is, we are aware, a subject with which no man should meddle. To even broach the topic is, we shall doubtless be informed, indecorous and inhuman: happily, it cannot be added that it is heretical or criminal! The subject is one which has often presented itself to our mind, especially when we have been perched behind a majestically conceived *matinée* hat, or have craned our neck to obtain an occasional glimpse of the stage through the undulations and wavings of a liberal shock of ostrich feathers, which some ladies regard as the correct headgear for the theatre. Happily the crinoline fashion is not in vogue or we should have to discuss feminine attire lower down—so cramped is seating space nowadays. The bold Handel, it will be remembered, made a dead set against unnecessary "dress" at his concerts. When the *Messiah* was first performed at the Foundling Hospital, London, the tickets of admission had the quaint intimation printed on them that "Gentlemen are requested to come without swords and ladies without their hoops." So much for off the stage. One of the most brilliant ornaments of the concert stage may be followed as to what should be worn on the platform. Mrs. Mary Davies, the well-known concert singer, before her retirement was allowed to be one of the best-dressed women on the concert platform. This fact is interesting when we consider that Mrs. Davies disapproves of those who spend much of their earnings on personal adornment. Mrs. Davies's opinion was that the majority of our *prime donne* were far too gorgeously attired. Dress, she said, was most certainly to be studied, but the voice and

not the dress must call forth the admiration of the audience. For her part she thought she had never looked so well as at her first appearance, when her gowns were made by her talented and doting mother. Madame Calve, the world-famed opera-singer, is seen at her best as Carmen. The first time she took this part at Paris, she considerably astonished the stage manager by wearing a gorgeous red silk petticoat during the first act. Objections were raised, for it was said no gipsy cigarette girl could afford so expensive an article. The *prima donna*, however, confessed that she had been to Seville and followed a genuine cigarette girl to a second-hand costumier's, and there saw her buy a brilliant red skirt. The next day the girl wore it, and occasionally lifted her dress a little so as to show the under-skirt. Madame Calve bought it of her, and it is that identical skirt which the opera-singer now wears when playing this part.

Commendable.—Paisiello was a great favourite with the Empress Catharine of Russia. On one occasion, while he was accompanying the Empress in a song, she observed that he shuddered with cold; whereupon her Majesty took off her beautiful ermine cloak, decorated with gorgeous clasps of brilliants, and fastened it round her tutor's shoulders. One fine day the composer and Marshal Beloselsky quarrelled, and Catharine heard thereof, the circumstances being laid before her by the chief offender! The marshal, agitated, it is believed, by the "green-eyed monster," forgot himself so far as to give Paisiello a blow; Paisiello, who was a powerful athletic man, gave him a sound drubbing. In return the marshal laid his complaint before the Empress, and implored of her Majesty the immediate dismissal of Paisiello from the court, for having had the audacity to strike a marshal of the Russian Empire. Catharine's reply was: "I neither can nor will attend to your request: you forgot your dignity when you gave an unoffending man and

a great artist a blow; are you surprised that he should have forgotten it too? and as to rank, it is in my power, sir, to make fifty marshals, but not one Paisiello."

A Poor House.—The present German Emperor once took it into his head to be the solitary listener to an opera. The young Emperor commanded a performance of *Götterdämmerung* one morning at eleven o'clock. Frau Sucher sang the rôle of Brunehilde, and at the conclusion the Emperor decorated her and appointed her Chamber Singer to his Majesty. For the operatic performances at which he possessed the craze of being the only auditor, the late King of Bavaria caused to be made a costly set of stage furniture of the time of Louis XV. The articles were soon spoiling, and were made use of at the Munich Opera House in Mozart's *Figaro*, which probably never before in its history had so splendid a stage mounting.

Characteristic.—No greater, or more unhappy, genius has ever adorned the temple of art than Hector Berlioz—the greatest master of instrumentation that the French school has put forth. When he gripped the whip-handle he did not spare the lash for himself or others. Little wonder that such thoroughness provided him with a stormy existence. It is always so in every profession: hence the world is so abounding in commonplace and ineptness, since it is even yet mere dawn for any who may be salt of the earth. Had it not been for the generosity and discernment of a brother-artist, Berlioz might long have floundered in the slough of necessity. Paganini was the human saviour. On the night of the failure of *Benvenuto Cellini,* a strange-looking man, with dishevelled black hair and eyes of piercing brilliancy, forced his way into the green-room. Finding Berlioz, he fell on his knees before him and kissed his hand passionately. He astonished Berlioz, yet hailed him as the master-musician of the age. The next morning, when Berlioz was in bed, there

came a tap at his door, and Achille Paganini entered, sent by the father, who had been taken sick that night, and was unable to pay his respects in person. On opening the note Berlioz found a complimentary letter, and a substantial evidence of admiration in the shape of a cheque on Rothschilds' to the tune of 20,000 francs.

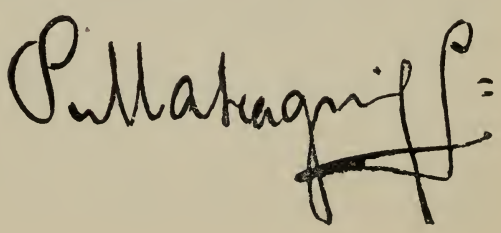
Better than Precept.—Haydn was a man of resource in every respect; in fact, a masterful man—not forgetting his influence among the fair sex. At one of the Salomon concert rehearsals the drummer was absent. "Who can play the drum?" inquired Haydn. "I can," shouted young George Smart. "Then come along," and Haydn beckoned him from his place among the violinists to another part of the orchestra. The youth, who was destined to become Sir George Smart, had not handled a pair of "dusters" before, and, of course, quickly disgusted Haydn. Snatching the drumsticks from the frightened youngster, Haydn gave the astonished orchestra a taste of what he could do with them. "There," said he, "that's how we use the sticks in Germany."

Strong in Death.—Halévy was one of the most cultivated of musicians. Philosophy and literature were as dear to him as harmony, nor did his calm temper forsake him on his deathbed. His ruling passion displayed itself shortly before his end in characteristic fashion. Trying in vain to reach a book on the table, he said, "Can I do nothing now in time?" On the morning of his death, wishing to be turned on his bed, he said to his daughter, "Lay me down like a gamut," at each movement repeating with a soft smile, "*Do, re, mi,*" etc., until the change was made. These were his last words.

Mars and Apollo.—The Napoleon of Moscow, Elba, and St. Helena fame bestowed, we fear, more tributes upon Mars than Apollo. "Le bon Dieu est toujours du coté des

gros bataillons" was a text that concerned him more than the drift of a melodic cadence. All the same, he preferred efficiency even in music. Once he ventured to complain to Paisiello of the slipshod character of the chapel services, although he thought nought of the manner in which he had drained the funds. Paisiello was not to be gagged. With his blood "up," and with fire starting from his eyes, he cut at the root of the matter. He said courageously: "I can't blame people for doing their duty carelessly, when they are not justly paid." Scarcely a wise method with the First Consul. There is nothing like standing on rights, however, when one is a musician—especially a church musician.

Another Aspect.—Unlike Mozart, Beethoven possessed little regard for Haydn. It was something the reverse of "love" that existed between these two. The "Father of Symphony" was far from struck with the young revolutionist who had come to him for lessons in theory. Albrechtsberger had declared that Beethoven would "never do anything in decent style"; what wonder, then, that the pedagogue Haydn stared aghast at a pupil who championed consecutive fifths and octaves, who had several splendid experiments which he intended trying, and who only wanted to learn something about the rules of composition, in order that he might at the earliest moment dash such rules to the ground and cast theory to the winds! Little wonder that Haydn neglected to correct this scholar's exercises, regarding him as a pianist more than a composer. Some wonder, too, that throughout his lifetime he cared little for the man, whatever he thought of his music. "I never learned anything from Haydn," he used to say; "he would never correct my mistakes."



Knew his Powers.—Rossini was blessed with a temperament that was as cool as the proverbial cucumber. It was as well this was so, for had he been the possessor of a fiery nature—apt to volcanic madness upon the merest provocation — ample scope was afforded him in the various spheres of work into which he was drawn. When *Il Barbiere di Seviglia* was first performed, its composer underwent an experience that would have killed many men. He had the suspicion of a plot in more than one direction. Paisiello it was certain had intrigued against the new opera, and organised a conspiracy to kill it on the first night. The Argentina Theatre was packed with friends and foes. One of the greatest of tenors, Garcia, the father of Malibran and Pauline Viardot, sang Almaviva. Rossini had been weak enough to allow Garcia to sing a Spanish melody for a serenade, for the latter urged the necessity of vivid national and local colour. The tenor had forgotten to tune his guitar, and in the operation on the stage a string broke. This gave the signal for a tumult of ironical laughter and hisses. The same hostile atmosphere continued during the evening. Even Madame Georgi-Righetti, a great favourite of the Romans, was coldly received by the audience. In short, the opera seemed likely to be ——. When the singers went to condole with Rossini, they found him enjoying a luxurious supper with the gusto of the *gourmet* that he was. Settled in his knowledge that he had produced a masterpiece, he could not be disturbed by unjust clamour. And so it proved. *The Barber of Seville* placed Rossini's European fame on a solid basis.

To his Liking.—Berlioz was nothing if not dramatic. Fiercely dogmatic, *bizarre*, he affected men and manners of his day by his ardent temperament not less than he influenced music. His enterprise, daring, and unrelenting tenacity led him into curious scenes all through life. Being in London, he paid a visit to St. Paul's Cathedral to

attend the Festival of the London Charity School Children of 1851, just as Haydn had done before him. With a musical friend—the late G. A. Osborne (whose arrangement for the pianoforte of "Sound the loud timbrel" will be remembered by all old-time piano students)—Berlioz donned a surplice and took a bass part in the choir. At the sound of the singing by the four thousand little lungs he hid his face behind his music—and wept. His one theme was that "it was a revelation to him—a proof that the powerful effect of musical masses was absolutely unknown." Well—here was a man who ought to have had a seat at a Handel Festival!

Still Scotch.—Admirers of the author of *Don Pasquale* and *Lucia di Lammermoor* may be interested in knowing that Donizetti was of Scotch descent. His grandfather was a native of Perthshire, named Izett. The young Scot was beguiled by the fascinating tongue of a recruiting-sergeant into his Britannic Majesty's service, and was taken prisoner by General La Hoche, during the latter's invasion of Ireland. Already tired of a private's life, he accepted the situation, and was induced to become the French General's private secretary. Subsequently he drifted to Italy and married an Italian lady of some rank, denationalising his own name into Donizetti. The Scottish predilections of our composer show themselves in the music of *Don Pasquale*, noticeably in "Com' e gentil"; and the score of *Lucia* is strongly flavoured by Scottish sympathy and minstrelsy. Still the "Unspeakable Scot!"

"The Creation" Genesis.—Who, or what inspired Haydn's masterpiece—*The Creation?* This is one of the thousand-and-one problems which are constantly being propounded respecting works of art that have become immortal. A book needs to be written as a key to such conundrums. Meanwhile, there is the report that Salomon,

the *entrepreneur,* suggested the idea to Haydn. Another statement is that Haydn, impressed with Handel's glorious measure of artistic consummation, did, of his own free will, desire to do likewise. Consulting Barthelemon, the leader of the music at Vauxhall Gardens, that gentleman raised his hand and pointed to a Bible that lay in the apartment. "There! there!" exclaimed the violinist; "take that and begin at the beginning."

Queen and Musician.—Dr. Christopher Tye was a peevish and humorsome man, especially in his latter days; and sometimes playing on the organ in the chapel of Queen Elizabeth, which contained much music, but little delight to the ear, she would send the verger to tell him that he played out of tune, whereupon he would send word that her Majesty's ears were out of tune. This reply her Majesty tolerated, which shows that in all things she was not the imperious virago she is sometimes thought to have been.

MODERN ST. CECILIA.

Worth Remembering.—If the world—the musical one—would but learn the great lesson that where there is most noise there is least music, what an existence life would then be! The usual style of amateur upon that much-abused instrument the pianoforte is the chief offender. Rossini once spoke his mind on the point. He assured Moscheles that he hated the new school of piano-players,

saying the piano was horribly maltreated, for the performers thumped the keys as if they had some vengeance to wreak on them. Moscheles improvised for Rossini, whose remark was, "It is music that flows from the fountain-head. There is reservoir water and spring water. The former only runs upon turning the cock, and is always redolent of the vase; the latter always gushes forth fresh and limpid. Nowadays people confound the simple and the trivial; a *motif* of Mozart they would call trivial, if they dared."

Pinnacle of Evidence.—No master of music ever made a greater or more imperishable mark upon Opera than did Mozart—the greatest, the most complete and perfected creator of music, *qua* music, that has ever lived. The greatest of the Italian school admit as much. With the simple frankness characteristic of the man, Rossini always spoke of his obligations to, and his admiration of, the great German. To an admirer who was one day burning incense before him, Rossini said—"My *Barber* is only a bright farce; but in Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* you have the finest possible masterpiece of musical comedy."

Royal Wit.—Thomas Greatorex, Fellow of the Royal and Linnæan Societies in the latter half of the eighteenth century, was a musician of whom English art might well be proud. He was a constant companion of the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), who bestowed upon him many marks of personal esteem and attachment, and was constantly paying him verbal compliments, as well as the more substantial marks of his favour. Greatorex had been dining with the prince on an evening when he had also to be in his post as conductor at a State concert, at which the King and Queen were to be present. Greatorex pleaded the necessity of being punctual, on account of their Majesties. "Oh! never mind them," said the prince jocularly; "my father is *Rex*, I confess, but you are a *Greater Rex*."

Irreconcilables.—Napoleon I. was no less courageous upon musical matters in the drawing-room than he was in other respects on the battle-field. Napoleon and Cherubini were constantly at war. The two once found themselves together in a *salon*, where the First Consul entered into conversation with Cherubini, both of them walking up and down the room. "Well," said Napoleon, "the French are in Italy." "Where would they not go," rejoined Cherubini, "led by such a hero as you!" Napoleon seemed pleased,

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but talked now in Italian, now in French, which so confused Cherubini that he could scarcely make out what the Consul was saying. At length the latter began on the old topic: "I tell you," he said, "I like Paisiello's music immensely; it is soft and tranquil. You have much talent, but there is too much accompaniment," and he instanced the celebrated air of Zingarelli, "Ombra adorata," as being the sort of thing he liked. Cherubini quietly rejoined: "Citizen Consul, I conform myself to French taste; *Paese che vai usanza che trovi*, says the Italian proverb." "Your music," continued

Napoleon, "makes too much noise; speak to me in that of Paisiello, that is what lulls me gently." "I understand," replied Cherubini; "you like music which does not stop you from thinking of State affairs." At this witty answer Napoleon frowned.

Exceptional Consideration.—We respectfully commend the following story for the consideration of contemporary professors, without much fear that the action will be often emulated. When, on the death of Martini, in 1816, the post of musician and superintendent of the King's chapel was offered by the King, through his first gentleman-in-waiting, to Cherubini, the latter, seeing that his acceptance of it would naturally entail the dismissal of Lesueur, who had held it with Martini under the former *régime,* replied: "Monseigneur, Lesueur, my friend, is more worthy than I am of this high position. If I had not a young family to bring up, if I were rich, I should refuse it altogether; but if his Majesty is willing to allow me to share with Lesueur the superintendence of his music, I will accept it with thankfulness." So Cherubini shared the office with Lesueur at a salary for himself of three thousand francs.

Some Mistake.—An inquisitive, yet well-placed Englishman was in Paris at the same time with General Tom Thumb, and chanced to be introduced to Berlioz. Imagining that giants, dwarfs, musicians, and actors were all one tribe, he begged Berlioz to let him see Tom Thumb in private. "With pleasure," said Berlioz, and furnished him with an address where he told him he would find the great dwarf at home. He went, and found himself in the presence of a gigantic man, who was, in fact, none other than Lablache! Curiosity soon overcame shyness and politeness, and the Englishman asked his host for an explanation. "I came here," he said, "sent by M. Berlioz to see General Tom Thumb. Now there must be some mistake. He is a very,

very little creature, and you——" "Ah, true," replied Lablache. "I am very little indeed when I appear in public, but when I am at home I set myself at ease." The next time that Lablache saw Berlioz he was *in puris naturalibus*. Notwithstanding that condition, the mighty vocalist there and then played a trick upon the composer which amply squared the practical joke of which he had been the victim.

Mistaken Occupations.—All have not the qualifications for any one office. There are diversities of gifts, and various directions for the use thereof. This applies to music and musicians. Workers here have to find that work most suited to their individual capacities, otherwise they may wander on, and in the end find themselves no better off than a certain French singer with a tremendous voice, but who could not decide the line of art for which he was best fitted. One day, however, he mentioned this to Cherubini, who begged him to sing. He opened his mouth, and the foundations well-nigh trembled with his bellowing. "What shall I become?" said he, when he had finished. "An auctioneer," snorted Cherubini.

A Royal Vocalist.—It would be interesting to know how much of the world's enormous collection of vocal music owes its origin to certain singers' voices rather than to the promptings of inspiration. Similar interest would attach to many eccentric parts—like, for instance, that written for Louis XII., who, though fond of music, had so weak and unmusical a voice as to convince his hearers at once that Nature had not intended him for a singer. One day the King defied Josquin, his *maître de chapelle*, to compose a piece of music in which it would be possible for him to take part. Josquin accepted the challenge, and composed a canon for two voices, to which he added two other parts, one of which had nothing more to do than to sustain a single sound, and the other only the

key-note, and its fifth or dominant to be sung alternately. The *maestro* gave his Majesty the choice of these two parts, and beginning with the long note, after some practice the royal scholar was enabled to continue it as a drone to the canon, in fact he sang it like a king.

Sarcastic.—One day Queen Mary took it into her head to have some music. Accordingly she sent for Mr. Purcell, the master of her chapel, Gostling, one of the "gentlemen," and Mrs. Arabella Hunt, a leading singer of the day. The singers sang, while Purcell accompanied on the harpsichord. Suddenly her Majesty wished to know whether Mrs. Hunt would kindly sing her the "beautiful" Scotch ballad, "Cold and Raw." She did so, and accompanied it with the lute, which she could handle in an admirable manner. Purcell took umbrage at the Queen's preference of a vulgar ballad to his music, and determined that she should have enough of it on another occasion. Accordingly he introduced it into the very next birthday ode that he composed for her Majesty. Doubtless the Queen took it as a delicate compliment that the composer should have remembered her preference for the air, but there is a spice of sarcastic humour about the selection of a tune with such a title for a birthday ode.

Notable Encore.—Encores are a positive nuisance, and one which concert conductors ought to put down or at least lessen. Why should boisterous outbreaks be allowed to mar the grand and religious impression which a performance of such an oratorio as the *Messiah* should inspire within every listener? To give an instance, there is that sublime contralto melody "He was despised." What can be more inappropriate than a burst of applause after the rendering of these words! Audiences must be more discriminative, or some day we shall have Beethoven's symphonies or complete operas repeated. There was once an encore of a whole opera, but let us hope that, bad as our present system is,

it will never drift into this sort of thing. The incident referred to occurred to Cimarosa's *Il Matrimonio Segreto* (The Secret Marriage), when it was first performed before the Emperor Joseph of Austria. "Bravo, Cimarosa, bravissimo! The whole opera is admirable, delightful, enchanting! I did not applaud, that I might not lose a single note of this masterpiece. You have heard it twice, and I must have the same pleasure before I go to bed." The monarch was so delighted with the opera that for their excellent performance he then and there rewarded the singers with a magnificent banquet. When it was over, the Emperor's admiration was as enthusiastic as ever. The liberal wines, too, had excited the singers, and eventually one and all went back with the Emperor to the theatre and performed the entire opera again—fatiguing no doubt, but really far more rational than to call for a repetition of pieces in the middle of an opera or oratorio.

BOOK II.

Anecdotes of Famous Singers.

An Antiquated Nuisance.—There is no greater nuisance on earth than the trouble of getting into a theatre or concert-room—at least, as this is practised in London. How it comes that some theatrical wisehead does not win eternal fame and gratitude by inventing a method which will abolish for ever the present abominable system passeth understanding. To-day we are little better off in the system of taking money "at the doors" than we were at the opening of last century. In 1802, Mrs. Billington performed *Merope* at the Opera-house for Banti's benefit. The worthy Signor Banti, to be sure of the money, had the pit-door barricaded, and posted himself there with some of his friends with the money-boxes. On the door being opened the rush was so great that Banti, barricade, boxes, and all were carried away by the excited crowd to the extremity of the pit. Banti, getting on his legs, exclaimed, "Oh! Santa Maria! de pit full—de gallery full—all full and no money in de box. Oh! dear me! what will my Brigida, my angel-wife, say when I shall have nothing in my box for her?" A twin story is told of Kelly: the incident occurred at one of his own "benefits," when Catalani sang for him. The rush was so great that the doors were broken down and the pit crammed to excess. The return in money was only twenty-five pounds. Though an appeal was made, and a request that those who had got in without paying would send the prices of their admission to the box-office the

following day, not a single person sent. They seemed to be all of Falstaff's way of thinking, "They did not like that paying back."

Unique Distinction.—Madame Patti (Baroness Cederstrom) is very popular in the Spanish capital, and is probably the only operatic or concert singer who has been kissed by and has kissed a reigning monarch. When the King of Spain was very young—in arms, in fact—the Queen of Song was visiting the Spanish capital, and sang before the Court. At the conclusion of the concert (in which the infant King had joined) the baby monarch was brought to be admired by the great songstress. Following strict Court etiquette in such matters, Madame Patti stooped and kissed the hand of his youthful Majesty. The Queen Regent interposed, saying, "My son shall not be so ungallant as to allow a lady to kiss his hand. Will you permit him to give you a kiss?" Madame Patti consented, and so did his Majesty, with the aid of his nurse. Altogether, a very pretty picture of king of territory and queen of song. That was another amusing incident that quite recently fell to her share. With her usual goodness of heart, she was giving a concert at Brecon in aid of the Brecon Hospital. The *diva* appeared with Mr. Santley in a duet by Donizetti, which was encored. The vocalists had just recommenced singing the duet when Mr. Santley burst out laughing and left the platform, Madame Patti almost immediately following. In response to loud cheers the Baroness returned and said, "The cause of all this merriment is that a wasp has been trying to get into my mouth, and we could not go on."

Something like a "Find."—There is no doubt whatever that the late John Sims Reeves ranked among the most popular men of the nineteenth century. He was one of the most successful singers, too, that mankind has seen. The world knows a good deal about the grand vocalist, but it

does not know all. His "discovery," for instance, was one of the most remarkable things on record. It was no voice trainer, singing master, or church-choir trainer that first perceived the vocal virtues of this exponent of song. It was James R. Anderson, the famous tragedian—contemporary with Macready, Kemble, and more—who made the lucky find that gave the English people their popular tenor. Here is the narrative in the great actor's own words:—"The celebrated Sims Reeves was, this (1842) season, a simple member of the chorus in Drury Lane Theatre. I believe I was the humble cause of his early promotion, although he never was aware of it, I am sure. During the last rehearsals of Dryden's *King Arthur*, which came out on November 16th, Tom Cooke, the musical director, entered the manager's room, where I happened to be at the time; he was in a state of great agitation because he could find no one to whom he could entrust the solo, 'Come if you dare,' etc. He proposed the postponement of the piece until he could procure an adequate singer for the purpose. The proposal was annoying to the manager, as he always kept faith with the public at any sacrifice. He looked at Tom Serle and myself, and asked, 'What is to be done?' I ventured to suggest that if Cooke would only try once more he might yet find a gentleman who could do ample justice to the music. Cooke was not a little angry that I should presume to meddle in music matters. 'Absurd!' he said, 'I have already tried the best of them.' 'Look here,' I said, 'you know Sims Reeves, in the chorus?' Whether Cooke was prejudiced against Reeves or whether he had never heard him, I do not know; but he laughed at the bare idea. 'Never mind,' I went on persistently, 'only give him a trial, and if *he* is not the man you want, I am a Dutchman.' I had often listened to his fine voice in the choruses, and felt certain he was all there. The manager laughed, and requested Cooke to take Mr. Reeves into the music-room alone, and find what he was made of. In less than twenty minutes,

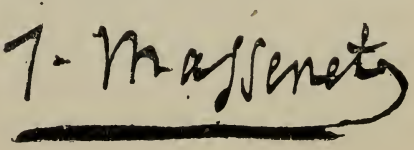
Cooke returned in raptures of delight. Rushing up to me, he embraced me again and again, swearing, in his odd and humorous way, that we must change places—I must conduct the orchestra, and he take my place on the stage. The result was delightful; Mr. Reeves made a great hit, and was nightly encored in his magnificent solos. Shortly after this, he went to Italy to polish his notes, and I to the States to pick up dollars. There, a year or two later, I read in the newspapers of his tremendous success in Italian opera at the same theatre where he had sung in English choruses with Macready." *En passant*, Reeves was not a pure tenor, and he would probably have succeeded equally as well had he adhered to his baritone quality, with which he made his début at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1839. Poor man! to the day of his death he failed to reconcile himself to the inevitable success of his great rival—that pure tenor and worthy artist, Mr. Edward Lloyd.

Blind Leading the Blind.—Few educated English people are so ignorant of Latin and French that they cannot make some guess at the meaning of an Italian song. Alongside a musical education it is almost impossible to avoid picking up a smattering of that language by means of which opera has become naturalised in this country. With this, the translated libretto, scenery, and stage business the most stupid person should be able to follow an opera. Foreigners may be excused in respect to the English language. We can understand how completely a foreigner must be "at sea" in hearing a concert in England when none of the appliances mentioned come to his aid, and we can sympathise with the bewilderment of Costa when, as a young man new to this country, he heard Braham for the first time. Braham was singing "Deeper and Deeper still," as only he could render it; and at the words, "I can no more," the effect upon the immense audience of his wonderful declamation of the passage was so manifest in their countenances that Costa asked

Malibran (in Italian) what the man had said. Malibran was near enough to whisper a reply which could scarcely have enlightened Costa, for being interpreted it was simply this: "Poor devil—it's all up with him!"

Not in the Piece.—Madame Gautier was once performing in the *Huguenots* at Marseilles. At the most pathetic situation of the fourth act the audience remarked that the face of the *prima donna* betrayed very great uneasiness, and soon after they saw her white skirt, which dropped lower and lower. The public watched the struggle with intense anxiety. "Oh, Raoul, stay!" cried the singer, trying to clasp her robe more tightly. But as Raoul remained, the skirt became released until it lay upon the stage, its fall being greeted with shouts of laughter. The poor actress, red with embarrassment, was obliged to pick it up and retreat behind the scenes, while Raoul, confused, did not know whether to reply or not.

Fit for Flowers.—Mdlle. Jeanne Douste-de Fortis did not begin her brilliant career, in the first instance, as a vocalist, but as a pianiste. On her appearance in public as a singer she was overwhelmed with tributes of flowers from her friends. At the close of the concert she directed that all these floral offerings should be taken to a certain cemetery. A friend who was with her asked why she did not take the flowers home, when she replied: "Those flowers must act as my tribute of gratitude to a dear friend who died lately. Had it not been for her kindness in recommending my voice to Tosti's notice, he would probably not have heard me sing, or advised me to take to singing professionally. I owe all my thanks to her for the loving interest she took in me." And then the little songstress tripped away with her flowers, and laid every one of her bouquets on the grave of her dead friend.



Bolt from Heaven.—Gluck, the Caravaggio of music, like all reformers, had a hard struggle to get his views accepted. Like Handel and Wagner, he suffered opposition to an extent which would have made less strong men despair. Many are the stories that could be told of the factions for and against his revolutionary enthusiasm of reform. His *Orpheus* had been honoured with forty-nine consecutive performances, many declaring that the second act of this work was one of the most intoxicating productions of the human mind. When *Alceste* was produced a murmur arose among the first-night spectators—"The piece has fallen," so ready was the opposition to seize an opportunity that would serve their purpose. Abbé Arnaud, Gluck's devoted defender, rose in his box and shouted, "Yes! fallen from Heaven." While Mdlle. Levasseur was singing one of the great airs, a voice was heard to say, "Ah! you tear out my ears;" to which the stinging rejoinder was, "How fortunate, if it is to give you others."

Bad Bargain.—Poggi, the most celebrated buffo singer of his day, had a great dread of the Roman audience, for in Rome the critics pride themselves on their severity. The most cruel of all these were the abbés, who, sitting in the first row of the pit, each with a book of the opera in his hand, exclaimed with no bated breath at every error. Poggi, having been tempted by high terms and smooth words to accept an engagement at the Teatro de la Valle, took care to obtain introductions to some of these gentry. One abbé he selected as confidant—fed him, clothed him, gave him money, and in return was assured that he had nothing to fear, as the whole bench of critics followed the lead of the particular man whom he had so fortunately secured as a friend. In the first act all went well: the abbé cried "Bravo," and the others followed him. In the second act the singer was hoarse: a gentle hiss from the house frightened him, and he continued to sing badly. Suddenly his friend stood

up on his chair in the pit, put out his wax-light, shut his book, looked Poggi in the face, and said, "Signor Poggi, I am the mouth of truth, and thus declare that you are decidedly the worst singer that ever appeared in Rome! I also declare that you ought to be hooted off the stage for your impudence in imposing on my good-nature as you have done."

Extravagant Compliments.—Jenny Lind received her share of those extravagant compliments which usually fall to women distinguished for either beauty, wealth, or talent. There is a tale told how, on first hearing her, Lablache could think of nothing more original than to declare that her "every note was a pearl." Shortly after this, at rehearsal, the young lady, approaching Lablache, politely asked him to lend her his hat. She retired to a distant part of the stage and sang a French air with her lips to the edge of the broad-brimmed hat, and then returned to Lablache and ordered him to fall on bended knee as she had a valuable present for him, returning him his hat with the declaration that she had made him exceedingly rich, inasmuch as, according to his own showing, she was giving him a hatful of "pearls."

Save Me from My Friends.—Malibran was an immensely successful cantatrice, and she possessed extraordinary determination of spirit and temper. Yet she enjoyed through her life little liberty. She was never undisputed mistress of the large sums of money which she earned, for her father had it during his guardianship; M. Malibran took care of it while she was under his tutelage; and when the *diva* ran away from him and took refuge in the house of Madame Naldi, this imperious old lady demanded every shilling that Malibran earned. Not a penny did Malibran receive except in cases where it was absolutely necessary. It was really touching to see Malibran yield to the advice, to the petty sacrifices inflicted and exacted by her friend. One day she was

showing to a friend a shawl, somewhat worn and faded. "I use this shawl," said she, "in preference to any other. It was the first cashmere that I ever possessed, and I shall never forget the trouble and coaxing there was before Madame Naldi would allow me to buy it."

Knew his Position.—Not every man has the temperament of Mark Tapley, and to be "jolly" under all circumstances is not a power given to most of us. Some need it in business. An undertaker or a grave-digger does not; but an actor—yes. A Parisian actor once failed to forget his troubles and look his part—which happened to be a "jolly" one—on the stage. *La Dame aux Camellias* was being performed, with Mdlle. Duverger as Marguerite; but the opera had not far proceeded before Marguerite took Gaston to task for not looking "jolly," as became the first guest in the supper-table scene. He said nothing. When the curtain fell on the first act, however, the artists saw behind the scenes two gendarmes, who quickly pounced upon Gaston and carried him off as a condemned Communist. Knowing that the warrant was out, it is scarcely surprising that the toast and water of the supper-table failed to exhilarate poor Gaston.

Cui Bono?—The Italianising of everything musically British has had a long run in this country, with more or less discredit to art. As we live in a free land, people are at liberty to perform under any guise they choose, although the advantage musically of converting Jones into Jonesi, or Brown into Browno is scarcely apparent. Yet constantly "Italian" opera companies are made up of vocalists who are perfectly well known to be as essentially British as are beer, beef, and bull-dogs. Why is it? The late Richard Michael Levey, a rare Irish orchestral leader, used to tell an anecdote of an old tobacconist in Brunswick Street, Dublin, with whom he often stopped to have a chat, on his way to the theatre. One day the vendor of the "fragrant weed" said to Mr.

Levey, "That's a queer Italian opera you've got now, Mr. Levey." "Why do you say that?" asked the well-known leader. "Oh, sure, Titiens is a German, Foli is an Irishman, So-and-so is a Frenchman, and somebody else is an American! I tell you what it is, Mr. Levey, there's only one Italian in the whole lot, and he's a Spaniard!" Only recently Mr. Campbell, the baritone, was allowed to walk the operatic stage as Signor Campobello. Campobello's real name was not Campbell at all, but Henry Maclean Martin. Perhaps the most absurd instance of Italianising the name was that of Madame Marie Roze's first husband, the basso Julius Perkins, who came out as Signor Giulio Perkins. But this affectation never was necessary, and both Santley and Sims Reeves gained fame in Italian opera under their own English names. The idea is even yet by no means extinct. For instance, Madame Albani was a Miss La Jeunesse, and Madame Melba was Miss Nellie Mitchell before her marriage to Mr. Armstrong. The great Polish tenor, Dreszky, was formerly known at Her Majesty's as Signor de Reschi, and is now called M. Jean de Reszke. Herr "Pennarini," too, is in private life known by a much more German name.

Notes that Tell.—It is no exaggeration to say that Madame Patti has earned a round million pounds with her wonderful voice. During one single year she netted £70,000, a sum much greater than many a successful lawyer or doctor earns in a lifetime. Day after day, during one part of her career, she made within two or three hours over £1000, and was coining money at a rate which, if it could have been maintained, would have made her a millionaire within three years. The highest figure ever paid to a singer at Covent Garden was the sum of £9,600, paid to Madame Adelina Patti in 1870 for sixteen appearances, or £600 for each appearance. Madame Patti has, however, beaten this record in her American tours, when she has obtained, as she did at New Orleans in the 'eighties, as much as £1200 a night. This

prima donna assoluta has many simple methods of preserving her voice from the effects of the artificial heat of the stage and concert-room, one of which is gargling the throat, when she rises, with salt and water. Her fees for singing have been "princely"; but she probably "bears the palm" in her profession for being paid for not singing, for at one season at Covent Garden, besides her £800 a performance, she was paid a "retainer" of £12,000 not to sing elsewhere for a certain period. She was probably the original of the insurance of voices. Hers is "underwritten" for £1000 a performance, or for £8000 for total loss of voice. Only twice has she drawn the insurance, although she is nearly sixty years old. Madame Nilsson (now the Comtesse de Miranda), the second "Swedish nightingale," had only a brief professional career comparatively, and yet she is said to have made considerably over a quarter of a million by her singing. Large incomes are being made every year by our present-day singers, who fall far short of the revenues of a Patti or a De Reszke. Madame Melba can make £1000 a week whenever she pleases; and if you want her to sing for you at your own house, even supposing you could get her, you must be prepared to write a cheque for at least 200 guineas. Such a popular and charming singer as Madame Clara Butt or Miss Ada Crossley can afford to smile at a Cabinet Minister's income, for either lady could make it comfortably every year and yet take a six months' holiday. A single song from one of these singers would cost you something like £20 or £30, and no doubt it is worth it if you can afford it. M. Jean de Reszke holds the record for male singers, his contract for sixteen appearances being £7,200; while the famous Polish tenor never fails to stipulate for free hotel expenses and a certain sum for carriages and horses. The famous brothers De Reszke during their quarter of a century of singing have made a sum which a modest estimate places at £1,000,000 sterling, of which Jean has, of course, got the lion's share. This re-

presents an average for each singer of £20,000 a year for the last twenty-five years. The famous Lasalle has also drawn his £400 a performance, and during the Golden Jubilee of 1887 he appeared with the two De Reszkes at one time on the stage, the aggregate of their nightly salaries amounting to over £1000.

Showing Them.—Miss Ffennell—now Mrs. Scott-Ffennell—had a wonderful voice as a girl, a soprano and contralto compass rolled into one. The gifted Irish vocalist was tall for her age, and very stately as a young *débutante* she looked in her white silk frock, her dark hair crowned with a wreath of red and white berries. But she was terribly frightened when she saw the sea of eager faces before her, and she hung her head down, and did not venture a second look until Dr. Frank Robinson, the conductor, with his ready tact, whispered a few encouraging words. "Look up, child," said he. "Why, there is nothing to be frightened at! How well you look, and how tall you are growing! Now, you must show the audience that you can sing."

Danger Signal.—The little indiscretions in word and deed of young minds go to make up a great patch of balm in life's sometimes sorry existence. Our comic journals would often be nowhere without the zest which this element of juvenile audacity lends to their pages, and certainly the charm of home-life would be less were we to obliterate many of the sparks of wisdom that fall from the lips of babes and sucklings in many a household. A story is told of Miss Lucy Hackett, the Irish sopranist, who was a singer from childhood. Her parents carefully fostered their daughter's musical taste, and especially took her to hear all the great singers who visited Cork, realising rightly that nothing trains so well as an object-lesson. On one occasion, during the visit of an opera company to the "city on the Lee," some of the artists spent the

evening at Mr. Hackett's house. One of these, a very celebrated tenor, took a great fancy to the bright little girl with her marvellous ear and voice, and, before going away, he lifted her up in his arms, and said, "Well, Lucy, will you remember me when you next see me?" The child's quick response was, "Oh yes, of course I will." "But how?" asked the gentleman, in an indiscreet moment. "Oh," said the little girl, looking straight up at her questioner, "why, by your horrid black teeth." That night poor Lucy went to bed in tears.

Affair of Love.—Chassé, a baritone of the French Opera, was adored among the women of France, who frequently went great lengths rather than lose his affection. One day the Bois de Boulogne was the scene of a duel with pistols between a Polish and a French lady, prompted by no other cause than jealousy for Chassé, who, by-the-bye, was at home at the time reclining on his sofa in the most delicate fashion, enjoying his cigarette!

A Stretch of the Law.—Lucky Miss Stephens, afterwards Countess of Essex, was as prudent as she was fortunate, and in all her engagements secured the highest possible terms that could be screwed out of managers. No one will blame her for this, or for her care in stipulating precisely the extent of her duties; in spite of which precautions, however, she was once victimised. It appears that one of the conditions in her agreement with Elliston was that she should not be required to appear in pantomimes; yet on the production of "Harlequin, and the Flying Chest," the manager called all his singers to take part in the music. "Kitty" Stephens, however, did not obey the call. The consequence was that she was heavily fined next treasury-day. Indignant, she flew to Elliston's room and said, "I never agreed to go on in a pantomime." "No! no!" said the 'cute manager, "I don't wish you to. I only want you to join in the chorus off the wings." The fine was not remitted!

Wholesome Lesson.—Malibran was an artist whose principle was to do with all her heart whatever her hand

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found to do. Nor would she tolerate any half-hearted work on the part of those engaged with her. Templeton, in the secondary rôle of Elvino, was so inanimate, so completely

"a stick," that Malibran lost all patience with him, and at rehearsal seized his hand, saying, "Don't you know that you're my lover? Can't you throw *some* force into your acting? Can't you make *some* show of passion in the first act—and in the second tear me to bits if you will?" "But would you like that?" said the stolid Elvino. "That's my business," replied Malibran: "if you don't do what I have said, by ——! I'il kill you!" and the black-eyed beauty dashed off with all that determination and spirit which her papa so truly prophesied would ruin her!

What he Thought.—*Mal de mer* is a complaint which has terrors for almost as many as Death itself, and it is equally as uncompromising. We know of no class of persons that it can seize with greater feelings of dismay than singers, for the prospect of ever being able to sing again within any measurable distance of time seems remote indeed. Signor Brignoli, in returning to New York from England, once had an experience of sea-sickness. The ordeal he passed through he thus describes:—"I hafe crossed ze vatare three severale times, but zis last treep vas terrific. On my honour, zare, it vas awful, de recollection of wheech make me shiffare when I think of it. It vas boom, bum, boom, bum, bum"—imitating with his deep voice the wild roar of the wind and waves—"for ze day and ze night; the sheep turn every wheech vay—up, den down, den dees vay, den dat vay, den kerslunge; den, oh heven, dis aptomen!" clasping his capacious waist. "I geeve zou my sacred vord and honare, I nevare vas so seek in all my life. I am a Catholic, vich everybody know, and I make one solemn vow that eef I get once more to de shore I sing de first time for ze poor! Ze British sailor, he is no man. No—he is ze lion—one grand, big lion. He say, 'Monsieur Brignoli, vill zou have some zoup?' Ugh! zat vord make me great zick, and I say, 'Muster sailor, take ze zoup avay.' Boom, bang! zen I see myself on ze floor, and zink de sheep has gone to ze bottom.

I give zou my vord and sacred honare I vas nevare so scare in all my life!" Madame Clara Butt tells an amusing anecdote. She was once crossing over to Ireland, and lay in her berth with her rugs well over her, so that very little of her could be seen. The stewardess, a kind-hearted woman, was sorry to see her looking so ill, and coming up to her, patted the traveller on the cheek, saying, "Poor wee thing, you look very tired: and the captain tells me you are going to sing at a concert in Dublin to-morrow. Indeed, you will be done up, and your little face does not look strong." On arriving at Kingstown, Miss Clara Butt (as she then was) was up and dressed when the stewardess brought her a cup of tea. When the latter saw the towering form of the celebrated contralto she nearly dropped dead, exclaiming, "My word! but you are not such a wee thing after all!"

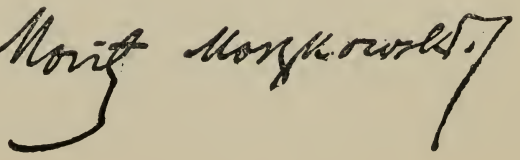
Cure for Obstinacy.—What is to be done with a bird which can sing, and won't sing, and cannot be made to sing? This is a problem which has never yet been successfully solved. Mara once took it into her head not to sing. While she was in Berlin, the Czarevitch (afterwards Paul I.) was there on a visit. The King, in order to do honour to his guest, was very anxious that Mara should take the principal part in an opera which was to be performed in the Court Theatre. She declined to leave the house, took to her bed, and obstinately refused to get up for any one, sending word to the theatre that she was too ill to sing. An hour or two before the commencement of the opera, however, a military escort stopped at the door of her house, and an officer entered, went upstairs to her room, and announced that his Majesty's orders were that alive or dead she was to be brought to the theatre. "But I cannot!" said she. "You see I am in bed, and I must not leave it." "Then in that case," said the officer, "I must take the bed too." She was forced to obey. Abell, a gentleman singer of the Chapel Royal in the Second Charles's reign, having rambled as far

as Warsaw, whither his fame had preceded him, was sent for to the Court, the king being desirous to hear him. Abell made some excuse and would not go, whereupon the King commanded him, under pain of imprisonment, to attend the next day. On Abell's arrival next day at the palace, he was seated in a chair in the middle of a spacious hall, and immediately drawn up to a great height. Soon afterwards his Majesty and his attendants appeared in a gallery opposite to him, and at the same time a number of bears were let loose below. The King gave him the choice whether he would sing or be lowered among the bears. Abell chose the former, and it is said never sang so well in his life. This expedient acts very well when the bird is caged, that is, when the singer appears, but what is to be done when the bird does not put in an appearance?

Hates Wagner. — Why canine pets and curs howl at Wagner's music is hard to tell. Yet they do, and many are the stories told in proof. The explanation we can offer is that possibly the animals have had a drawing-room training, and have grown accustomed to the sentimental drivel that passes for music at "afternoons" and "at homes" where a "little music" is provided. Madame Nordica is specially fond of dogs, and her favourite dog owns the distinction of having taken part at one of the Bayreuth performances, to which it was smuggled by the *prima donna's* maid. The little creature's appreciation of Wagner's music was not, however, of a sympathetic nature, and found vent in a series of yelps and prolonged howls, which caused its speedy discovery and removal. By the way, the hobby of this American *prima donna* is said to be life insurances, and she is heavily insured in several forms. She tells of a performance she gave before her late Majesty Queen Victoria, and says, "I was so much overcome when the Queen spoke to me that I quite forgot myself. She asked me how old I was, and I actually told her the truth!"

What Song will do.—Popular report has it that Madame Antoinette Sterling had a cousin, the Rev. John Bradford, who was minister of the Baptist Chapel at Leytonstone, and it is recorded that the famous contralto on one occasion not only sang there, but at the prayer-meeting which followed the regular service joined in prayer and delivered a short address. She is a believer in the doctrine of the "Inward Light," and was present at a Quaker meeting at Devonshire Square, and when the brethren and sisters remained a long time without the Spirit moving them to utterance, she at last got up and sang "O rest in the Lord." This created a sensation, and the clerk afterwards approached her and said, "Thee knowest, sister, it's against the rules, but if the Lord telleth thee to sing, thee must." It was probably owing to the recollection of this incident that Mrs. Margaret Lacy, sister of John Bright, called in her last illness for "the singing sister," and Madame Sterling went to her.

Very "Quare."—Irish girls have pretty methods. Even their bluntness possesses its charm. Miss Lucy Hackett was once singing at a concert in Tipperary, with a company of foremost Dublin professionals, among whom was Mr. William Bapty. At the house where Miss Hackett was a guest, the servant, a raw country-girl, had been taken to hear the concert. The maid in question, being asked by her mistress how she liked the music, and particularly Mr. Bapty's singing, replied, "Bedad, ma'am, Mister Bapty has a voice as powerful as a young horse." "And what about Miss Hackett?" asked the lady of the house, much amused. "Well, ma'am," responded the girl, "it was grand singin', but someway, it sounded to me *quare*. It was just like a sort ov nightmare in singin' —I never heard the likes ov it before!"



Irrepressible.—Two Irishmen were talking together just after the landing of Jenny Lind at New York. One remarked—"Sure, Jemmy Lynn's come—did you hear that?" "'Deed I did not," answered the other; "who is he?" "Hear to the likes o' that now!" rejoined his companion. "*It is not a* He *at all—it's a Nightingal!*"

"La Bomba di Marchesi."—It is almost dangerous to provide a clue that may add another to the many graces and embellishments with which melodies are and have been spoiled. Marchesi was a great singer of the latter part of the eighteenth century, and a contemporary of Anna Storace. In one of the operas in which these two singers were engaged, occurred a cavatina which was very popular—"Sembianza amabile del mio bel sole." Marchesi used to sing this air in magnificent style. In one passage it was his wont to run up two or so octaves of semitones, increasing in volume as he progressed, till at last he would alight upon his note with such tremendous force and effect that the title *La Bomba di Marchesi* was given to the showy piece of vocalisation. Marchesi's "bomba" had gone off but few times before another singer took to the sport, and let one off before the inventor's face—one, too, so brilliant that it quite eclipsed all previous exhibitions of this kind of sport. The offender was "Nancy" Storace, and Marchesi was furious with her. He rushed to the manager's room, demanded an explanation and an order to the end that "the second woman" should discontinue taking such liberties. All this was granted, but Nancy would not submit. "I shall not," said she. "Haven't I as much right to show off my 'bomba' as anybody else?" This brought matters to a crisis. "She or I will have to leave," declared Marchesi, and as he continued his threat, and would not sing again till something was settled, the poor manager had to decide the quarrel. A *rara avis* like Marchesi was not to be had every day—so, rightly or wrongly, poor "Nancy" was sent about her business.

A Much-needed Key.—Mrs. Billington came one night to Drury Lane Theatre to perform Mandane in *Artaxerxes*

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so hoarse as to render it a question whether it would be possible for her to appear before the audience. To add to her perplexity, her maid had mislaid the key of her jewel-

box, but persisted that her mistress must have got it with her. "What can I have done with it?" said the siren; "I suppose I must have swallowed it without knowing it." "And a lucky thing, too," said Weivitzer; "it may perhaps serve to open your chest!"

As it should be.—One evening at a concert, that queen of song, Madame Antoinette Sterling, had been singing "Darby and Joan," and a few days later she was told that a gentleman and his wife had been present, and they were so affected by her song that they became reconciled to each other after a quarrel which had made their home wretched for many months. Darby and Joan are the names of a happy married couple who are said to have lived in a village in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The poem "The Happy Old Couple" gives an account of them. This poem was once attributed to Prior. Timperley says, "The good old Darby was a printer in Bartholomew Close, and the ballad was written by one of his apprentices—Henry Woodfall."

Vulgarity Rewarded!—Criticism ceases to be criticism when it is aimed at disadvantages and shortcomings which are irremediable. Fanny Persiani's father laboured under a shortcoming, and being perfectly conscious of his unsightly figure, he used every means by which the public might hear him first and see him afterwards. Failing this, he always feared a reception like that he met with on his first appearance on the boards of the Odéon—a most insulting outburst of laughter, with derisive cries of "Hunchback!" "Why, here's a hunchback!" Greatly annoyed, Tacchinardi walked to the footlights, and with a graceful bow said, "Gentlemen, I come here not to exhibit my person but to sing. I ask the favour of a hearing." There was no more laughter. Public performers must remember that personal disadvantages cannot be redeemed by the finest and rarest of talents. The world says so. That is enough. It would be insane to oppose the world.

Claque Outwitted.—A singer who is to succeed, if she has not friends and interest, must have the strength of a Hercules, as well as the patience and long-suffering of a Job. Madame Alboni possessed these qualities, and with them she once fought and conquered single-handed a *claque* of determined opponents. Having arrived at Trieste to fulfil an engagement, Alboni soon discovered that a cabal was being organised against her. Disguising herself as a man, she found out the headquarters of the conspirators, and tendered

GETTING INSPIRATIONS.

her services. "I'm quite unknown to all of you," said she to the leader of the cabal, "but if there's fun on hand, count on me." "Agreed," was the reply; "we are preparing to hiss off a new cantatrice this evening." "Why?" inquired the stranger, "has she done anything wrong?" "No! only she comes from Rome, and we wish to have no singer here whose reputation has not been gained amongst us." "That is quite fair and feasible. Now what part can I take in the affair?" "Each of us," said the leader, "carries a whistle

similar to this"—at the same time withdrawing a pretty black whistle fastened to a red ribbon from his pocket. "Take this, and at a signal which will be given after the air of Rosina, in Rossini's opera to-night, you have but to add to the uproar which will be raised." *"Très bien!"* said the *dégagé* stranger, who then departed. That evening the theatre was filled to overflowing, for Rossini's *Il Barbiere* was to be played. The curtain rose, and Almavira and Figaro, two native favourites, were listened to with great attention; but no sooner had Rosina appeared than six or seven whistles were heard from different parts of the house, without waiting for the leader's signal. Alboni advanced to the front of the stage, and taking the little whistle from her neck, said: "Gentlemen, *we* must not hiss *me,* but the cavatina; you have commenced too soon." The whole house saw through the affair, and burst out into applause. Alboni that night was called before the curtain nearly a dozen times, amid showers of flowers. "I had no idea that you were aware of this cabal," said the manager, after the performance. "My dear sir," replied Alboni, "it is here as in politics—you must lead the movement or else be swept away."

Not Qualified.—The Countess of Cannazaro's cook was a worthy man, and probably far better *chef.* He could not free himself, however, from the belief that he was a singer of the highest order, and that he only needed a patron to enable him to gain high distinction in the musical world. Rubini heard of this, and, assisted by Lablache, arranged a meeting, so that the cook's singing powers might be fairly tested. No stone was left unturned which might conduce to the *chef's* success. For accompanists the leaders in the opera band were secured, and Costa even gave his services as conductor. It was a comical scene. There stood the neglected vocalist full of confidence, and in real earnest, but totally unconscious of the feelings of those around him, some of whom, like Lablache,

were evidently splitting with suppressed humour. The result was just what was expected—a ridiculous failure; whereupon M. le Chef-de-cuisine was sent back to his kitchen with the advice to give up the idea of becoming a singer, and to devote himself instead to the greatest and most mysterious of all the arts—the art of cookery! It is a pity a good many more singers do not desert the stage for the kitchen, where a good "hash" might win them fame!

A Nightingale's Nest.—Years ago an old widow lived in one of the almshouses in Stockholm, and in her charge was a little orphan girl whose name was Johanne. A fearfully hot-tempered woman was Sarah, and though little Johanne was of much service to her in making the hair-plaits which she sold at the market, the little charge was frequently

DISCOVERED.

the object of her cross and passionate threats, besides being kept a prisoner all day; for when the widow went to market, she used to lock the door, and Johanne was caged in—sometimes without any food. Sad times were these for the little girl—only six years old. But there were plenty of plaits to make, and little Johanne tried to forget her troubles by working more diligently than ever. At times, however, the tears *would* come. One day, glancing at the beautiful sky, she was reminded that it would soon be evening, and Sarah

would scold her for doing so little work; so she threw up the window to catch the summer air, and went busily to her plaiting, singing as she worked. While thus engaged a lady of high rank happened to be passing by, and so struck was she by the purity and brilliancy of the child's voice that she stopped her carriage to listen. Little Johanne went on singing, quite unconscious that she had an audience till she heard a knock at the door. Before she knew what to do, the neighbours had informed the lady of the girl's position. Through the stranger's kindness it was not long before Johanne was in a school, and in course of time the benefactress got her admitted as a pupil into the Royal Theatre. Time passed, and little Johanne became the admiration and worship of the world, under the name of Jenny Lind!

Elderly Sucklings.—Brothers, and very frequently sisters, do not always in their little nests agree. However, Dignum, a vocal light of two or three generations past, and his brother had an almost ludicrous attachment to each other. One never spoke of himself without referring to the other and including him in his joys or troubles as the case might be. On one occasion the singer, being asked by Charles Bannister "how he was," replied, "I am not much better, neither is my brother." The reply, though not unexpected, tickled Bannister's curiosity. "What ails you?" he asked; "and what has been prescribed you?" "Oh! the doctor thinks both I and my brother are consumptive," replied Dignum; "and he says I must take ass's milk, and my brother too." "Does he!" exclaimed Bannister; "then you can both oblige each other."

Fiasco.—When Matilde Ramm was but five years old, she and a younger brother named Emilius were engaged to play Norma's children in Bellini's well-known opera. During the rehearsals the leading singer did not go through the "business" of stabbing the children; but of course during the public performance she made the usual formidable ges-

tures. As Norma was about to rush upon the children, little Emilius became alarmed, and crying, "I won't play if you're going to kill in earnest," took his little sister by the hand and made a rapid exit. The child's interruption of the tragic scene excited great merriment in the audience. The curtain had to be lowered, and for that evening *Norma* was deprived of its dramatic effect. Cruvelli once had a similar experience with two children the stage carpenter had lent her.

A Misapplied Organ.—To English ears there is a peculiarity about French singers and singing which will always mar the popularity of either in England. Every French singer seems to sing, more or less, through the nose. Such was the charge brought against Larivée, and historians of the French Opera all mention as a very remarkable fact that in one instance he did not commit this fault—the occasion being the night of the production of Gluck's *Iphigénie en Aulide,* when Larivée took the part of "Agamemnon." At all other performances the "twang" was so marked that the occupants of the pit, although they would applaud his efforts, were in the habit of qualifying their praise with the remark, "That nose has really a magnificent voice."

Doubtful Punishment.—Mara did not first display her talent for music by singing, but by a marvellous facility upon the violin. Her father used to supplement the income he earned as a singing-master by repairing musical instruments. One day, he had just finished mending a violin, which he left on his work-bench. The curiosity of a child led her to examine the instrument; she was pleased with the sounds she drew from it, but, in a rather too violent *pizzicato* movement, broke one of the strings. Her father returned —scolded the presumptuous *virtuosa,* and threatened to punish her if ever she touched the instrument again. Before

many days were over she was again caught in the act. The father approached her in a menacing attitude, as she stood trembling in a corner. "So," said he, "you have again disobeyed me; now, as a punishment, I will make you learn to play that instrument." What was his astonishment when he saw her run, and, seizing it with eagerness, draw from it tones of a soft and pleasing kind! Little Gertrude soon became a famous songstress; and her father grew rich enough to give up "tinkering" either voices or instruments.

Undesirable Esteem.—There are two, if not more, ways of showing regard for those we admire and esteem—one which is agreeable, and another which is disagreeable. Unfortunately, of these two the former has by far the most patrons. When Jenny Lind was making her American tour, and was at Baltimore, the people were in such ecstasies about the singer that they met under her windows and serenaded her. Upon Mdlle. Lind's appearance at a balcony to acknowledge this compliment, there was a loud and enthusiastic shout from the multitude below. In the midst of this she dropped a valuable shawl, which, in less than a minute, was torn into pieces, and these greedily snatched up and borne away by the crowd as trophies of the singer's popularity, and, we might add, of her admirers' vulgarity.

An Inconvenient Admirer.—"Queens of Song" are sufficiently paid and petted even nowadays, but scarcely as Caffarelli once was. The young and beautiful daughter of the richest nobleman in Naples was destined by her family to take the veil. She consented to quit the world, provided the ceremony of her profession was performed with splendour, and a *sine quâ non* was that Caffarelli, the great soprano singer, should perform at it. Alas! he had retired. "Then," said the young lady, "*I* declare *my* determination never to take the veil unless he does. He sang six years ago when my cousin was professed, and I would rather die than it

should be said that she had the first singer in the world to sing for her and I had not." The fair girl was firm, and such was her glorious obstinacy that her father was obliged to take a journey, see Caffarelli, and with much entreaty and very *weighty* arguments prevail upon him to return with him to Naples. He sang a *Salve regina* at the ceremony: and the signora then went placidly enough to eternal seclusion from the gay and wicked world.

TO TIME.

Tragédienne.—The fire and spirit which we admire so much upon the stage, in the persons of the Leonoras and Elviras of the operatic *répertoire*, would be rather appalling to encounter in the drawing-room or in the person of Susan Jane. An incident in the career of Madame la Maupin illustrates the uncertain nature of some heroines. Being on one occasion invited to a ball at the Palais Royal, she thought fit to go in male attire. Not content with this breach of decorum, she proceeded to behave very impertinently to a lady present, which being observed by three of her friends, they, supposing of course that La Maupin was a man, challenged her to step outside. It need hardly be said she could have avoided the combat by disclosing her sex, but this she did not do. Instantly drawing a revolver she killed the three, then coolly returned to the ball-room, and related the affair to the host, brother of Louis XIV., who obtained her pardon. After a few more adventures she went to Brussels, and there became

the mistress of the Elector of Bavaria. This prince soon eased himself of his charge, and sent her—by the husband of his new mistress—a purse of 40,000 livres, and an order to quit the place. La Maupin was not pleased; she took the purse and threw it at the messenger's head!

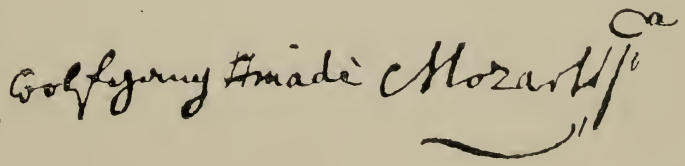
"Not To-day."—Tesi was a wonderful singer, contemporary with Handel. It is said she fell in love with the great harmonist, which is not surprising. It would have been more a wonder had Handel married! Tesi had a contralto voice of masculine strength, and sometimes sang airs intended for a bass. Her voice was also of extraordinary compass. A certain Count once wished to marry her. She did her best to dissuade him from a step that would bring disgrace on him and his family; but finding her efforts of no avail, she secretly left her home one morning, and offered a baker's apprentice fifty ducats to marry her—not to live with her as man and wife, but simply that she might tell the Count she was already married, and so save him from his proposed step, and herself from his attentions. Poor Count!

Host and Hostess.—Incledon was rather a *gourmand.* During a rehearsal one day he particularly requested a friend to dine with him, adding, "Don't be later than four, or you will spoil the John-Dory." Arrived at the house, there was a party of ladies and gentlemen from Manchester, who were Incledon's particular friends. Soon afterwards all sat down to the table, at the head of which was a large dish of fresh herrings, but no John-Dory was to be seen. The whole party, except Incledon and his wife, partook of the herrings; and some of the gentlemen being helped a second time, the bottom of the dish was discovered, on which a lady suddenly exclaimed, "Bless me! Mrs. Incledon, what fish do you call that?" Mrs. Incledon, evidently in the secret, said to her husband awkwardly, "What fish is that, Mr. Incledon?" "Oh, my dear!" replied he, "that's a John-

Dory." The company were invited, of course, to partake of ugly John, but having already eaten fish, they declined, on which Incledon and his wife devoured the whole of it.

Too Apt.—Templeton was a singer literally as cool as a cucumber in the most tragic scenes and situations. Malibran once took him to task. "Are you a man? Have you a wife? Do you love her?" "Yes!" placidly replied Templeton. "Well, then," continued Malibran, "if she were in the trouble I am supposed to be in, would you stand by and look on in such an inanimate and silly manner? Come closer; don't be afraid of me, I shall not bite you." It was not long, with such tuition, that results followed which, we venture to think, surpassed Malibran's expectations. At a rehearsal of a famous love-scene, he had received an unusually impressive injunction from Malibran to "act up" to her. He did so, and threw himself so completely into the scene as to embrace Malibran warmly, and to kiss her neck! "Sir!" instantly remarked Malibran, "that is not necessary! You may affect to love me as much as you are capable of, but I desire that you never again take such a liberty!"

True Jack-Tar.—Mrs. Crouch was once performing her favourite character of Margaretta in *No Song, no Supper,* at the Theatre Royal, Plymouth, when she found herself interrupted. On this occasion a pretty ballad entitled "Poor Little Gipsy," which Mrs. Crouch sang, met with a hearty response from a bluff tar. The singer had held his attention very well, till at the line "Spare poor little Gipsy a half-penny," Jack could contain himself no longer. "That I will, my darling," he shouted out, at the same time flinging the first piece of money he could draw from his pocket on to the stage.



Too Previous.—Mrs. Mountain was a singer at Covent Garden Theatre about a century ago. One morning at a rehearsal she brought a favourite song which she wished to introduce into an opera in the place of another. "That song will not do; I don't like it; bring another with you to-morrow," said the manager as soon as he heard it. When to-morrow came, the same song came with it; Mrs. Mountain having in the meantime instructed her husband—he was leader of the band—to transpose it a note higher. It was played in the new key. Immediately it was concluded, the manager exclaimed, "Ah! that is quite another thing; it's worth ten of the other, and will do very well." So impudent Mrs. Mountain had her way, and published the fact, too, all round the green-room, informing everybody she met that she had "hummed" the manager over nicely! Alas! she began shouting before she was well out of the wood. Mr. Harris discovered her trick, and for their pains Madame Mountain and her spouse had to quit the theatre. Entreaties were of no avail: the manager remained as firm as rocky mountain.

Mistress of the Situation.—Napoleon, whose musical ability historians have passed over, once heard Catalani at the Paris Opera. He made up his mind that Paris should keep possession of her. Accordingly he commanded her to attend upon him at the Tuileries. Catalani was thunderstruck. "Where are you going, madam?" inquired the Consul. "To London, sire," replied the singer. "But you must remain here," retorted Napoleon; "you shall have a hundred thousand francs a year and two months' vacation. That is settled. *Bon jour, madame!*" Catalani hurried away, and more dead than alive reached her apartments, without having dared to acquaint the Emperor that an engagement in Portugal would prevent her from complying with his wishes. In the meanwhile the Emperor quickly gave action to his word, and a document recording the

arrangement was left at Catalani's house. This fired her—for she had a will of her own; she resolved to escape at any cost. Disguised as a nun, she, under the pretence of a pious errand, reached Marlaix, where was a war-vessel exchanging prisoners. To the captain of this ship she offered £150, and strict silence, if he would take her on board. This was agreed to, and so the cantatrice made her escape. Luckily for her, affairs at Paris grew urgent. Apollo gave place to Mars.

Ready to Learn.—While in London, Miss Ffennell, the talented Irish vocalist, met Madame Adelina Patti at a reception given by the Duchess of Rutland (then Lady John Manners). The famous *diva* spoke of the young singer as "that nice Irish girl," which must have been particularly gratifying. Subsequently the great Patti drew Miss Ffennell to the pianoforte, and begged to be shown the traditional way in which "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "The Minstrel Boy" should be rendered. Patti expressed herself delighted with her lesson in Irish vocalism—which she took to heart so well that years afterwards, when the great *prima donna* sang one of these selections in Dublin, Mrs. Scott Ffennell's daughter remarked to her mother: "Why, mother, she sings it exactly as you do!" Quite an illustration of the saw, "Never too old to learn."

Knew her Business.—The famous *prima donna,* Madame Zulinka, had the misfortune once to be captured by Mexican bandits, and it was not long before she discovered that a price was on her head. She had to play a card, and the one she chose proved to be the right one. "You say," observed the bandit chief, "that you are the world-famed cantatrice, Madame Zulinka. Prove it, and you are free; it shall never be said that my band offered an indignity to a child of Art, especially to an opera soprano." "How shall I prove my identity?" asked the lady. "It is easy; sing to us."

"What?" said she, "sing in a cavern! No footlights, no make-up, no bouquets, and no money in the box office? Never!" "Gentlemen," said the chief, "it is evident the lady is what she claims to be. Escort her to the nearest village and set her free."

Then and Now.—Madame Clara Butt's earliest musical recollection is, it is said, of herself as a small child sitting in the garden of her home in Jersey singing to a disreputable doll the ditty, "Tommy, make room for your Uncle." For this she was rewarded by a neighbour, who cut her some bunches of exquisite grapes. Once the famous contralto went to inquire after a dying girl-friend. Being kept waiting in a room adjoining her friend's, she sat down at the piano and sang "Cleansing Fires." The words seemed to her to suit the occasion. At the end of the last refrain she heard sobs both from the mother and daughter. The latter recovered rapidly, and declared it was the song which had given her fresh energy and courage. Clara, indeed, had saved her life!

Doubtful.—Many of us know how to appraise the value of most things "made in Germany," and this discrimination often has to be extended to the news and paragraphs which find their way into German newspapers. One of these has unearthed the story that at a private party Madame Patti, after singing several *bravura* airs, gave the well-known letter song in *Don Giovanni*. When she had finished, a little old lady stepped up to her, and said, "In florid music you have no rivals, but your rendering of Mozart appears to me rather too hurried. But lest you may think I am talking like a blind man about colours, I give you my name—Jenny Lind Goldschmidt." Madame Patti, it is recorded, winced under this rebuke, then replied, "I know you have been a famous singer once—I have heard grandfather talk about you." After this rebuff Jenny Lind quietly trotted back to her seat beside the hostess. It is difficult to believe this

narrative, which barely carries the excuse of being *ben trovato*. In the first place, Jenny Lind was too refined to make such a brutal correction, and like a true artist would have nothing but encouragement for a brilliant exponent of the art she loved so well.

An Unexpected Reply.—One of the penalties of society is this, its etiquette must be observed. Thus compliments are paid, and services proffered, which it would be a mark of either ignorance or insolence to accept. Anna Selina Storace was once admitted to a *fête* at which "the Court" of Vienna was present, when his Majesty the Emperor Joseph walked up to her, and in the politest manner possible expressed a hope that she was being amused. This was succeeded by an inquiry as to whether he could do anything for her. "Yes, your Majesty," said the singer, much to the alarm of those around, "I am quite thirsty. Will your Majesty procure for me a glass of water?"

Artistic Charity.—No class of people is more generous, benevolent, and ready to assist in times of need than those connected with the stage. One day a poor Italian musician besought Lablache for help to enable him to return to his native soil. Lablache was touched with the tale of the *émigré*, and next day at rehearsal laid the case as well as he could before his fellow-artists. Without any to-do each of the leading voices contributed fifty francs. Malibran was among these. Early the next day, however, she called upon Lablache with two hundred and fifty more, which, she explained, she did not give the day before, not liking to appear to be more generous than the rest. As soon as possible Lablache hastened to the poor Italian's lodgings, but, behold! he had gone that morning to the steamer in high spirits at the goodness and liberality of his talented compatriots. Lablache, good-hearted soul that he was, did not stop here. He hurried to the Thames and found the boat

just ready for starting. With some assistance Lablache got aboard, and after a little trouble found the Italian. Lablache handed him the money, and was soon on his way home rejoicing.

Old Antagonists.—Musical party spirit neglects no opportunity of manifesting itself. An Italian *connoisseur* swore by all the gods that none but Italians could sing. Imagine, then, his surprise upon being told by a partisan of the German school that Sontag could surpass any Italian singer. The irate Italian would not be convinced. "It is impossible," said he, "that Sontag" (whom he had never heard) "can be even equal to the singers of Italy." After a deal of persuasion he was induced to attend the Opera to hear her. He had listened to her for barely five minutes before he rose to leave. "Do stay," said his German friend. "You have not given her a fair trial. Do stop. You will be convinced presently." "Yes!" said the Italian, "I know it, and therefore I must be off."

A Convenient Shot.—Margarita de l'Epine was the rage of the singing world in the early part of the eighteenth century. Her voice could not last for ever, and when she and her singing began to decline, it became the duty of *impresario* Aaron Hill to communicate the unpleasant fact to her. He was sore pushed for a loophole until he hit upon the following ingenious device. He knew that Mdlle. de l'Epine had a parrot—a truly talkative one—which, when her ladyship was at home, she used to place at the open window of her lodgings at Boswell Court, where it was constantly edifying the passers-by with a line from Handel's *Julius Cæsar*. Hill, when he next wrote to her, addressed his epistle "Mdlle. de l'Epine, at the sign of the Italian Parrot, Boswell Court." Mademoiselle walked into this trap exquisitely. She wrote back to Hill saying that it was a beastly insult, and wound up by threatening to resign her

engagement. The *impresario* promptly replied to this in a most insolent style, and informed De l'Epine that "he could very well spare her, in spite of her attractions, if she would but send her feathered pupil." That ended things!

Generosity.—Unlike most great singers, Guadagni amassed a large fortune, which he was in the habit of lending out in large and small sums to nobles and gentlemen who had run short or ruined themselves. One day there came a modest request for the loan of a hundred sequins. "I only want it as a loan," said the impoverished client, "I shall repay you." "That is not my intention," replied Guadagni; "if I wanted to have it back I should not lend it to *you:*" a speech which, if it did not relieve him for ever of applications from that source, was an imprudent one, for it probably doubled the number of them!

Saved by his Voice.—In the early part of his career Campanella, the famous singer, took an active share in the defence of Venice. On the capture of the city, he with many Italians emigrated. The exiles landed at Patras, in Greece, and the singer, desirous of seeing something of the country, separated himself from his companions, and procuring a guide, went overland to Athens. He was aware that the country was infested by brigands, and the guide continually counted his rosary, invoked Madonnas, saints, and souls in Purgatory, and after passing safely by any place that would afford protection for the banditti, he would turn to Campanella and say devoutly, "It is quite sure that all the saints are with us to protect us." Suddenly loud cries of "Faccia a terra" (Face to the ground) resounded on all sides of them, and the singer having been forewarned by his guide, that if they were attacked he must throw himself on the ground and not look at any of his assailants, did as he had been told. He soon felt hands all over him plundering him of all he possessed; but presently, not being able to endure the suspense any

longer, he sprang to his feet, when knives gleamed all round him. The robbers, however, were restrained by their chief, who began to question him as to his past life. Finding he was a singer, he was desired to sing, and instantly felt that the power of his voice would be the means of saving him. He sang, and the score of lawless men around duly appreciated, and entered into conversation with him. After the recitative "Squilla di morte! chime! che nilenito!" ("Bell of death! alas, what do I hear"), on singing "Alla pace degli eletti," he knelt, looking up to heaven, as is usual in that prayer ("To the peace of the Redeemed"), and to his surprise saw all the brigands with their arms folded and heads reverently bent kneeling around him. On finding that he was not only a singer, but had been one of the volunteers in the defence of Venice, the banditti restored all they had taken from him, and set him and his guide at liberty. Some time later, Campanella visited one of the miserable prisons of Athens, and two of the brigands recognised and spoke to him. He gave them some money, but was detained by the gaoler as their accomplice, and had to procure the services of some of his Greek friends before he could obtain his release.

Sang for his Life.—Poor "Joe" Maas, as he used to be called, for several years the leading tenor of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, was passionately fond of shooting and fishing. It was the latter that was, indirectly, the cause of his premature death. When in America he started on a buffalo hunt with his friend Dion Boucicault. At that time the country was full of badly disposed Indians, but the hunters were willing to risk their scalps for a good week's sport. On this expedition they lost their way on returning to camp, and as night came on they did not know how to proceed, so they lighted a fire, and cooked and ate a meal of buffalo steaks. Suddenly an arrow whizzed by, and in a few seconds they were bound hand and foot by some Apaches. There was no hope of escape, and the two friends expected instant

death. At this juncture Mr. Boucicault, who was almost fainting from fright, said to Maas, "Joe, sing me 'Fra Poco' once more before I die, and my scalp will come off much easier." Mr. Maas, with tears in his eyes, complied, and got as far as "The wild flowers soon will shed their bloom around my sad and lonely tomb," when two big Indians came up smiling all over, and grunted, "Heap good—more!" The famous tenor finished the aria, and gave them to understand that he could not sing unless he was unbound. The Indians loosened the thongs, and Mr. Maas, with a despairing hope, continued singing the opera. From 9 P.M. till 3 the following morning he continued to sing. Every time he stopped the Indians poked him with a spear. However, just as his larynx seemed about to burst, the last Indian dropped asleep, and the tenor cut the hide rope that bound Dion Boucicault, and they stole away together. They reached the settlement in safety, and the artist never sang the third act of *Lucia* afterwards without being overcome.

Over-provided.—Lablache, *basso profundo* and most genial of men, was in the habit of getting into funny predicaments owing to his absence of mind. Once, when at Naples, he was sent for to the palace. He entered the waiting-room, and, till called into the presence of his Majesty, conversed with the courtiers in attendance. Having a cold in his head, he asked permission to keep on his hat. Getting into full discourse, he was suddenly startled by the gentleman in-waiting crying out, "His Majesty demands the presence of Signor Lablache." In his eagerness to obey the royal summons he forgot the hat he had on his head, and snatching up another he entered the King's cabinet. Being received with a most hearty laugh, Lablache was confounded, but at length recovered himself, and respectfully asked his Majesty what had excited his hilarity. "My dear Lablache," replied the King, "pray tell me which of the two hats you have got with you is your own—that on your head, or that in

your hand? Or perhaps you have brought both as a measure of precaution in case you should leave one behind you?" "Ah, maladetta!" replied Lablache, with an air of ludicrous distress on discovering his mistake; "two hats are indeed too many for a man who has lost his head as I have." It only remains to state that this story has been told of Lablache and the late Queen Victoria; in fact, to be strictly honest, the present writer has been guilty of that application.

Curing Prejudice.—Caffarelli—the insolent, as he was nicknamed—was to sing at the marriage of the Prince of Savoy with the Infanta of Spain. On the first night of the performance of the opera in which he was to sing, the prince went behind the scenes, and entering into a conversation with Caffarelli, said that he was glad to see him there, although the Princess of Savoy thought it hardly possible that any one could sing to please her as greatly as Farinelli did. "Now, Caffarelli," added the prince, at the same time clapping him on the shoulder, "exert yourself, and cure the princess of this prejudice in favour of her master." "Sir," rejoined Caffarelli, warmed by the prince's remarks, "her Highness shall hear two Farinellis in one to-night." He kept his word, for his singing that night was so marvellous that he was said to have surpassed all rivalry.

Prophetic.—When Yvette Guilbert was singing at Lyons for £4 on each evening, this now immensely popular French music-hall artist was hissed off the stage, much to the disgust of the manager. He vented his rage and disappointment on her, but she responded, "Patience, my friend; the day is not far off when you will offer me 1100 francs instead of 100." Her prophetic calculation was not far out, for she afterwards received £40 for each appearance she made at Lyons. This wealthy artist has had a very interesting career. When still quite young she lost her father, and

this necessitated her seeking employment. For a while she sought in vain, until one day, by chance, her tall and graceful figure commended itself to the world-famed firm of Worth. Yvette was engaged in the show-room to try on and so exhibit the various costumes to intending purchasers. This employment, though apparently so light, was in reality most fatiguing, and Mdlle. Guilbert threw it up for the stage, where she was welcomed with open arms.

Strong Medicine!—No wonder that witty Sophie Arnould's admirers were so numerous, and that Marmontel, Favart, and Bernard remembered her in their verse. She was out walking one morning when she met an old friend, a doctor, with a gun under his arm. She soon gathered from him that he was on his way to see a patient. "Ah!" she suddenly retorted, "so you're afraid of your ordinary treatment failing."

Knew Better.—Great singers exercise great whims—particularly on those occasions when they are about to sing. Some eat, others starve themselves; some talk, some won't; others get up early and take refreshing exercise, and larger numbers lie longer in bed to rest. Then there are those who smoke—and others who would as soon think of suicide as of inhaling tobacco weed. And so we might go on *ad infinitum,* for there is really no end to the freaks and fancies of those who sing. Jenny Lind and Sims Reeves both declared that on the day they sang they preferred not to sit down. Once the two great singers were pacing backwards and forwards, singing their parts, music in hand. Otto Goldschmidt remarked to his wife, "Why, Jenny, you must have sung those songs many times before, surely there is no need for all this." "You are a fine musician," replied the great Jenny Lind, "but Mr. Reeves and I are singers, and we know what is best for us."

Alice Adelaide Needham

Chip of the Block!—"Train up a child in the way he should go," said a wise writer. If there is one profession more than another for the trials of which an early application of the above admirable admonition will prove valuable, it is that of music. Braham was a man who knew something of the world, and he had a promising little boy of five years old who looked like growing as wise as his father. A gentleman who was in the habit of visiting at Braham's house one day asked Braham's little boy to sing him a song, which the infant said he would do if he paid him for it. "Well, my little dear," said the gentleman, "how much do you ask for one?" "Sixpence," replied the child. "Oh!" said the other, "can't you sing me one for less?" "No," said the urchin, "I can't take less for one; but I'll sing you three for a shilling!"

So he would.—Miss (now Madame) Clara Butt had been singing "Kathleen Mavourneen" at Cardiff. After the concert, a poor man came up to her as she was leaving the hall, polishing his nose and eyes with a red handkerchief. "Oh, miss," he said, "but sure I did enjoy it! An' I'm an Irishman m'self, too. I don't know who composed 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' but if he could have heard you, he'd have turned in his grave with delight." So he would—or, for that matter, so would any one else similarly situated.

"Flagrante Delicto."—Amid the mass of gossip of which singers and actors form the subject, nothing is more common than to hear it confidently asserted by some wretched little lounger that such a one "drinks like a fish." Of course the members of the musical and dramatic professions are no more immaculate than clergymen, lawyers, and doctors, while their temptations are infinitely greater. We can recollect only one or two stories of a *prima donna* appearing in public in a state of undeniable intoxication. One of these bears upon the first performance of Piccini's *Iphigenia*. When the heroine

appeared it was seen at once that Iphigenia, Mdlle. Laguerre, could not stand upright! She rolled about to all the compass-points of the stage, hesitated, made faces at the orchestra—in short, she was drunk! Before she could be removed from the stage a facetious individual sang out: "This is not 'Iphigenia in Tauris'; it is 'Iphigenia in Champagne!'"

Clerical Critics.—Mrs. Cibber was the first woman who drew applause by the singing of "He was despised," and this was on the occasion of the first performance of the *Messiah* in Dublin, when she delivered the beautiful air in so touching and pathetic a manner that a clergyman so far forgot himself, and every one else, save Mrs. Cibber, as to audibly exclaim after she had finished the air, "Woman, for this be all thy sins forgiven!" *Apropos*, clerical criticism and unusual foresight were once applied to Mdlle. Brambilla. She was a beauty, and a charming mezzo-soprano singer besides. "She has the finest eye," said a gay cardinal, "the sweetest voice, and the best disposition: if she is discovered to possess any other merits, the safety of the Catholic Church will require her excommunication."

Nearly a Victim.—It would be an interesting census to trace—if it were possible to do so—how many good voices have been ruined by self-dubbed professors of singing, the great majority of whom are no more qualified to tamper with the delicate affairs of voice production than they are to perform an operation in obstetric surgery. It cannot be too emphatically stated that most young people—delicate girls particularly—should be seen by a throat doctor, or get advice from one of the throat hospitals, before placing themselves under the care of teachers of singing. The finest voice and the strongest constitution may very quickly be ruined by men and women unacquainted with physiological aspects of the voice. No one to-day will question Madame Clara Butt as a vocalist. She had a narrow shave. It is recorded that

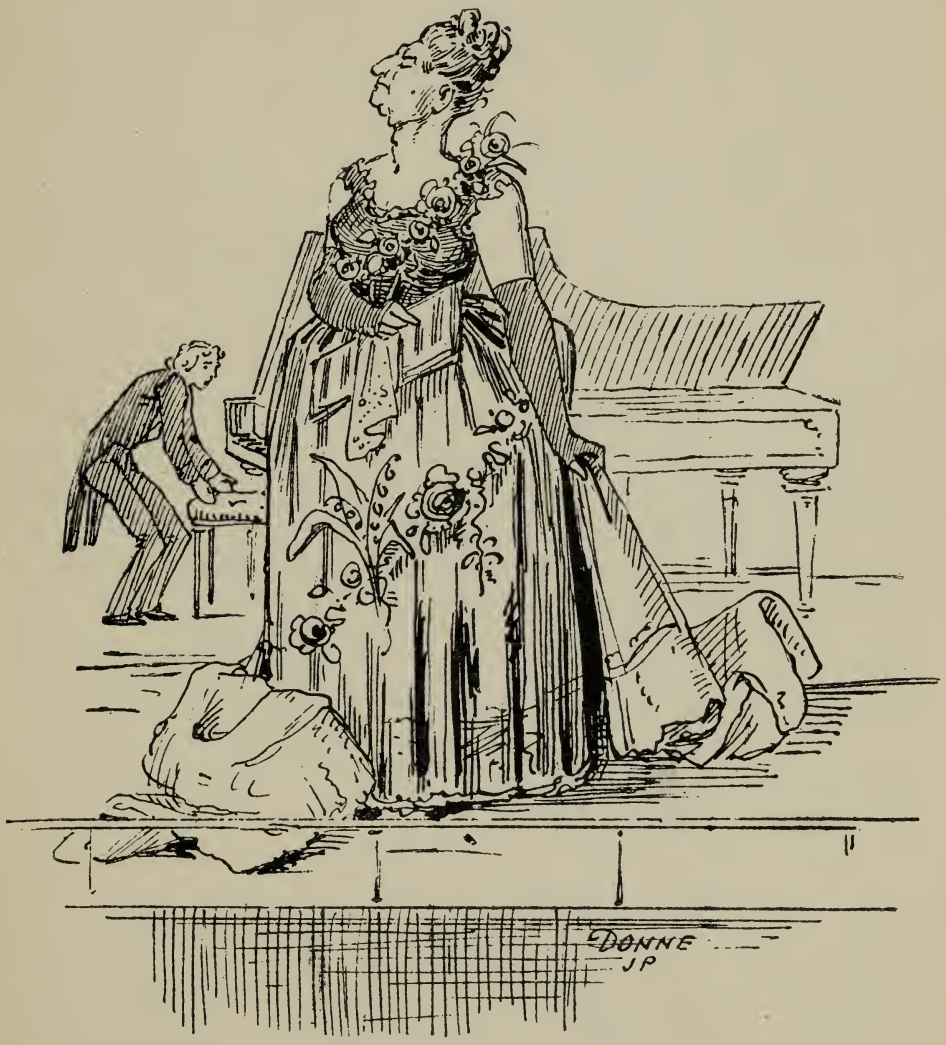
her first singing mistress, a Bristol lady, thought that as her pupil could take high B, she must be a soprano. However, she eventually and wisely consented to try the lady with a song in a lower key. One day, while singing the "deep part," a visitor in an adjoining room remarked to Mrs. Butt, "What a lovely voice your son has!" Finding that the "son" was a daughter, the visitor persuaded Mrs. Butt to have Clara's voice properly tested by a well-known authority on the voice. The long and short of it is this: it's of no use studying with any others but the best authorities on the Voice.

Too Cutting.—Just a few minutes before an important concert at which Capoul was announced to appear, he rushed into a barber's shop for a shave and hair-cut. When the razor had done its work, the artist who wielded it inquired, "What coiffure does monsieur desire?" "Well," said Capoul, blushing a little, "the coiffure à la Capoul, since it is the fashion." The barber turned and re-turned Capoul's head in every direction. "À la Capoul," he said at length, "à la Capoul. Ah! monsieur," he added reproachfully and regretfully, "it is not possible—you have not the head for that!"

For Wraith Believers.—Miss Ada Crossley has figured, once at least, as her own ghost. She was announced, as the great attraction of the evening, to sing at a sacred concert at Queen's Hall, on a certain Ash Wednesday. A very heavy cold obliged her at the last moment to give up the attempt, and the disappointing circumstance was duly notified on huge posters all round the hall. Miss Crossley, although incapacitated from singing, was not, however, too unwell to take a place among the audience, and, with a party of friends, was conducted to the front of the stalls. The usher, who apparently had imagined, from the information of the posters, that she was seriously ill, only recognised her when handing her a programme. The man started as though he had seen

a visitant from ghost-land, and exclaimed in tones that sent the whole house into roars of laughter, "Good Lord! it's Ada Crossley!"

Professional Jealousies.—Faustina and Cuzzoni were two *prime donne* of Handel's time, and were as jealous of each



"QUITE AS GOOD AS——"

other as two women well could be. They were veritable "queens of song," and, it might be added, of temper also.

One night Lady Walpole had them at her house to sing at a concert. Faustina would not give precedence to Cuzzoni: Cuzzoni would not sing after Faustina; nor would either of them be prevailed upon to sing while the other was present! In this dilemma Lady Walpole took Faustina to a remote part of the house under the pretence of showing her some rare old china, during which time the company obtained a song from Cuzzoni, who supposed that her rival had quitted the field. A similar plan was resorted to to entice Cuzzoni out of the room while Faustina sung. When husband and wife get together on the stage, harmony is not invariably improved. As a rule, the famous husband is weighted with an incompetent wife, or *vice versâ*, and as the pair, like the "two-headed nightingale," cannot be separated, the manager endures and pays the indifferent singer for the sake of the "better half." There is on record a case where the inconvenience resulted not from the affection of a pair musically ill-mated, but from the very reverse. Ansari, a tenor of the Opera-house in 1780, and nearly as famous for his vile temper as for his singing, married Signora Maccherini, a desperate virago, and in every way a match for him. The two were fearfully jealous of each other, and when singing at the same theatre, if one happened to be applauded more than the other, these amiable beings resorted to the lively occupation of employing persons to hiss one another off the stage. Clearly a case of candle burning at both ends!

Self to Blame.—Domestic worries, great and small, appear to be a special invention for the purpose of crowning the summit of mankind's pile of misery. High and low, rich and poor, are affected alike, which supports the theory just propounded. Prominently among these social tortures rises the trouble with domestic servants—a never-ending theme of abuse and comment, deserved and undeserved, under every roof. Madame Patti relates an amusing

incident about her *chef*. One afternoon, when he could not be found in any of his usual haunts at the castle, the great singer happened to go into the large concert-hall which she has had built at her Welsh home. "There I found him," she relates, "sitting in white cap and apron before the grand piano, doing his very best to play 'Home, sweet Home!' His confusion and apologies were too much for me, and instead of the indignant speech which I felt on the tip of my tongue, I had to smile, and I had a piano sent to his room, so that while at Craig y Nos he might not lack an opportunity for future practice." The incomparable songstress has herself to blame. Her renderings of that familiar, pathetic ballad have touched the heart-chords of many a one besides her *chef*.

A Bold Cut.—For daring, wild gaiety, and impulsiveness, there never was another that approached Malibran: many are the stories told of her daring. Just before going on the stage one evening, Malibran fainted. Restoratives were applied, and among them came a mixture supposed to be vinegar, but which the fainting woman had no sooner tasted than it raised two or three blisters on her mouth. It revived her, but it was evident she could not appear. Suddenly Malibran made her way from those around her. "I will arrange it," said she, and taking a pair of scissors, she went to a looking-glass and cut the blisters from her lips. In a minute or so she was on the stage in the rôle of *Arsace*, and she never sang or acted better in her life.

Musical Modesty.—That much-admired and greatly flattered Piccolomini was, in 1852, playing in *Lucrezia Borgia* at the Carignan Theatre, Florence. On the last night of her engagement at the theatre, a vast concourse of people assembled together as she came forth, and were about to take the horses from her carriage. She spoke out and told them, with flushed cheek and flashing eyes, that men ought to

know better than to put themselves in the place of beasts, that Italy had higher and nobler duties for her sons. She then passed out of the theatre by a back door, and made her way to her hotel on foot. In the opposite sex we do not look for much extreme modesty, yet the quality in question is not altogether unknown. Tinney, a singer of a generation or two back, possessed a splendid bass voice, yet persistently refused to perform any solo work. One of his friends sought to cure him with the following not purely faultless lines:—

"How is it, Tinney,
You're such a ninny,
While you've a voice to go low?
Sure such a fellow,
With notes so mellow,
Should oftener sing a solo.

Sing less in chorus while on earth,
Solo's the test of merit;
In heaven's chorus you'll have a berth,
But on earth pray show some spirit."

Misguided Enthusiasm.—Music, like most other things, has had its victims to indiscretion. One of the most dangerous and commonest pitfalls is the adulation of inartistic admirers. It was just this that ruined Catalani's splendid organ. Every time that this songstress left the stage a throng of flatterers would meet her with the words, "Ah, madame, your latest effort is always the best;" and so her gorgeous roulades grew to an interminable length, demanding more and more exertion, till at last she killed her voice. Madame Dorus Gras had an extraordinary power of holding on the highest notes in her voice, and this grew into such a habit that the Parisian wags used to say of her, "When once she touches a high note, her audience may stroll into a neighbouring *café*, eat an ice, and yet be back before she leaves it."

Undeceived.—Great artists are scarce; they are also a luxury, and, like all other articles of luxury, they can command fancy prices. When David Coxes are born by the dozen, and *prime donne* are found by the score, the articles will come within the reach of everybody, and possibly will cease to be appreciated! Till then, those who want them must be content to pay. So discovered Catharine II. of Russia, who invited the celebrated Gabrielli to St. Petersburg. Now Gabrielli was perfectly aware of her own value, and saw no reason to depreciate it. She therefore replied to the Empress without hesitation, "Five thousand ducats." "Five thousand ducats!" said astonished Catharine; "why, not one of my field-marshals is paid so much." "Then your Majesty had better get a field-marshal to sing," said the affronted siren. Thévenard, the best singer in France, once administered a similar lesson. The new *impresario* of the Opera-house came and offered him six hundred francs to sing. This sum he indignantly refused, saying "that it was not a suitable present for his valet."

English as Spoken.—When will concert arrangers, managers, and the like show greater respect for English audiences and the English tongue? Unless they can give us English songs with intelligible English they should avoid them until they can. We are much better off with Italian songs by Italian singers. No sooner does a foreign *prima donna* make a success than she is suddenly seized upon by managers and concert-givers to sing songs with English words—such songs as "The Last Rose of Summer," "Home, sweet Home," "The Banks of Allan Water," etc. The *sang froid* with which this is done is amazing. How the singers can be induced to make such shows of themselves passes our comprehension. Here, however, we suppose, metal tells, as it does elsewhere. Even the famous Jenny Lind's pronunciation was far from what it should have been, and sometimes in private it was quite amusing. Once, when talk turned upon

the question of mice, an animal of which ladies are believed to entertain feelings approaching to terror, Jenny Lind contributed to the discussion the quaint phrase, "I have a hole in my heart for ze leetle mouse."

Worth It.—Madame Calve, our loved and wondrous Carmen of to-day, tells an amusing story of a visit she once paid to her birthplace. Strolling one day through the forest, singing gaily as she went, she was stopped by one of the village girls, who was evidently struck by the beauty of her voice. "You ought to sing at our fair," quoth the simple maiden, "as you would certainly get as much as five francs each time."

His Footing.—Slender indeed are the threads upon which some folks hang their claims to friendship and acquaintanceship. Perhaps it is well this should be, constituted as this world and its things are; although, obviously, there are disadvantages to a system which allows one's tailor or dressmaker to proceed as equals. The thing obtains, however, and society, even in its highest walks, has found it convenient to submit to it. The great baritone Gailhard once pleaded his cause at the French Court upon one of the slenderest of grounds. In his case it again answered—but it has to be remembered that the singer was a great favourite, while Napoleon III. and his Empress were the kindliest of people. He had long been before the eyes of royalty, for he made his *début* at the Tuileries before the Emperor and Empress at the age of sixteen. Many years later, when he had become intimate with their majesties, one day he said to the Empress: "I have known your Majesty's foot for years. I am the son of Gailhard, who was shoemaker to the convent where your Majesty was educated." "Oh!" she replied, "are you little Gailhard?" "Yes, your Majesty," replied the baritone, "and I have always kept as a relic the last on which my father fashioned your Majesty's shoes."

Voice Tonic.—That not-to-be-despised beverage, "porter," seems to be inseparably connected with the name of Malibran.

LA PREMIÈRE LEÇON.

The last scene of the *Maid of Artois* is laid in a desert, wherein the heroine has to depict all the agonies of thirst. Malibran—grand artist that she was—used to throw her

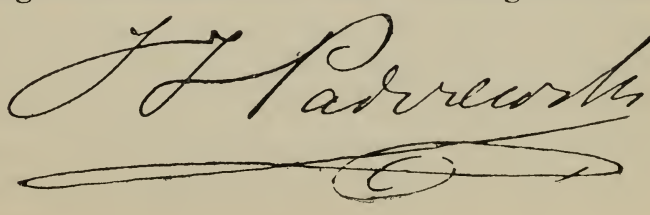
whole soul into this scene, which, however, was one where, rather inappropriately, recourse to the porter-pot was indispensable. One day Mr. Bunn, with more than his usual imperiousness, ordered that Malibran was to have no porter. The siren stormed and said she "would!" Finally she won the day, and, despite the manager, a pot of frothing beer was placed behind one of the banks for the singer to sip while the audience were supposing her to be dying from thirst! We must not deduce from this that the great cantatrice had an unquenchable thirst for "Barclay & Perkins," but it is quite certain that on an unlucky occasion this got to the ears of a wag, who went about declaring that on a certain night as she stood on one of the spring-traps below the stage waiting to be sent up, one of the scene-shifters appeared with a pot of that beverage, which so commended itself to her at the moment that she actually asked the shifter for a "sip" thereat—and it was while in the act of taking the "pewter" from the man's hand that the trap went up with Malibran embracing the pot of porter!

Costly Reparation.—One day Alboni promised to sing at a benefit concert for Galli, a well-known professor. Suddenly, however, Alboni left Paris, and forgot to say a word to Galli about returning. Great was the anxiety of the *bénéficiaire* when he found the main attraction of his concert gone. He could sell few or no tickets, and when the hour of the concert came, the *salon* was all but empty. Suddenly a name was announced. It was Alboni. All who took tickets had their reward, for Alboni sang as long and as well as if the room had been crammed to the ceiling. Poor Galli fled to his hotel, and buried his face in his hands. So Alboni found him a few moments afterwards, as she opened the door of his room. "How much, Galli, are the expenses of your concert?" said she. "Not less than five hundred francs," he sighed; whereupon the generous woman produced a note for a thousand francs, of which she begged Galli's acceptance.

In Memoriam.—Gabrielli was singing in Vienna when the French ambassador there fell violently in love with her. In a fit of jealousy he attempted to stab Gabrielli, who was only saved by the whalebone of her corset. The fellow then threw himself at the singer's feet and implored her forgiveness. This was granted upon the condition that he would give up his sword, on which Gabrielli had engraved the following text:—"The sword of ——, who on ——day dared to strike La Gabrielli."

For Others.—Madame Belle Cole rarely disappoints her audience. Once when she was expected to sing in New York, and the roads had become impassable by reason of the snowdrifts, Madame Cole, nothing daunted, determined to walk to her destination. She started out, and after ploughing along for some time, was overtaken by a carrier's van. "Can you give a lift to two unfortunate travellers?" inquired Madame Cole in her cheery way. "I don't mind, if you can get up anywhere," replied the carter. Up she and her companion clambered on to the top of some boxes and arrived triumphantly at their destination.

"Out of the Mouths——."—Tito Mattei was once being shown off before Lablache, who had just come to settle in Naples, in 1846. Tito was about five at the time. Suddenly the great basso turned to him, and carelessly booming a note from his huge chest, asked, "What note is that, Tito?" "It is out of tune," the child answered, "it is neither A flat nor A natural." Lablache crossed the room to where the grand piano stood. He softly played A flat and A natural. The note he had sung was between the two. Taking the child on his knee, he embraced him, saying, "Tito, you are my master."



Wanted—the "C.O.S."—Santley—the universal favourite—was in the habit of going to a well-known church at Highgate. Having no money with him one Sunday, he put a cheque in the plate. Immediately there was a wild paragraph in the papers to the effect that Mr. Santley was in the habit of giving an enormous cheque every Sunday. Begging letters began to pour in—one from a man who, though fairly well off and not in need of money, wished, however, to open a banking account, but found he could not do so without making a large deposit. Mr. Santley was accordingly kindly asked to give £100.

Convenient Art.—From the trumpet in the battle down to the barrel-organ which it was said served as an excuse for a burglar to watch a house that his confederates intended to rob, musical art has been put to a variety of uses. It has "charms to soothe a savage breast"; yet it has done more—it has been found of avail to soften the rugged heart of a creditor! Palma was always in love and always in debt. One of his old and tired-out creditors caught him, at length, at home one day, and confronted him with a bill. Palma's person was in danger, for there was a gentleman present to take charge of it if he did not pay. Palma made no reply, but sat down to the harpsichord and sang two or three of his most touching airs. Not only did the creditor forgive the debt, but actually lent Palma ten guineas to stay the fury of another creditor standing outside. This reminds us of Farinelli and his tailor. The singer had ordered a very costly suit of clothes, and when the tailor brought them home, asked for his bill. "I have no bill, sir," said the tailor, "nor shall I ever make one. I have a favour to ask. All the payment I shall ever require will be a song." Eventually, Farinelli took Sartor into his music-room and sang to him some of his most brilliant airs. When he had concluded the tailor was in ecstasies, and after thanking him in the most grateful terms, was about to retire. "No," said Farinelli; "I have given way to your weakness:

it is but fair that you in your turn should give way to mine." Then taking out his purse he insisted on the tailor receiving a sum amounting to nearly double the worth of the clothes. Most tailors of our own day would have no objection to supplying many suits on the same terms; but really if, in return for every suit of clothes, they were obliged to listen to several songs from the customer, in nine cases out of ten the double payment would certainly be fairly earned!

Appreciative Husband.—Clara Novello not only was the darling of the public, but also of her husband. Conversation turning one day on the vocal powers of Mrs. Salmon, Mr. Novello roared out: "Mrs. Samon, sare, she is as dat," at the same time extending the little finger of his left hand and placing his thumb at the root of it. "But my wife," continued he, "behold! she is as dat!" stretching out his whole arm at length and touching the shoulder-joint with the other hand.

Impenitent and Impertinent.—The French stage has seen some rare beauties, yet few have surpassed Sophie Arnould, originally the daughter of a poor hotel-keeper, who awoke one morning and found herself famous. Her wit, her beauty, her grace, her singing, her intelligence, and *abandon* rendered her brilliant even in that glittering age. As a girl she foretold her end, and she was very little out in her calculations. When implored to appear at the opera, she drew up her pretty shoulders and pertly replied: "To go to the opera is to go to the devil. Still, what of it? It's my destiny." She was thirteen years old when she said this, and a tale of her and Voltaire shows that later on in life she was still a pert puss, impudent, careless, and without a shadow of remorse. One day Voltaire said to her, "Ah, mademoiselle, I am eighty-four years old, and I have committed eighty-four follies." "A mere trifle," responded Sophie. "I am not yet forty, and I have committed more than a thousand." The Count de Lauragais, the most celebrated, and from all accounts the

most agreeable of her many admirers, retained the interesting Sophie Arnould's affection nearly four years. One day, however, the witty Sophie determined to break off with him, and thereupon a carriage was sent to the count's hotel containing lace, ornaments, boxes of jewellery—and two children, everything in fact that she owed to the count. The lawful countess, who met the baggage, was generous. She accepted the children, and sent back to Sophie Arnould the lace, the jewellery, and the carriage.

Not to be Copied.—The famous Lablache, who used to make the walls of the Opera-house tremble with his huge bass voice, was for many years our late Queen Victoria's singing master. He was treated almost as a friend. One day, wishing to mark a passage in a song his royal pupil was studying, he put his hand in his pocket but failed to find his pencil. The Queen promptly handed him hers, and, when he returned it, desired him to keep it as a souvenir. This little gold pencil is still much treasured in the Lablache family.

A Fish out of Water.—The musical profession of to-day is in a purer state in every way, but especially socially, than it has ever yet been. A few years ago the ignorance that prevailed among musicians was appalling. And there were worse features. Mrs. Salmon once had to appear to sing "Cease your Funning," with variations, which was usually one of her most successful efforts. After keeping the audience waiting for some minutes without appearing, a note was passed to Sir George Smart, who at once gave directions to "fetch the lady up." She struggled towards the orchestra, and her condition was at once apparent. She had unhappily given way to a habit which was then but too frequent, and was positively so "tipsy" that she could scarcely stand. The audience having become impatient, some tittered, while others slightly hissed. She held her

"part" upside down, and turning round to Sir George Smart, told him she would not sing "that variation," and should change it for another. Looking her through and through, he said at once, in an undertone of sarcasm which, inebriated as she was, she immediately understood: "Madam, you are a large, a fine, and a handsome FISH, but to a certainty you will *flounder* to-night." And flounder she did, until she was literally hissed from the orchestra.

Biter Bit.—To invite a person to your house for what you can get in return is despicable. It is to be feared that invitations too often are sent out with motives not wholly free from such a suspicion. No class experience this more than do professional musicians, who, from the highest to the lowest, are never at a loss for an invitation, when a *bonâ-fide* professional engagement would be more to the purpose. There was a shabby couple who desired to have the *éclat* of engaging the celebrated English *prima donna*, Mary Ann Paton, to sing at one of their parties, and sent her an invitation. Being indisposed, she declined; but so urgently was she pressed that she consented to join the party. When the entertainments of the evening had fairly commenced, and several ladies among the visitors had sung, the hostess invited Miss Paton to seat herself at the piano, as the company would be delighted to hear her beautiful voice; but the singer, with a very serious countenance, begged to be excused. At first the astonishment created by this refusal was evinced by a dead silence and a fixed stare, but at length the disappointed hostess burst out, saying, "What! not sing, Miss Paton? Why, it was for this that I invited you to my party, and I told all my guests that you were coming." "That quite alters the case," said the other; "I was not at all aware of this, or I should not have refused; but since you have invited me professionally, I shall of course sing immediately." "What a good creature!" rejoined the hostess; "I thought you could not persist in refusing me." So Miss Paton sang

the entire evening, giving every song she was asked for, and being encored several times. In the morning, to the utter astonishment of the parsimonious couple, a bill for two hundred dollars was presented to them, for professional services, which of course they had to pay.

An Arch Suggestion.—Grazzini was a born beauty and singer of the latter part of the eighteenth century. She so pleased the great Napoleon that he invited her to Paris. He then sent her a valuable slip of paper on which were the words, "Pay twenty thousand francs—Napoleon." But the dictator fell and died, and such presents as this, together with the pension he bestowed upon his beauty, died with him. Years afterwards Grazzini happened to be present at a *salon* gathering in Paris, when Napoleon and Louis XVIII. became the subjects of conversation. "What would they say," suddenly said one of the gossips, "if the two were to come among us now?" "I know," replied Grazzini; "the first question Napoleon would put to Louis would be this: 'Why did you not continue the pension which I bestowed upon Grazzini?'"

Rare Success.—Banti, the charming vocalist of the latter part of the eighteenth century, was the daughter of a Venetian gondolier, and in her youth was a street-singer. One day a noble amateur chanced to hear her, and he, charmed with her brilliant voice, engaged an instructor for her, who, however found her far too indolent to profit by his teaching; but not long afterwards, outside a *café* in Paris, the sound of a lovely voice attracted the attention of De Vismes, who was at that time manager of the opera-house there. On inquiry, De Vismes learned that her name was Banti, and that she had tramped all the way from Italy to Paris, supporting herself on the way by street-singing. Putting a louis into her hand, he told her he would give her an engagement if she called upon him the next morning. She did so, and

appeared in *opera buffa* with much success. Soon afterwards she accepted a long engagement in London, and subsequently sang with great success at all the principal cities in Europe.

Musical Amputation.—Catalani was one day rehearsing at the Paris Opera-house an air which she had to sing in the evening, when she found the pitch of the pianoforte too high, and gave instructions to have the instrument lowered by the evening. Her husband, Captain Valabrèque, volunteered to see her order carried out, and immediately sent for the stage carpenter and had the legs of the pianoforte shortened! The performance took place, and the lady was greatly annoyed at the continued high pitch at which she had to sing. She soon sought her husband, and remonstrated with him for neglecting her wishes. He, not a little hurt at being thus wrongfully accused, insisted upon calling the person who had performed the operation, and to Catalani's utter astonishment called the carpenter and said to him, "How much did you lower the piano, Charles?" "Two inches, sir," was the prompt reply.

Quite Likely.—A respectable book—so far as dimensions would be concerned—and a very entertaining one, might be compiled, if a hack could be found with the patience and industry to construct a category of the various excuses, expedients, and pleas of lovers for obtaining access to the hearts and presence of those they love—on the stage- and concert-room platform. Few public performers, probably, would say they had not been "approached" by those smitten by the charms and talents by which they had been moved. Madame Ella Russell has been much amused with an experience she once had during a tour in Spain. At her hotel she received every evening a parcel which contained cakes such as are bought at an ordinary pastry-cook's. One evening there was standing in the hall a small individual,

who took off his hat and bowed like a haughty Castilian. He announced to the famous singer—much to her surprise—that he had noticed on each of the twenty nights on which she had sung in *Lucia di Lammermoor* she had always gazed at him in his seat in the topmost gallery! His mother had a bakery in the town; he was her only son, and placed his heart, his hand, and his fortune at her feet.

No Escape.—Miss Annie Grey, the gifted singer, whose delightful rendering of Scottish ballads at Balmoral once charmed her late Majesty, was fond of a country ramble on Saturday afternoons. Before her marriage she and her future husband often made such excursions, but usually without striking incident. Once there was an exception to the rule. The cars were full. Entering one, the singer saw Professor John Stuart Blackie at the other end. He greeted her with, "How are you, how are you, Annie Grey? Come and sit by me." Naturally the twenty other occupants of the car were all ears and eyes. "Who is that gentleman?" the Professor inquired. "Oh! who is he? what is he? going to be married to him?" Such were the questions pouring out, the Professor's tone growing louder and louder as he proceeded. These the poor girl had to answer one by one, of course, to the infinite delight and satisfaction of the twenty.

Well-merited Lesson.—Mr. Sims Reeves once disappointed a Manchester audience through huskiness in the throat, one of the many excuses he was wont to make when not in the humour for singing—excuses, by-the-bye, which he has assured the writer were not always genuine, although they served their purpose in keeping up a certain Sims Reeves "fever" that the famous tenor encouraged. The people were furious. Later on he came to Manchester again, but as soon as he began to sing was hissed by the whole hall. His face was a study. He retired, but was compelled

to return by the loud clapping and storms of cheers. Again he was hissed, and again retired. Once more he was brought back; this time he was allowed to sing—never better. Storms of applause greeted his song, he had to give an encore, and after this was never known to disappoint a Manchester audience.

That's All.—Madame Amy Sherwin, the gifted Tasmanian soprano, was once touring in Australia. Seven thousand persons assembled outside the hotel in Adelaide to welcome her, and she came out on the balcony and sang "Home, sweet Home!" to her enthusiastic admirers. "So many members of Parliament came across from the House to hear me," she says, "that there were not enough votes to secure the passing of the Gaming Bill, which had hitherto been strongly desired. On the following morning some one asked to see me. My maid demurring, he impatiently exclaimed, 'Oh! well, if she won't see me, never mind; she is only a human being after all.'"

À la Carte.—Mr. François Cellier, it is very well known, for many years personally tested all the voices at the Savoy, that is to say, not only the candidates for principal rôles, but also for the chorus, both as to the London company and the provincial travelling troupes. A good tale comes in here. Mr. Michael Gunn, an old business associate of Mr. D'Oyly Carte, was lunching at Romano's, when he sent a waiter to the Savoy to learn whether Mr. Carte was in. The waiter was a long time gone. It appears Mr. Carte had pounced upon him, and knowing from sad experience the loquacity of the average choral candidate, he sternly commanded the waiter to sit down and not to talk. After a short time, the man was ushered into Mr. Cellier's room and again told not to talk, but to sing up and down the scale, while Mr. Cellier played the piano. This the astounded waiter did. He was then told to start any song he knew, and a few minutes later

found himself outside the theatre, never having had a chance of delivering Mr. Gunn's message, but the proud possessor of a sort of certificate declaring that he was qualified as a baritone in the chorus of No. 1 company in the provinces.

A Standard.—Tosi was scarcely less admired for her beauty, her amiable manner and disposition, than for the excellence of her singing. She was also remarkable for her great height. It is said that, being the subject of conversation one evening among a coterie of wit, one of the party asked "how Tosi came to be so tall." "I can tell you," replied a lady of title, "her stature was given her as a standard by which to estimate her merits."

Their Regimen.—Nothing that concerns our leading singers, especially lady vocalists, comes amiss to most people who read. Happily our leading singers are such kind-hearted folk that they can never be charged with being uncommunicative, or we should not know so much about how they live, what they eat, and how they preserve the beauty of their voices. Madame Emma Eames has given this picture of the routine of a *prima donna's* life. "I get up between eight and nine, and have a cold plunge. Then I have some tea and toast, and go for a walk if the weather is good. I dress slowly, so as not to tire myself out, and then I run over a few vocal scales just to keep my voice good. I always have luncheon at half-past twelve. When I am not singing at night I go out for an afternoon walk, and I write a letter to my husband every day." It is, however, when the *prima donna* is singing that the great strain occurs. Then "for an hour after luncheon I lie perfectly flat in a darkened room, and empty my brain." Madame Eames has probably here not very felicitously expressed herself, for she, of all artists, would surely not contend that an empty brain is necessary for success on the operatic stage. However, she continues, "If I am to sing, I take two hours in the dark

room. I never eat dinner; I could not sing if I did. I live absolutely by rule." So far as we are aware, few *prime donne* venture to eat a dinner on the nights that they are to sing. Madame Patti has put it upon record that she prefers a porter-house steak at luncheon, and supper after singing. Madame Calve also certainly replaces dinner by a hearty supper on the nights she is to sing. And the list might be extended *ad nauseam*.

Worth Finding.—The name of Braham, the composer of the "Death of Nelson," is still a household word. His lifelong impression was that he was born to be a composer and not a vocalist. A good joke is told which well illustrates how Braham's *confrères* valued his voice. During a rehearsal Braham said to Tom Cooke, who was conducting: "Now, Tom, keep quite soft here, because just at this point I intend dropping my voice, so as to give a little effect to the passage." "Do you? By the powers," said Tom, "whereabouts? for it's just the sort of voice I should like to pick up."

Flowery!—Most of the musical critics who are "on" newspapers, and amuse us with their outpourings in those unfortunate journals, often strike us as being at a loss to express themselves adequately, possibly owing to the defects of our language. These tonal wiseacres ever seem hunting for words to save themselves from the stereotyped "she sang superbly" and "left nothing to be desired" style of expression. To such we commend a panegyric passed on the singing of Mdlle. Ilma di Murska by an ebullient Yankee critic. "Her vocalisation was like some elaborate work of the jeweller, sparkling with priceless gems, adorned with every elegant and rare device, with fretwork and crystal flowers, and twining tendrils of fine-spun gold, and glistening dewdrops of diamond, and every conceivable beauty that the most practised artists could lay upon it." If

Mdlle. Ilma di Murska ever saw the above, and no doubt she did, it is to be hoped that she had well at heart Solomon's saw, "Pride goeth before destruction!"

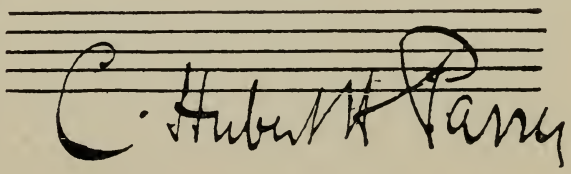
An Expressive Singer.—Pacchierotti was a great and expressive singer of the eighteenth century. In *Artaserse* he performed the part of Arbaces. In the scene in which the prince utters the pathetic exclamation, "Eppur sono innocente!" the composer had placed after these words a short instrumental symphony. Pacchierotti uttered the phrase, but no symphony followed. Surprised, he turned hastily to the leader of the orchestra, saying, "What are you about?" The leader, as if awakened from a trance, sobbed out with great simplicity, "Pray forgive me." Not one of the band had thought of the symphony, but they were all sitting, with eyes full of tears, gazing on the singer.

An Operatic "Light."—The strangest combination of all the "studies" in psychology which has appeared on the opera stage would probably be found in Catalani. Gifted with a voice of immense volume, compass, and flexibility, a throat of such size that a doctor who examined it declared that she might easily swallow a penny loaf whole, a perfect figure, and a beautiful face capable of every shade of expression, she seemed formed by nature to be the queen of the lyric stage. Many are the anecdotes told of Catalani. There is the story of a ludicrous scene between her and Goethe. Catalani was excessively talkative. Being once at the Court of Weimar, she was seated at a dinner-party as a mark of respect next to the great German poet. She knew nothing of Goethe, but, struck by his appearance and the attention paid to him, inquired of the gentleman on her other side who he was. "He is the celebrated Goethe, madam," was the reply. "Oh! on what instrument does he play?" asked Catalani. "He is not a musician, madam; he is the

well-known author of 'Werter.'" "Oh yes, yes; I remember," said the vivacious lady; and turning to the venerable poet, she exclaimed, "Ah, sir, what an admirer I am of 'Werter!'" A low bow was the acknowledgment for such a flattering compliment. "I never," continued she, "read anything half so laughable in all my life. What a capital farce it is!" "'The Sorrows of Werter' a farce, madam?" said the poet, looking aghast. "Oh yes; never was anything so exquisitely ridiculous," rejoined Catalani, laughing heartily as she enjoyed the remembrance. She had been referring to a ridiculous parody which she had seen performed in Paris.

Generosity.—Catalani's generosity was amazing. She was once asked to contribute her services at a concert in aid of the funds of the Westminster Hospital. She was compelled to decline on the ground that her own concerts would suffer by her previous appearance. On the day after her first concert, however, the committee of the hospital were surprised by a gift amounting to about three hundred pounds—the whole of the proceeds of that performance.

Little Wonder.—It is a matter of history now how Miss Greta Williams sang "O rest in the Lord" to comfort her despairing fellow-passengers as they made their way in a boat through the gloom of a murky night after escaping from the wreck of the ill-fated *Stella*. A touching incident occurred at a Gloucester concert shortly afterwards. The youthful singer complied with a request to sing "O rest in the Lord." The *Stella* disaster was fresh in her memory, and she got through the air with difficulty, while her audience thrilled with sympathy. On leaving the platform she broke down weeping, and was enfolded in the sympathising arms of Madame Ella Russell.



Bad Art.—The want of true artistic feeling is easily discovered, and this by very small indications. The fire or pathos which a great artist infuses into a song or a scene may be, no doubt is, counterfeited by some with more or less success, but the one touch of genius can never be borrowed. The genuine and electroplated artists are always distinguishable. Any one who had the good fortune to witness Madame Titiens' performance of *Fidelio* will have seen one of the truest displays of dramatic feeling, combined with grand singing, possible in our generation. In the great prison scene it is scarcely possible to conceive anything more touching and real than Titiens' impersonation. Yet to show what is possible even to excellent singers when the sacred fire burns low, it is related of Mdlle. Schroeder that on one occasion (in the very scene in which Madame Titiens was so "telling") when she was offering the piece of bread to (Haizinger) the Florestan of the evening, he was rather slow in taking it from her hand, whereupon the impatient Leonora whispered: "Hang you! why the deuce don't you take it? Do you want it buttered?"

Appeasing a Maniac.—Camporese was singing at Milan. In the hospital there was a man literally *un fanatico per la musica*—he having gone mad from the failure of an opera. By some means he had heard of Camporese's arrival, and conceiving an ungovernable wish to hear her, he became so vehement that he had to be fastened to his bed. Camporese was preparing for an evening party when the news was told her. She hesitated a moment, then throwing a cloak over her shoulder, said, "Come, then." "Where to?" said the friend. "To the hospital." "But why? there is no occasion to go now—to-morrow or the next day will do." "To-morrow—no, indeed," said the singer; "if I can do this poor fellow good, let me go instantly." They went, and were shown into a room near to that in which the

maniac was confined. Camporese began to sing a melody of Haydn's, which it was observed soon had an effect upon the man: he grew composed, and at last burst into tears. Camporese then went to his bedside and sang again. When she had finished, the poor fellow pulled from under his pillow a sheet of music-paper, scored with an air of his own composition, and gave it to her. She sang it to some words of Metastasio. "Sing it me once more," implored the maniac, which she did, and then departed amid his tears and blessings.

Incognito Compliment. — Caffarelli, the acknowledged finest Italian singer of his day, used to bring a big heart and generous criticism to bear upon those around him. When Gizziello was coming to the fore in the singing world, Caffarelli, who was then at Naples and at the height of his fame, was so struck by what he heard of the young singer, that he seized the first opportunity, when he could be spared from the opera, of going to Rome to hear him. He travelled post all night, and arriving at Rome the following evening, entered the pit wrapped up in a cloak and unknown to anybody. Gizziello sang; and when he had done Caffarelli cried out, "*Bravo, bravissimo, Gizziello! è Caffarelli che ti lo dice!*"

Something like a Friend. — There are many ways of receiving a visitor. Rubini was once in the neighbourhood of Johannisburg—a name dear to all connoisseurs—when Metternich, the affable prince and owner of a château and estate, called on the singer and told him that his being so near Johannisburg without paying a visit there was out of all reason. The consequence was, that the next day Rubini dined with the prince *en famille*. After dinner, Rubini, quite unsolicited, sang some songs. The prince was so pleased that, hardly knowing what to do, he at last ran and fetched a basket of his choicest wine, of which he begged Rubini's acceptance, "to drink my health," the prince good-humouredly

added, "when you reach your home at Bergamo." Such a gift Rubini was not slow to accept, with an expression of hope that it might again be his pleasure to visit the fine estate on which it was grown. On this, Prince Metternich immediately summoned his *major domo* and said to him, "Don't forget that if ever Signor Rubini visits here during my absence, he is to be regarded as if he were the master of Johannisburg. You will please place the castle at his disposal during the whole of his stay." "And the cellar?" continued Rubini. "Yes," said the prince, smiling—"only, at discretion."

"Dignity and Impudence."—Lablache, great in stature, was greater as a vocalist, and not less formidable as a champion of the dignity of art. On one occasion, entering the music saloon at a certain great house, he observed the usual rope separating musicians and company laid down in front of him when he came along to sing in a duet. He quietly stooped and threw it aside. It was never replaced. While on this topic, Liszt was the man to administer wholesome rebukes for offences against canons of good taste. Accustomed from his earliest youth to mix freely with the *haute noblesse,* Liszt was a republican at heart. "When I play I always play for the people in the top gallery" was his remark. He refused to perform at the court of Queen Isabella in Spain; with word and look he defied Czar Nicholas I.; Frederick William IV.'s diamonds he tossed into the side-scenes; his polished but icy reserve cost him Louis Philippe's decoration. "Much has changed since you were a boy and I Duke of Orleans," ventured the King. "Yes, Sire," replied Liszt dryly, "but not for the better." "Ah, Abbate, if you would only come to America, you could make a large fortune," once remarked a lady indiscreetly. "Madame," replied the *virtuoso,* courteously but satirically, "if *you* stood in need of that large fortune, believe me I would go."

"The Best End o' the String!"—When Jenny Lind was in America, she once attended Bethel Church in Boston,

LA DERNIÈRE LEÇON.

where the celebrated Father Taylor was pastor. Strange to say, on this very occasion the good pastor happened to take "social amusements" as the theme of his discourse. He

paid a glowing tribute to the power of music and praise, to the goodness and charity of most of the great vocalists, and especially of "that greatest and sweetest of them all, now lighted on these shores." Suddenly Father Taylor was interrupted by a lank and lean interloper on the pulpit stairs, who, with more wit than wisdom, inquired of the reverend gentleman whether any one who died at Jenny Lind's concerts would go to heaven. Taylor was equal to the emergency. "A Christian," he loudly replied, "will go to heaven wherever he dies, and a fool will be a fool wherever he is—even if he is on the steps of the pulpit."

Reality to Romance.—"Love is a kind of warfare," says Ovid. Perhaps that is the reason why one of our foremost operatic "lovers" won his popularity so quickly: his success in love may be due to his experience in warfare. Comparatively few who listen to him are aware that Campanini was one of the first among the volunteers who flocked under Garibaldi's flag of revolt at Marsala, and that he served well under the standard; so well, indeed, that though a mere youth, he had obtained the post of sergeant, and as such, at the taking of Capua, was conspicuous for his bravery. There was some sharp fighting on that day, and wherever it was fiercest there was this heroic youth to be seen. Before the sun went down, however, he was wounded in two places by sabre cuts, the scars of which are still visible—one upon the right cheek and another on the neck. In spite of his wounds the brave volunteer fought on, and very probably would never have left the campaign but for a violent attack of fever which he soon afterwards had, and which nearly cost him his life. Up to this time he had not the remotest intention of ever being a singer, and it was only owing to a mere accident that his remarkable gifts came to be cultivated. Being at a social gathering one evening, there happened to be a gentleman present who was an authority on singing. He was struck with the purity and promise of young Campanini's voice, and

told him so, adding, moreover, a recommendation for him to study singing. This fired the young man. He did not rest till he obtained admission into the *Conservatoire* at Parma, where he soon made good progress. He may be congratulated on having won laurels in two fields so opposite as battle and song.

One Better.—At the close of one of her singing lessons, Queen Victoria once inquired of Signor Lablache concerning his collection of snuff-boxes, which was so unique that the fame of it had reached our late sovereign's ears. The great basso told her Majesty that he had "three hundred and sixty-five," one for every day in the year. "Ah, then, Signor Lablache, your collection is not complete," answered the royal lady. At the close of the following lesson the Queen presented Lablache with a finely wrought gold box: "Now, Signor Lablache, your collection will really be complete. Accept this box as a specimen for leap year."

"Do Weel and hae Weel."—Malibran was ever doing good—yes, and this to those who were struggling hard to make themselves her equal. One evening at the Manchester Festival of 1836, Malibran actually took down and re-dressed Clara Novello's hair, and, with her accustomed freedom from envy, kept admiring the long silky tresses as they passed through her fingers, finishing the friendly operation by inserting a double-headed silver pin in the plait, of which she begged her acceptance, kindly adding, "You will not like it the less because I have worn it in Amina." The delight experienced by the young aspirant may be imagined, who doted upon her as a woman and an artist. "It is a talisman," she exclaimed, "and I shall sing better from this night." On another occasion, Fanny Persiani was changing her costume between the acts of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, when a lady entered her dressing-room, and after a few general compliments on her singing, took in her hands the long fair

tresses which floated in wild profusion over the shoulders of the cantatrice, asking if they were really her own. Persiani laughingly invited her to satisfy herself on the point, when the visitor said with a smile, "Allow me, signora, since I have no wreath of flowers to offer you, to twine you one with your own beautiful tresses," and she did so. Persiani's heart beat with pride and joy, for it was Malibran.

Of First Water.—When taken as a girl to sing to Madame Marchesi, the charm of Melba's natural method and her ease at mastering trills were at once apparent. After hearing her would-be pupil sing a second time, Marchesi rushed out of the room. "Salvatori," she cried to her husband, who was listening in an adjacent room, "n'est-ce-pas, j'ai enfin une étoile?"

About Cannons.—"Cannons"—its correct spelling should be "Canons"—is a name dear to musical folks. The place originally belonged to the Duke of Chandos, who made his house the home of Art and the resort of artists, especially the musical. In Handel's day it was in its prime, and there the mighty master wrote much of his celebrated music—the Chandos Anthems, for example. When the Duke of Chandos came to his end, the beautiful place passed into the hands of Colonel O'Kelly, a great judge of horse-flesh. In time it went to a nephew, who was also a Colonel O'Kelly, and who, having (to use his own words) a friend and a "jewel of a namesake" in Michael Kelly, the musician, revived music at Cannons, under the direction of Kelly, in whose *Reminiscences* we find a charming sketch of the place under the Hibernian régime, which we give here:—Colonel O'Kelly was a good-natured, well-meaning Irishman, with a fine Connaught brogue, and a great crony of Father O'Leary's. One morning he called upon Mrs. Crouch and Kelly the musician, who were breakfasting together. "Arrah, my jewel of a namesake, tell me what tunes

we are going to hear at church this morning." He was shown the printed bill of the performance, part of which he read and made his comments on. In act the first was to be sung "Lord, what is man?" by Madame Mara. "Upon my honour and conscience," said he, "I am mightily mistaken if Madame Mara don't pretty well know without asking." The next piece announced was "Total Eclipse," by Mr. Kelly. "That is right, my jewel," said the colonel, "I like that now; the more you talk of 'Eclipse' the better; for wasn't it Eclipse that bought Cannons?"

"When Greek Meets Greek."—Staunch friends were Dr. Walcot, *alias* Peter Pindar, and Mara the songstress. The poet wrote the song entitled "Hope told a Flattering Tale" expressly for her, which, after singing it at various concerts, Madame Mara disposed of to a music-publisher. Walcot had already done the same thing, and the rival publishers were soon in hot water over it. The latter agreed to consult Mara, who next day set out to call on Dr. Walcot if possible to arrange the business. Who should cross her path in the Haymarket but the very individual whom she was in search of, and who by-the-bye, having already heard of the circumstance, was not more

"THAT JOY WOULD SOON RETURN."

disposed than Mara herself to refund the money he had received? "What is to be done with this disagreeable affair?" said Madame Mara; "can't you say you were intoxicated when you sold it?" "Cannot you say the same of yourself?" replied Peter; "one tale would be believed just as soon as the other." *Apropos* of this song—during a trial at Dublin one of the judges named Joy was suddenly called out of court, and being detained for some time, the other judge, whose name was Hope, sent out to inquire how long he would be absent. On the return of the messenger, Judge Hope announced that his learned brother would not detain them much longer. A long wait elapsing, however, a wit in the body of the court sang out audibly—

"*Hope* told a flattering tale
That *Joy* would soon return."

Poor Consolation.—There is no doubt whatever that the late Mr. Sims Reeves earned some solid sums of money with his voice, and as he was a long way from being a generous man, he should never have needed a benefit concert or a Civil List dole to crown his career. My late singing-master, however, was like many other wealthy men—not content with enough, or his closing years would have been more comfortable than they were. Nobody was more proud than the great tenor of the large sums he screwed out of the public. He himself used to tell an amusing story of a railway porter who had recognised him at a country junction. The porter watched the famous tenor into a waiting-room, and stealing up to him, said: "Good evening, Mr. Sims Reeves." The latter fumbled about his pocket for a tip, but it was information, not a tip which the porter required. "They tell me you earn a heap of money," quoth the man; "yet you don't work hard—not as hard as I do, for instance. But I dessay you earn—perhaps ten times as much as I do, eh?" "How much do you earn?" asked Reeves, smiling. "Eighteen shillings a week, all the year round," was the porter's reply.

Sims Reeves opened his chest: "Sol, si, re—sol." "There, my man; there's your year's salary gone!" and Reeves laughed heartily at the man's face of astonishment as he heard the ringing top G. Alas! *Non omnia possumus omnes.*

Cum Grano.—There is no question whatever that good nature is one of the strongest characteristics of those who stand in high artistic planes. It would hardly serve, however, to place too great faith in all the stories we read in illustration of this goodness of heart. Ingenious paragraph-makers for trashy penny numbers—most of which might with advantage be avoided—have played no personage more persistently than the good-hearted contralto who has adorned our concert stages for so many seasons past. Madame Antoinette Sterling had been singing at a large hall in the North, and found a crowd of poor admirers waiting outside for a glimpse of her as she passed. Touched by their welcome, and that their poverty had prevented their attendance at the concert, she leaned out of the cab window and sang in her finest style "O rest in the Lord," at the close of which her poor but appreciative audience gave her quite an ovation. The following *on dit* reads scarcely so incredible. The famous contralto's habit is to meet invitations to sing at church festivals, etc., with a determined refusal. A leading cleric determined, however, to invite her to attend his service as a worshipper. The great singer did so, and was accommodated with a seat in the rector's pew. The service proceeded, and the rector resolved on a bold expedient. He asked the congregation to bow their heads in silent prayer, giving Madame Sterling, at the same time, a meaning glance, which the latter was not slow to interpret correctly. While all heads were bowed, her rich full tones broke upon the stillness of the church, to the great delight and edification of the worshippers.

Ebenezer Prout.

Her Opinion.—Malibran—the notable daughter of Garcia—whose generous hand and heart will long preserve her fame, used to say that the greatest compliment she ever received was when upon one occasion she was riding through a green lane near Highgate, humming an air from the *Maid of Artois,* two drovers stopped, listened, and exclaimed, "Well, *she can* sing!"

To Singing Students.—Every one wants to sing—indeed, everybody will persist in singing in a certain fashion. That being so, such people should have a care. There is no class who suffer as much from that terrible complaint "hurry" as students of singing. I have known people barter for a dozen lessons, and expect in return to get voice production, proper placing of the voice, style and finish—in short, to sing sufficiently well to secure paying engagements! Misguided souls! Enlightenment is hopeless in your case. Read how Porpora treated one of his pupils:—For a period of five years he permitted him to sing nothing but a series of scales and exercises, all of which he wrote down successively on a single sheet of paper. In the sixth year he proceeded to give his scholar instructions in articulation, pronunciation, and declamation. Caffarelli submitted without a murmur to this unexampled discipline, though even at the end of six years he imagined he had got a very little way beyond the

LOW E.

mere rudiments of the art; but, to his astonishment, his master one day thus addressed him: "Young man, you may now leave me. You have nothing more to learn from me, and are the greatest singer in the world."

"YES—BUT VELLUTI SINGS TO-NIGHT."

Counter Attractions.—A Milanese gentleman had a rich uncle, from whom he had some expectations, which his uncle's illness might have led him to suppose would be shortly realised. One evening a friend met this gentleman in the street. "Where are you going?" he asked. "To La Scala, to be sure." "How! your uncle is at the point——" "Yes—but Velluti sings to-night."

Poor Husband.—Those wretched encores! Madame Clara Butt is a lady of royal stature and pleasant wit. One evening at a concert, a friend, Madame Lilian Blauvelt, had sung to an over-appreciative audience, while hampered with a bad cold. Her husband, who was present and much annoyed at the persistent clapping, which entailed additional fatigue on the cold-ridden singer, determined to try and stop the clamour by calling out from the side "Hush!" in a manner that sounded very much like hissing. Turning to Madame Clara Butt, whose six-foot-two figure towered beside her, Madame Blauvelt smilingly asked: "What would you do if you had a husband who hissed you in public?" "I'd knock him down," promptly responded the popular contralto, whose Amazonian proportions lent a whimsical flavour to the retort!

Tour de Force.—We have often heard of "lungs of brass" and a "voice like a trumpet," but we were far from being aware that the human lungs were capable of competing successfully against a brazen trumpet. Farinelli was once singing at Rome, when he met with a famous performer on the trumpet who had to accompany him in a *bravura* passage. One night the struggle grew very exciting: after severally swelling out a note and each trying to rival the other in brilliancy and force, they executed a shake and a swell together in thirds, which was continued so long that the audience, breathless with excitement, expected to see one of the two give up; and in fact the trumpeter, wholly spent, did give way; when, much to the surprise of every one, Farinelli broke out anew, apparently in the same breath, and not only swelled and shook upon the note, but executed the most rapid and difficult passages, till he was at last silenced only by the shouts and applause of the enraptured audience. A pleasant story is told of Mrs. Billington, who one evening was singing a passage to which was a trumpet *obbligato*. Mr. Billington was conducting, and, believing that the

trumpeter did not accompany with sufficient gusto, he quietly said, "Louder! louder!" This was bad enough, but suddenly the conductor reiterated the same cry, "Louder! —confound you, louder!" Hot and angry, the enraged German flung his trumpet to the ground, exclaiming, "Loudere and loudere be vary easy do say, but, by gar! vere is de vind?"

Exception to the Rule.—The Germans cannot sing. Either their method is wrong or their language is incapable of being sounded musically. Titiens herself is said to have

NOT MADE IN GERMANY.

declared her inability to sing as she could wish, and as she heard others; nevertheless, we do not care to confirm the lady's modesty further than our general statement concerning her country's vocalists. One other "German" of a past

generation shares the fame of those just named, and that is Mara. Mara was a great artist, and in some points was unquestionably superior to Titiens, yet she, with all her qualities, failed to reach perfection in vocalisation. Frederick the Great once interested himself in her favour, and sent his first singer, Morelli, to report upon her merits. "She sings like a German," was Morelli's reply, and this was quite enough for the King, who did not trouble Mara to visit the palace. Another attempt was made some years afterwards, but even then Frederick himself could hardly be persuaded. "What! hear a German singer!" said he; "I should as soon expect to derive pleasure from the neighing of my horse."

Conductors Beware.—No one with any sense doubts a lady's word. Therefore, we are not too sceptical to place every credence upon the following experience; indeed, we should like to see the Society for Psychical Research—from which all progressive minds hoped much—following the matter up. Miss Regina de Sales, when once singing the principal part in the *Messiah* at Liverpool, forced the time and retarded it here and there. When asked why she did so by the conductor, she replied: "Handel himself was present before me in the hall, and gave me the correct *tempi.*" A continuation of the same peculiar experience occurred when Miss de Sales retired to her hotel accompanied by Miss Edith Martin, the harpist. They occupied the same apartment, and the latter was awakened by a voice saying, "Brava." A burly man stood at the foot of Miss de Sales's bed conducting. He was dressed in full-bottomed wig, ruffles, and wrist-bands. Miss de Sales was sitting up in the bed and was apparently singing, but no sound issued from her lips. The following morning Miss Martin related her experience to her friend, which curiously enough coincided with a strange dream of the singer. Musical disputes and squabblings are not matters that rank among novelties. Among the many differences for ever adding discord to harmony is the

question of the proper time of many of Handel's movements, especially those of the *Messiah*. Why do not Misses de Sales and Martin continue their ramifications in psychical research and set this question at rest for ever?

Hunt the Slipper.—Those who have been to Venice can testify to the existence there of a fine theatre bearing the title of *Il Teatro Malibran*. The house was originally built by one Gallo, who was well-nigh penniless by the time it was completed. Then the king, who was to have opened it, died, so that matters looked very gloomy for the *impresario*. There was one hope for the despairing man. Would Mali-

PRECIOUS RELICS.

bran sing for him on the opening night? Malibran consented, and, what is more, refused her terms for the engagement. The house was crammed when it was known that Malibran was to play Amina in the *Sonnambula*, and those who were present had their money's worth, for not only did they witness the opera, but into the bargain were gratified by a very interesting incident. At the conclusion of that ever-green "Ah! non giunge," Amina tripped on a leaf from a bouquet that had been thrown her, and but for Balfe (who, by the

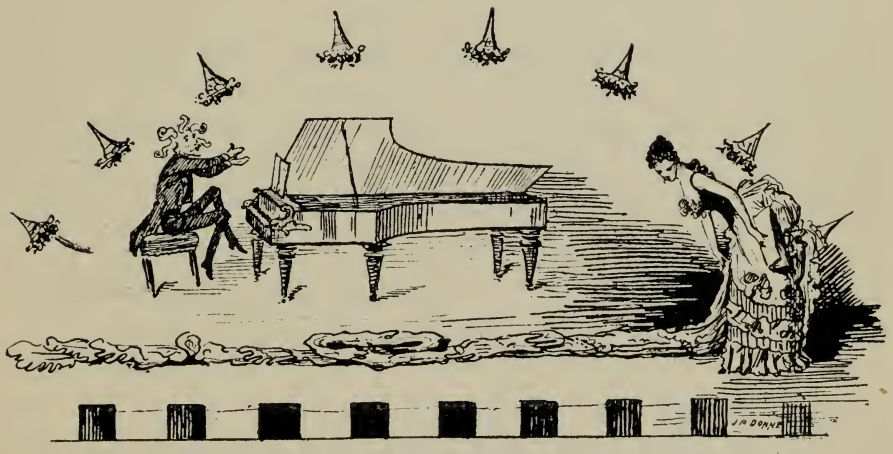
way, was then a singer) the *prima donna* would probably have found herself on the wrong side of the footlights. As it was, in the effort to recover herself, she dropped one of her slippers. It fell from the stage into the pit, and a fearful scramble took place among the audience in the attempt to recover it. While this was going on, the amused *prima donna* suddenly took off her remaining slipper and threw it to those at the back of the pit. So the whole of the floor of the house was in an uproar, which, however, lasted only a few seconds, for, no sooner were the slippers recovered, than they were in shreds and in the possession of as many admirers as could succeed in getting a piece to preserve as a relic. When the happy possessors of the relics again directed their eyes to the orchestra, where Malibran, with fresh foot-gear, was being led on by Gallo, the *impresario* explained to the audience how his benefactress had saved him from ruin, and that in gratitude he would christen the theatre after her.

Distinction with a Difference.—An injudicious defender is the most unprofitable of all partisans. Madame Ferlendis was the unfortunate victim of such a defender. A personage once remarked in the hearing of others that Ferlendis sang dreadfully out of tune. "Out of tune!" exclaimed an admirer. "No; she is not out of tune. She is singing in one key while the orchestra plays in another."

Foresight!—Dignum, a Roman Catholic singer of the early part of last century, died rich. He, together with his daughter, one day received an invitation to dine out. The day fixed was Saturday in Passion Week, which scarcely agreed with his religious convictions. Yet he did not like giving up the idea of the dinner, for all the delicacies of the season were sure to be there. In this dilemma he resorted to his priest, paid two shillings and sixpence, and received an Indulgence. Off, then, started he and Miss Dignum to the party, where he ate like a hunter; but Miss Dignum, it

was observed, ate nothing. "How comes it, Dignum," said Parke, the oboist, who was also present, "that you can enjoy the good things of the table, while your daughter is not permitted to taste them?" "Oh!" said the father, with a grin, "I've got a dispensation." "Then why hasn't your daughter?" said Parke. "Well," answered the other, "she hadn't the half-crown!"

Difficulty Solved.—Who has not wondered to what use this or that successful singer or actress puts the many bouquets which she receives night after night? Perhaps, no doubt, conceited old gentlemen lay to their souls the flattering unction that their bouquets will be taken home and treasured up till they fall to pieces, the withered leaves ultimately finding a home between the pages of a choice Byron or Tennyson.



FRUITS OF SUCCESS.

This was not Malibran's habit. One evening the *diva* had just completed a performance of the *Maid of Artois,* when her husband De Bériot and Moscheles went to see her in her room, and found numerous bouquets lying about there. No sooner had the two gentlemen entered the apartment than Malibran said to Moscheles, "Would you like to relieve me of this thing?" at the same time holding up in her hand a huge bouquet. She had hardly said, "the abominable

Duke of Brunswick had sent it her," before she threw it at Moscheles, and told him to keep it. To Malibran her flower-gifts, pure and simple, were very dear, and the above incident is only to be accounted for by some personal dislike to the donor of the bouquet, or to one of those freaks which none of her friends were able to understand. She has been known to jeopardise the success of an opera for the sake of her coronals and bouquets. On one occasion she was performing for her own benefit. The work was *Otello,* and Malibran of course filled the rôle of Desdemona. In the scene where she lies dead on the stage while Othello in his desperate remorse prepares to stab himself and fall, Malibran muttered as audibly as circumstances would permit, "Mind where you fall! Don't crush my flowers!"

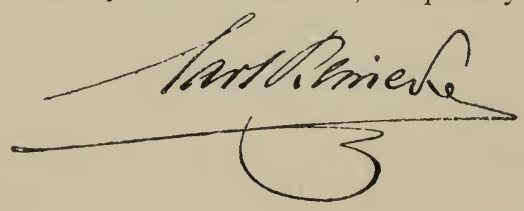
Accomplished Amateur.—Alberti, a Venetian gentleman, was a splendid amateur musician. There are, bear in mind, amateurs in music who are quite as clever as professionals. His singing was not inferior to his other musical accomplishments. At a private party in Spain a meeting between Alberti and Farinelli took place. Alberti sang, and Farinelli, perfectly astonished, turned to him, saying, "I rejoice that you are not a professor, for," he added, "I should have a formidable rival to cope with."

Which might be Emulated.—Madame Belle Cole, the famous contralto, is proverbially and delightfully tactful and kind-hearted. At a musical "At Home" at her house, a youthful pianist was weighed down with nervousness. The *entourage* kept up a subdued murmur during the first bars, and the young artist's heart sank. Madame Cole, grasping the situation at a glance, withdrew from her circle of admirers and sat down by the young girl with a few words of encouragement. It acted as a tonic; the performer played brilliantly, and the guests, following Madame Cole's example, applauded loudly.

Without Price.—Madame Patti was staying at Brynmewyn in South Wales. Hearing that the old woman who kept the inn by the river-side was at death's door, the *prima donna*, with womanly sympathy, went in to cheer her up. To please the poor old dame she sang, and that gloriously. Since her act of kindness the place has a great reputation. When passing, the coach-drivers point to it, remarking, "That's where Madame Patti herself, man, did sing. And look you! there's a singer for you; they did hear her sing at Jones's farm up yonder."

Too Favourable.—An old gentleman believed firmly in the unrivalled excellence of his daughter's vocal powers. He obtained permission for her to appear at a concert. She went, accompanied by her mother, the admiring papa being engaged at home with—the gout. On the return of the two ladies, mamma declared that nothing could be better than the way in which her daughter had been received; and miss, to confirm this account, said that some Italians at the concert had taken her for Pasta. "Yes, dear papa," said she, "I had hardly sung a dozen notes when the Italians cried, '*Basta! basta!*'"

Touching the Chord.—The first Polly Peachum, heroine of the *Beggar's Opera*, by Gay, was Lavinia Fenton, afterwards Duchess of Bolton. Once she fell out with his grace. The ingenious songstress hit upon a happy idea for redeeming the duke's affections. On the first opportunity she dressed herself in her character of Polly Peachum, presented herself before the duke, and sang in the most pathetic manner, "Oh, what pain it is to part!" His grace was so touched that, overcome, too, by her beauty and fascination, he quickly embraced her, and was reconciled—it proved—for life—for shortly after she was married to him.



Instrumental Still.—Lablache was originally a double-bass player; but by the lucky accident of a celebrated singer's sudden indisposition, he was induced to attempt a character in an opera. He stayed on the stage, and began his famous vocal career. Weber, who knew his portly figure in the orchestra, heard him sing a few months after his conversion to the lyric stage, and being struck with his magnificent quality of voice, exclaimed, "Mein Gott! he is a double-bass *still!*"

Victoria as Vocalist.—Queen Victoria, of glorious memory, one day invited Mendelssohn to Buckingham Palace. Our late Queen sang several songs for him, and this, as the composer of *Elijah* has said, "quite charmingly, in strict time and tune, and with very good execution." The royal vocalist sang the "Pilgerspruch Op. 8, No. 5," really quite faultlessly and with charming feeling and expression. "I thought to myself," Mendelssohn has said, "one must not pay too many compliments on such an occasion, so I merely thanked her a great many times, upon which the Queen replied, 'Oh, if I had not been so frightened! Generally I have such long breath!'"

Reward for a Song.—We are so apt to dissociate any ideas of music—except perhaps Psalm-tunes—with Oliver Cromwell, that it is easy to forget that it was during the Protectorate that Opera first established a footing in England. The Protector himself was a great lover of musical harmony, and once when James Quin (who had been expelled from Christ Church) sang before him, Cromwell was delighted. After pledging him in a cup of sack, he said, "Mr. Quin, you have done well; what shall I do for you?" Quin made answer, "That your Highness would be pleased to restore me to my student's place," which he did accordingly. How this exercise of authority was relished by the dean of that day we are not told, and we may be quite sure that the Protector did not stay to inquire!

Ruffian's Lesson.—One evening during the engagements of Malibran and Sontag in Paris, the two sirens were called for, and their appearance was the signal for a shower of wreaths and bouquets. One wreath fell close to Malibran's feet, and thinking it was intended for her, she was just picking it up, when a stern voice from the pit cried out, "Leave it alone: it is not for you!" How such an expression must have wounded her feelings one can well imagine. Malibran's scornful reply made the ruffian look little: "I would not deprive Mdlle. Sontag of the wreath: I would rather place one on her."

Unrehearsed!—The late Mr. Sims Reeves was engaged once upon a time to sing at Glasgow, but had not practised with the chorus beforehand. One of the items was "Hail! smiling morn," the chorus being an echo. When the time came he sang in his best style, "At whose bright presence darkness flies away." Imagine his horror at hearing the echo in broadest Doric: "Flees awa', flees awa'." The audience saw nothing incongruous, the manager merely remarking afterwards, "That's nothing at all, Mr. Reeves. You were wrong in your pronunciation and the echo was correct. You see, it was a Scottish echo."

BOOK III.

Anecdotes of Instrumentalists.

Really a Musician.—It is some years since Rubinstein was in London. This wonderful pianist, and author of the statement that Wagner sent music to the devil and to chaos, in early life left his home, and on returning found himself at St. Petersburg with no passport, and of course got into trouble with the police. However, he obtained a letter of introduction to the governor of the city, and, presenting it, asked for a week's respite, in order that the necessary documents might be procured. The General put on a very dissatisfied look and said, "Now, look here, my lad, I am told you are a musician. That may be true enough, but I can't take it on trust. Be off this minute to M. Tshesnok, the head of the clerks of my office—you'll find him below—and play him something or other, so that he can testify that you are a musician. He understands something about music." Tshesnok had a tottering old box of a piano in a corner of his room. Rubinstein sat down before it. All the bitterness, anger, and malice that overwhelmed the musician's soul at the moment, in consequence of the disgraceful treatment he had received, were poured out on the keys of that vile instrument. Rubinstein thumped and hammered and pounded them with such violence that the piano trembled and tottered, threatening every instant to fall to pieces. Tshesnok, however, endured the sight without flinching, listened attentively, and when Rubinstein had done, went back with him to the General and said, "The statement is true, your Excellency. Rubinstein is

really a musician, and is able to play the piano." "Very well, then," remarked the General, "I will give him a delay of three weeks."

Not quite True.—All who have heard Mr. Van Biene in his performance of *The Broken Melody* have experienced one of the most genuine and artistic achievements offered to the public in our day. The violoncello playing, the music as such—the whole thing makes a finished performance of a high order. It was at one of his appearances with this composition that the famous 'celloist had the following experience. Just as he was about to make his first entrance, his manager brought him £25 in gold, and he, not caring to leave it in his dressing-room, slipped the money into his pocket. He happened to speak the line, "I am penniless!" with unusual earnestness that night, pulled out his handkerchief to press it to his eyes, and the gold coins flew out of his pocket all over the stage!

He liked it.—When the Rubinstein fever was at its height the great pianist was playing at an "At Home" in London. He retired when his work was over to the ante-room to smoke a cigar with his host. The hostess had to choose some one to succeed Rubinstein, and, with great tact, asked Corney Grain to sing something by way of a contrast. He sang something about—

"Meet me when the lark's asleep,
Ere Flora fills her dewy cup,
When festive beetles homeward creep,
Before the early worm is up."

He was sitting with his back to the door, a back even then of commanding proportions, and gradually the fragrance of Rubinstein's cigar came more and more in evidence. The door opened first a little, then a little more, then completely, and at last Rubinstein glided out with Felix Moscheles by his side, and stood near the piano, delighted with what he

listened to. This example should appeal to musicians of smaller mould, and it might be added of genius and import, than Rubinstein. Too frequently the small-calibre musician, especially if he is possessed of a degree and a hood, gives himself airs which ill compare with the extreme modesty that invariably marked the natures of those truly great men who have breathed the world's noblest musical thoughts. The *mauvaise honte* is not to be commended; but even that is preferable to arrogant, inflated mediocrity.

Any Excuse.—Neil Gow seldom went travelling either short distances or long without "revivers." He had an appointment with a noble patron at Dunkeld, but at the stated hour had not arrived at the castle. The duke waited till he grew tired of waiting—indeed, till he was obliged to drive off to keep another appointment. On the road he met the fiddler—staggering. "Ah, Neil," said the patron, "it's a long road to Dunkeld this morning." "Ah! ma laird," said the fiddler, "it's no the length, but the breadth."

New Version.—That musicians form a great crowd is not to be disputed; yet it must not be supposed that they all get a living by the art they profess. The art may provide a part income for some poor fellows who have lost their way and discover that they must do something musical to add to their incomes as stinted clerks; but it is only a very few who can command a living wage by devoting their whole energies to music. Roughly, then, we have the two classes—those who make flats and sharps pay, and those who do not. Needless to add the supply of artists is disastrously in excess of the paid engagements that present themselves. Thus an *embarras de riches* is rarely experienced by those seeking engagements. Sometimes two engagements will present themselves for the same evening, and then the puzzled artist is often sore put to it to slip one engagement for something better. Mr. Van Biene tells a capital story

in illustration. When he once endeavoured to cancel an engagement in Vienna he received the following letter from an indignant manager: "Sir, if you not com vit de *Broken Melody* to Wien, as you me made contract in Mars 1900, I vill pring you my action for preach of promise!"

Sour to him.—Straight talk in musical matters does infinite good, particularly when it comes from those qualified to give opinions, and this because so much twaddle is ground out, usually by musical labourers and enthusiasts. Herr Emil Sauer was once asked why he never played one of the last five sonatas of Beethoven in London. "I know the critics have been surprised at this," he replied; "I believe, however, I had good reason for acting as I have done. I do not like to play the pieces that every pianist plays. Not that I fear comparisons, but because I prefer to play those pieces that are seldom heard—that are neglected by other pianists. Every pianist begins with Sonata, Op. 110, for instance. As for Op. 106, perhaps you will be shocked to hear that *I do not like it.*"

"Walk up——."—Audiences are as necessary to the performing musician as the food he or she eats and drinks. No wonder, then, that from time immemorial the most extraordinary means have been exercised to command listeners. An audience of one is better than no audience, and even this expedient has been resorted to. Lully once had his opera *Armide* performed for his sole pleasure—he alone forming the audience. He was so delighted with his own music to this opera that he used to swear he would kill any one who said it was bad. This affair getting noised abroad, the king expressed a wish to hear the opera. It quite charmed him, and the public, always ready to "take a lead" when they can get it, endorsed the king's opinion, and the reputation of the work was made. In music and the drama, not less than in politics and religion, it is evidently

an important thing to educate your party. The town-crier's bell, papering the house, ruinous advertising, and oyster suppers to critics, etc., etc., have all been means, more or less legitimate, that have been employed to draw audiences, and this will probably go on until doomsday. Sheer merit is not enough. The usual trumpeting must be done, and paid for. The trumpeters are legion—where there is money. Liszt once had an experience of drawing an audience which may be commended to all who may be similarly placed. When travelling in Germany, Liszt was giving concerts *en route,* and, as usual, journeyed like a prince, or grand vizier, was preceded by a courier, who prepared his relays of horses, and was accompanied by his secretary. He arrived in a small town, the inhabitants of which, he was informed, had the greatest possible desire to see so celebrated a person and hear him play. In consequence he determined to give a grand concert, which was announced in due time with the usual parade. Liszt knew that his name was adored in Germany. His only fear was lest the room in which his concert was about to take place would be too small for the crowd of his admirers. But when evening came and the hour of entertainment arrived, judge of his consternation at finding the room nearly empty, there not being forty persons assembled, and these, for the most part, ill-dressed and looking slovenly, and seeming as though they felt out of place in such scanty society. He remained a long while in expectation of the crowd rushing in, promenaded in the little lobby attached to the concert-room, entered into long conversations with several persons concerning all manner of foreign subjects, thinking to prolong the time of commencing his performance, still feeding on the hopes of a reinforcement to his thin audience. At last, despite all these disheartenings and lingerings, he was compelled to begin. Suddenly, as he was playing his fantasia on the airs from *Don Giovanni,* a humorous idea entered his head. He stopped in the middle of the *morceau,* advanced towards the front, and saluting the

audience in the most polished manner possible, said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I presume you have had sufficient music, as well as myself. Will you all do me the great favour of coming to sup with me?" This singular invitation, it may be supposed, was received with immense cheers and bravos. The audience rose from their seats with great delight, and followed the pianist to his hotel, where he ordered a splendid supper to be provided for them. Liszt played his part of Amphitryon to perfection, and the host and his guests separated many hours after midnight mutually enchanted with each other. But the following day the wily pianist announced a second concert. On this occasion the room was crammed to suffocation, upwards of two thousand auditors being present. Liszt realised by the night's receipts more than would have reimbursed him for twenty suppers.

Economical!—There once lived Hackwood, whose reputation deserves to be kept alive. Of Hackwood it is asserted that he had drank wine enough to float a ship! Not, however, at his own expense: it was at other folk's houses that he played the *bon vivant*. One evening he had been performing on the violoncello at Apsley House, then (1788) the residence of Earl Bathurst. As the musicians were dispersing, one of them said to Hackwood: "Which way are you going?" "I'm not going your way," was the reply, which rather surprised the inquirer, seeing that at that time there were no dwellings in London westward of Apsley House. Suspecting, however, that Hackwood's notoriously parsimonious habits were at the bottom of the mystery, some of the other musicians (including the inquisitive gentleman aforesaid) waited outside the house, and were soon amused at seeing Hackwood emerge from the door in his evening dress with his instrument over his shoulder. The footmen who had been waiting on him at table volunteered their assistance, but no! he needed no porter or coach. To

the amusement of all who beheld him he turned eastwards, faced the elements, and trudged home—but not unobserved, as he supposed.

Unenviably Orderly.—One of the shallowest, yet pretentious compositions that ever made a cheap fame for a composer was Gottschalk's so-called "Battle" piece. Its genesis was in this wise. Gottschalk was announced to give a concert at a mining district. It was at a prosperous town. All preparations had been made, and tickets sold at a high price and in large numbers. On the day of the concert the distinguished pianist arrived, and with the landlord of the hotel and a few new acquaintances went over to the hall—which, by the way, was a waggon storehouse, the only available place—to see if the piano was in the right position, and the proper arrangements made for the concert in the evening, when, to Gottschalk's astonishment, he found that his grand piano had not arrived. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and no other train that evening! What to do they did not know, as no one in the town owned a piano. The seats were all sold, and the miners were not a class of men to be fooled with, and to make matters worse they had lately been swindled by a gift performer. A statement that the piano had not arrived would have been pronounced "too thin," and brought down the wrath of the miners. They were in an awkward dilemma. Suddenly one of the party remembered that a musician had lately arrived and located on the outskirts of the settlement, who had brought with him something that looked like a piano. This was glorious news. A waggon was obtained, and the whole party drove to the fellow's house. The musician was sitting outside his door, and was highly pleased at seeing such a distinguished deputation calling on him, and brushing up his best English, he said, "Shentlemen, I was captuvated mit seeing you; come, sit down, and I will go to the keller and bring up some fine sour milk." The party

were not in the mood for sour milk, so the proffered refreshment was declined. "Kaiser," said the landlord, "we understand you have got a piano; we want to borrow it for to-night: can we have it?" "Vell, shentlemen," he said, "I don't like to say no, but since my little Katrina vot used to play so nice on them died, ve lock 'em up and buts de key avay, und it don't bin open now mit ten years, und it would make my heart so sad to see some ones play on poor Katrina's biano und my darlin' not here." Gottschalk, who was very tender-hearted, was almost inclined to abandon the idea of getting the piano and not wound the heart of the old man. But the landlord, who knew the set of people they would have to deal with in the evening, would not listen to any such thing, and after some talk obtained Kaiser's consent. It was now close on six o'clock, the key was mislaid, and the instrument locked. There was no time to be lost, so the piano was placed in the waggon and taken to the hall, the old man leaving word with his wife to "hunt the key up and send Zacup down to the hall mit it as soon as she found it." Arrived at their destination, they found Zacup already there with the key. The piano was opened, Gottschalk ran his fingers over the keys, and, "Oh! horror," no sound was produced; yes, there was one note sounded, and on investigation there was found to be only one string left in the piano, the middle B flat. Here was a worse predicament than ever, and Gottschalk was nearly wild. Suddenly a brilliant idea flashed upon him. The hammers struck sharply against the sounding-board, the concussion producing a sound not unlike that of small arms, and the one sounding note could be used as a trumpet. The people were now coming into the concert-room, and Gottschalk at once made up his mind to play a "Grand Battle Piece," and trust to luck to get out of the difficulty. At the time advertised he appeared on the platform and announced his programme. He commenced his battle with the feeling that he was leading a forlorn hope.

The bugle was sounded softly as if from a distance calling the infantry; presently the hammers rattled out a sharp roll of musketry, the firing gradually increasing until the battle raged at its fiercest. Then he made the firing die away amid the retreating sound of the trumpet—his musketry was rattling all the time. Gottschalk was in a cold perspiration, expecting every moment to receive a few bullets through his head from the enraged audience. Escaping that, as he fired his last gun, he looked round, expecting a committee of miners to advance on the stage for the purpose of lynching him. He was mistaken; vociferous applause greeted his novel performance, and they insisted on his repeating it, but that would not content them, and he had to go through it six times. His triumph was complete, and he had come out of his dilemma with flying colours. "But did they not find out the way they had been sold the next day?" I asked him. "No, indeed," he replied; "why, the next morning a committee of veteran miners waited upon me at the hotel, and handed me a petition signed by all the influential gold-diggers in the place, asking me to repeat the concert." The "Battle Piece" had a second performance, and Gottschalk found that the temporary detention of his piano proved a profitable accident. The famous American pianist had reason to thank his "stars" that matters ended as they did. Most of these so-called "Battle" pieces that have come under our notice would unquestionably have well merited the bullets.

By no means deceived.—Many complimentary and many uncomplimentary expressions have been uttered of Bach's music, and if the two were put in the balance it is likely the latter would outweigh the former. Plentiful as are the folk who are said to "play the piano," it is not every pianist who knows Bach; in fact, it was not until Wesley in England and Mendelssohn in Germany made the works of the great Thuringian master known that professing musicians knew

much about them. It is scarcely surprising, then, that in the days when Bach's music was more a novelty in this country than it is to-day, it became occasionally the subject of contentions—especially among the ladies. In his early career John L. Hatton, the composer of the immortal "To Anthea," was regarded as more a pianist than a song-writer. Once at a grand concert at Willis's Rooms he played two of Bach's finest fugues. A lady who boasted that she did not care what she paid to hear good music, speaking with enthusiastic delight of that evening's excellent entertainment, denied that anybody performed on the pianoforte, and described Hatton as "the man who came in between the parts to tune the instrument." This must be accounted as very uncomplimentary to a master whose influence has been long and forcibly exercised on succeeding epochs of musical history.

Presto!—Whether short courtships or long are most conducive to a happy married state is a question which no sane being would care to decide for everybody, the matrimonial process being one with a knack of taking the most unexpected, surprising turns. Wisdom—even that of a Socrates—seems hopelessly lost wherever two hearts are bent upon beating as one, and sensible people are well advised when they allow young couples to follow their own devices in this all-absorbing matter—one about which Dante, Milton, Marlborough, Gustavus Adolphus, Byron, Dickens, Wesley, Newman Hall, and a host of others have been unable to feel comfortable. Certainly, married men of genius would seem to have made some terrible blunders in the selection of their help-meets. This is hardly to be wondered at though, if they all acted with Liszt's impetuosity. The pianist had taken a fancy to a jeweller's daughter, and the courtship is thus described: One morning the jeweller, coming to the point with German frankness, said to Liszt, "How do you like my daughter?" "She is an angel." "What do you think of marriage?" "I think

so well of it that I have the greatest possible inclination to try it." "Well, we understand each other; my daughter pleases you, you please my daughter; her fortune is ready; be my son-in-law?" "With all my heart." The marriage came off the following week, and according to the chronicles of Prague, this is the true account of how Liszt entered the bonds of matrimony. With all due respect to the chronicles of Prague, we were under the impression that Liszt's wife was, or ought to have been, the Countess d'Agoult (Daniel Stern), by whom he had one son and two daughters. Possibly, however, like so many other professional unions, this one was not very dear.

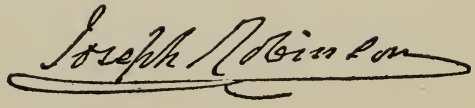
Perforce Virtuous.—Abel, the grandest player of the viol di gamba who ever lived, once fractured a blood-vessel, which accident confined him to his room for some time. The most painful consequence, as he viewed matters, lay in the enforcement of total abstinence from liquors, a course which was very much at variance with his usual habits. "Oh!" he would say to the physician's repeated cautions, "am I never to daste my beloved old hock once more?" At last came a change. The oft-given answer as to how he was, was varied by one to the effect that he was nearly well. "Oh! tank Got!" exclaimed Abel; "I sall soon daste my beloved hock again!"

Inexpensive Guest.—Where is the professional instrumentalist who has not in his time received more than one invitation to dine out and to "bring his instrument with him," unless he happens to be a pianist. These "friendly" invitations are no joke; they do not pay the butcher, the baker, the laundress, or the tailor. When Fischer, the celebrated oboe-player, who was remarkable for the oddity of his manner, played concertos at the grand concerts given many years ago at the Rotunda in Dublin, a noble lord who had been enraptured with the rare talent he displayed, came

up to him, and, after having complimented him, gave him a pressing invitation to sup with him the following evening, adding, "You'll bring your oboe with you!" Fischer, who was a little nettled at that sort of invitation, hastily replied, "My lord, my oboe never sups!"

Abrupt Parting.—Lalande, who had practised the violin day and night, once applied to Lully for a post in the band of the Paris Opera-house. He was refused, and thereupon went out, smashed his violin to pieces, and abandoned instrumental music for ever afterwards—certainly as neat an instance of a man "cutting off his nose to spite his face" as could well be found.

Would have her Way.—A lady, who had never heard Paganini, once obtained leave to be present at the rehearsal of one of his concerts. On this occasion it happened that Paganini did not bring his violin with him, but borrowed one from a member of the orchestra, and, instead of playing, made a sort of *pizzicato* accompaniment. After the rehearsal the lady addressed Mr. Cooke, the musical director: "Oh dear, Mr. Cooke, what a wonderful man he is! I declare, I may say, that till this morning I never knew what music was capable of." "Indeed, madam," was Cooke's reply, "he is truly wonderful; but allow me to observe that you are rather indebted to your imagination than to your ears for the delight you have experienced." "How so, Mr. Cooke?" "Why, madam, this morning Paganini has not played at all; he has not even touched a bow." "Extraordinary!" exclaimed the lady. "I am more than ever confirmed in my opinion of him; for if without playing he can affect in such a manner, how much more wonderful are the sensations he must produce when he does play!"



A Real Miracle.—With Liszt at the piano there was a mighty combination of possibility. Under his hands the simple-looking row of keys became a veritable orchestra. Once he was at Erard's when Mendelssohn happened to drop in with the manuscript of a concerto under his arm. Liszt asked to be allowed to look at it, whereupon Mendelssohn handed him the manuscript, and though it was hardly legible, Liszt played it off at sight as though he had been perfectly acquainted with it. Mendelssohn was thunderstruck. He ran home, and with a more than usually beaming face and buoyant manner declared "he had just seen a miracle—a real miracle."

"The Last shall be First."—A curious instance of the truth of this axiom—if practical demonstration goes for anything—was once furnished by a famous pianist to a lady admirer,—one of those kind but unfortunate specimens of ladies who must always be in front, and who are nowhere, besides being extremely unhappy, unless they can be seen, and are, in short, much in evidence. There is a class of women so tactless and so inconsiderate of all people save themselves, that they make themselves both ludicrous and conspicuous in their merry doings. Rubinstein once administered a mild rebuke to one of these pushing women. At one of his recitals at St. James's Hall, the great pianist was accosted in the entrance-hall by an old lady, who thus addressed him—"Oh, Mr. Rubinstein, I am so glad to see you! I have tried in vain to purchase a ticket. Have you a seat you could let me have?" "Madam," he returned, "there is but one seat at my disposal, and that you are welcome to if you think fit to take it." "Oh yes, and a thousand thanks; where is it?" was her excited reply. "At the piano," smilingly replied Rubinstein. On another occasion Liszt found himself in the company of some ladies who begged him, in hyperbolical terms, to procure for them "the ecstasies, the artistic raptures," which his magnificent talent

invariably produced. He obligingly seated himself at the piano and played. When he had finished, some of his admirers had fainted. "Well," said Liszt, "I played wrong notes all through, intentionally—so badly, indeed, that I should have been turned out of doors at any elementary school of music."

A Nautical Compliment.—Musical performers of all ranks are pretty well seasoned to flattery of every kind, and a comical history might be made of the various dis-

WHAT'S THIS?

guises under which it has been administered—especially to the gentler sex. Perhaps the raw material was never given in a less artistic fashion than that once chosen by a commander of the Royal Navy. He was standing at the door

of his hotel in High Street, Portsmouth, when some London artists belonging to a troupe then visiting Portsmouth were walking along the street. Among them was Parke, on discerning whom the gallant commander called out, "That's a —— fine oboe-player sailing by."

A Compliment.—Haye, one of the leaders at the commemoration festival of Handel, and who held the post of Master of the King's Band in Ireland, was boasting of his having been to Italy and studied under Tartini, when Battishill, to whom he principally addressed himself, said, "We thank you, Mr. Haye, for informing us of what we should never have learnt from the performance." "What, sir?" replied Haye; "have I brought from Italy nothing of the great Tartini?" "Oh yes," cried Battishill, "so much of his music that you have not yet exhausted it in your own compositions."

Inaudible Malady.—How is it that in most drawing-rooms conversation is set going directly a performer sits down to the pianoforte? There are a few bold spirits who will even carry on their (doubtless most important) remarks in a distinctly audible tone throughout the progress of a song, but even the most timid talkers gather courage to open their lips during the performance of a "piece." A lady, an amateur vocalist of exquisite taste and skill, once most successfully put down a gentleman who appeared to be more fond of the sound of his own voice than of hers, by stopping suddenly in the middle of her song, and saying to him with a bow and a smile, "After you, sir." Corelli was performing on one occasion at the house of Ottoboni, but observing the reverend *dilettante* engaged in eager colloquy with another person, Corelli laid down his instrument in the middle of the piece, politely remarking, "I fear the music interrupts the conversation." The Cardinal looked small. My master, the late Augustus L. Tamplin, undoubtedly the greatest

genius as a Mustel and other harmonium player that the world has seen, once declined a permanent engagement to play at the Holborn Restaurant for the reason that "he wasn't going to play to a lot of —— knives and forks!"

Sudden!—Years ago there resided near Canterbury a reverend gentleman, an accomplished performer on the violoncello, who revelled in the adagios of Corelli or Avison.

A BAD HABIT AND ITS WARNING.

We have all heard of how Beethoven used to pick his teeth with the snuffers: well, this eccentric parson used to indulge in another peculiarity. Of imperfect eyesight, he was obliged constantly to snuff the candles which lighted his desk, and this he would do with his fingers whenever a reasonable

number of bars' rest afforded an opportunity. Not to give offence, he used to thrust the snuff down the ♪ holes of his 'cello. This was an occupation which hurt no one. But one of those creatures called wags (impressed, no doubt, with the conviction that whatever right a man might have to make a wine-cellar of his pianoforte, he certainly possessed no claim for making a dusthole of his violoncello) declared he would make the parson pay for his extravagance. Accordingly, he managed to make a secret acquaintance with the clergyman's instrument just before the music began. When the quartet party had assembled and were well advanced in Vanhall's 47th for the violoncello and other instruments, the 'celloist spotted a favourable rest. A good opportunity, thought he, for improving his light; so he snuffed the candles and dropped the burning wick into the usual place. Bang went the 'cello into a thousand pieces. There was a smell of gunpowder, and when the smoke had cleared off, Mr. B—— was found extended on the floor.

AN ABRUPT MODULATION.

A Dangerous Alarum.—Who has not sometimes wished for more than four-and-twenty hours to a day? Parke, oboist and fiddler, found it impossible to cultivate these two instruments except by stealing some hours from the

night—and this he wisely did by getting up in the morning some time before the professional world in general is awake. To this end he hit upon the rather insane expedient of tying a rope to his wrist and allowing it to dangle through his window into the street below—so that the watchman on duty (for a consideration) might punctually pull it every morning till Parke's own head should appear at the window to tell the watchman to desist. This answered very well, till one fine summer morning some roysterers who had also been stealing some hours from the night (only at the other end) were going homewards and discovered Parke's cord. The temptation was irresistible, and it was not long ere Parke was dragged almost out of bed by a pull so violent that it nearly pulled his hand off. As it was he had every reason to congratulate himself that the rope was round his wrist and not his neck, or the gallant roysterers might have saved him the after-reflection that another such pull would have brought him through the casement to a quiet lodging on the pavement below.

"Nothing Venture."—Perfect obedience and entire submission to the master's judgment are very safe and desirable traits in a pupil. Sometimes, however, a bold assertion of one's own views is good, unless indeed there is a failure. Then the pupil deserves the master's rebuke. Beethoven once confided to Ries the manuscript of the C minor Concerto, that he might practise it for his first appearance in public as Beethoven's pupil. On this occasion the great composer not only conducted the orchestra, but kindly turned over the leaves for the young *débutant.* Some days before the performance Ries had begged his master to write him a *cadenza* for the first movement. Beethoven, anxious to strengthen his pupil, declined, and good-naturedly informed him that he might write one for himself; whereupon Ries produced one of which Beethoven approved, save one passage which was so difficult of execution that its correct performance was doubtful.

It was decided, therefore, that another should be substituted. Once before the public, however, Ries could not help dashing on with the forbidden phrase. Beethoven, who was seated near the pianoforte, suddenly drew back his chair, and watched with suspense the completion of the intricate passage. "Bravo!" cried he, as the pianist's hands left the keys, a mark of applause which the audience quickly took up. But after the performance Beethoven, remembering that he had been disobeyed, said: "You are always obstinate. I would never have given you another lesson had you missed one note of that passage."

Outdistanced. — When the superiority of a player, singer, or actor is accepted by his fellows, there is something peculiarly graceful in the acknowledgment. Such a dignified tribute of homage was paid to Paganini on his visit to this country. So great was the impression created by him when he performed at his first concert in London, that the gaunt genius had no sooner ceased playing than Mori rose up, and in an off-handed manner walked about inquiring, "Who'll buy a fiddle and bow for eighteenpence?" while John Cramer exclaimed, "Thank God, I am not a violinist."

Artist at Home.—Who can remember the grim and gaunt figure of Paganini—that extraordinary combination of all that was original and curious? Here he is in his den: Everything was lying in its usual disorder; here one violin, there another, one snuff-box on the bed, another under one of the boy's playthings. Music, money, caps, letters, watches, and boots were scattered about in the utmost confusion. The chairs, tables, and even the bed had all been removed from their proper places. In the midst of the chaos sat Paganini, his black silk night-cap covering his still blacker hair, a yellow handkerchief carelessly tied round his neck, and a chocolate-coloured jacket hanging loose upon his shoulders. On his

knees he held Achillino, his little son of four years of age, at that time in very bad humour because he had to allow his hands to be washed. Paganini's affectionate forbearance was wonderful. Let the boy be ever so troublesome he never grew angry, but merely turned round and observed to those present, "The poor child is wearied; I do not know what I shall do, I am already quite worn out with playing with him. I have been fighting with him all the morning; I have carried him about, made him chocolate—I do not know what more to do!" It was enough to make one die of laughing to see Paganini in his slippers fighting with his little son, who reached to about his knee. Sometimes the little Achillino would get into a rage, draw his sabre upon his father, who would retreat into the corner of the room and call out, "Enough, enough! I am wounded already;" but the little fellow would never leave off until he had laid his gigantic adversary tottering and prostrate on the bed. Paganini had now finished the dressing of his Achillino, but was himself still in dishabille. And now arose the great difficulty how to accomplish his own toilet—where to find his neckcloth, his boots, his coat. All were hid, and by whom—Achillino. The urchin laughed when he saw his father pacing with long strides through the apartment, his searching looks glancing in all directions; and when asked where he had put the things, the little wag pretended astonishment, and held his tongue, shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, and signified by his gesture that he knew nothing about them. After a long search, the boots were found; they were hid under the trunk; the handkerchief lay in one of the boots, the coat in the box, and the waistcoat in the drawer of the table. Every time that Paganini had found one of his things he drew it out in triumph, took a great pinch of snuff, and went with new zeal to search for the remaining articles, always followed by the little fellow, who enjoyed it vastly when he saw his papa searching in places where he knew nothing was hid. At last we went out, and Paganini shut the door of the apartment,

leaving behind him lying about upon the tables and in the cupboards rings, watches, gold, and, most surprising of all, his most precious violins.

Assertion!—Abel, refined composer as well as splendid performer, would distinguish himself not infrequently by emptying his glass about three times as fast as other people. The journey to the drawing-room under these circumstances was attended with some difficulty. But once there and in possession of his viol, it seemed that the wine which had muddled his head and bewildered his legs only inspired his fingers. One evening, however, he flatly refused to play, until a sarcastic remark roused him, and he bellowed in reply, "Vat, shallenge Abel! No, no, dere ish but vun Got and vun Abel!" and proceeded to play after a fashion that seemed to some extent to justify his words.

Small Musicians, Note.—A young pianist was giving concerts through the German provinces for her living, and to enhance her reputation she advertised herself as a pupil of Liszt. In a little town in the interior of Germany, where she had announced a concert, she was confounded, the day prior to the concert, by seeing in the list of arrivals, and at the very hotel where the concert was to be given, "M. l'Abbé Liszt." What to do she knew not. Her fraud would be discovered; she would be exposed; she could never give another concert; she was ruined! In fear she sought the great *maestro*, and determined to cast herself on his mercy. Coming into his room with downcast eyes, she knelt at the old man's feet, and in tears told her story—how she had been left an orphan and poor with only her one gift of music with which to support herself, the difficulties she had encountered until the fraudulent use of his name had filled her rooms and her purse. "Well, well," said the great man, gently raising her up, "let us see, my child, what we can do. Perhaps it is not so bad as you thought. There is a piano; let me hear

one of the pieces you expect to play to-morrow evening?" Tremblingly she obeyed, the *maestro* making comments and suggestions as she played, and when she had finished he added, "Now, my child, I have given you a lesson; you are a pupil of Liszt." Before she could find words to express her gratitude, Liszt asked, "Are your programmes printed?" "No, sir," she replied, "not yet." "Then say that you will be assisted by your master, and that the last piece on the programme will be played by the Abbé Liszt."

Vanity!—Ismenias having played some time at a sacrifice, without the appearance of any good omen in the victim, he who had engaged him advanced, snatched the flute out of his hand, and commenced playing in the most ridiculous and untutored manner, for which he was not a little censured by the spectators; but the happy omen just then appearing, he exclaimed: "There, to play acceptably to the gods is their own gift." Ismenias good-naturedly replied, "While I played, the gods were so delighted and entranced that they deferred the omen from their desire to enjoy longer the rapturous music; but when you began to play, they were glad to get rid of your noise as quickly as possible, and upon any terms."

CLASSIC 'ARRYS.

Straight!—"Fiddlers," said Salomon one day to his august pupil George III., "may be divided into three classes: to the first belong those who cannot play at all; to the second those who play badly; and to the third, those who play well. You, sire, have already reached the second."

Music and Heaven.—Moscheles once had a taste of that English article called Christmas music—the music of the "waits." At Christmas-time the "waits" mustered strongly at his door. He knew this custom of old, and remembering his former tortures from their falsely-harmonised chorales, he told his servant to inform the waits that he would give nothing unless they promised never to return. Trombone, sorely wounded, said to the servant, "Tell your master he will not go to heaven, if he dislikes music." On this point Moscheles did not enlighten us. We can only say that if the "waits" represent the "music of the spheres," heaven would be the last place to which any one would want to go!

"The Broken Melody."—Far be it from us to suggest that there is anything but real inspiration in a beautiful melody which crosses our mind—its music is too divine for that,—we refer to that universally-known piece, "The Broken Melody." The masterly violoncellist Mr. Van Biene composed the melody which runs through the play under rather peculiar circumstances. He was anxious to write a simple but haunting tune. It was near the time for the production of the play, but after a dozen unsuccessful attempts he was still without the necessary music. He had been down to Brighton, and on his return journey, forgetful for the time being of the forthcoming production, he joined some friends in a game of whist. Suddenly, in the middle of the play, he seemed to hear a melody in his mind; it came back again and again. Giving up his seat to another man, he moved into a quiet corner of the carriage, jotted the strange air down on a sheet of paper from his pocket-book, and before

the end of the journey "The Broken Melody" was an accomplished fact. Truly an inspiration—one which ran great risk of being lost.

Its Right Value.—Antigenides of Thebes, one day, hearing at a distance a violent outburst of applause bestowed upon a flute-player, said, "There must be something very bad in that man's performance, or those people would not be so lavish of their praise."

Mind the Stops.—At one of the Antient Concerts (performances which, alas! are now no more) the orchestra had assembled, time pressed, and everything was ready for the expected arrival of royalty, when it was suddenly discovered that the organ would not speak. Additional power was given to the bellows, and the organist put down the keys with increased vigour; but not a sound could be obtained. The organ-builder was sent for in furious haste. He came, and after minutely inspecting the interior of the instrument and finding nothing wrong, at length went round to the key-board, when he perceived that the organist—Joah Bates—had forgotten to pull out any of the stops!

Quantity at Quality Price.—Presents, like compliments, are acceptable things. A valuable ring, for instance, a diamond pin, or even a gold snuff-box, are generally welcome in themselves, provided always they have not to be paid for in hard cash, or by an unpleasant load of obligations; but a hat too large, or a pair of boots much too small, would be rather a nuisance if one were expected to wear them out of respect to the donor. It is cause for thankfulness that the proverbial white elephant is not an institution in this country, for there are some people who would inevitably make us a present of it. Cramer, whose pianoforte studies have tried the patience of most of us, was once engaged to lead the band at a concert at Manchester. A friend invited Cramer to dine with him, when, amongst other vegetables on the table,

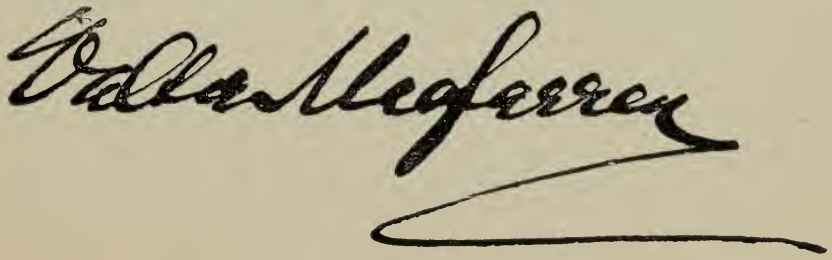
were some turnips (a root Lancashire is famous for), which he praised very much. In the early part of the following year Cramer received a letter from his host to the effect that he had, by the waggon, sent a present of a few turnips, which would be forwarded to his house. Two or three days afterwards, the present—a whole hogshead of turnips—was brought in a cart to Newman Street, for the carriage of which Cramer had to pay—two guineas!

Lesson Gratis.—Giardini was indebted for his first steps in the art to Jomelli, who obtained for him, at the age of seventeen, a post as violinist in the orchestra of the Opera-house at Naples. He had not long held this appointment before his talents began rapidly to develop, and his facility of execution, added to the inexperience of youth, frequently led him to introduce extempore flourishes, and to vary the passages given him to play without regard to the intentions of the composer. This practice gained for him great reputation, till one evening Jomelli, who had composed the opera that was being rehearsed, came into the orchestra and seated himself close by, when Giardini determined to give the Capelmeister a touch of his taste and execution. In the accompaniment of the next song, Giardini gave loose to his fingers and fancy, for which he was rewarded by the composer with a violent slap on the face; "which was the best lesson," Giardini afterwards said, "I ever received from a great master in my life."

Cut Him!—During one of his visits to London, Joachim, the great violinist, entered a barber's shop for a shave, and finding himself unknown, he preserved his incognito. "Hair cut, sir?" questioned the assistant, eyeing Joachim's flowing locks with an air of proprietorship. The musician, however, expressed himself quite satisfied with the length of his hair; but the barber persisted. "Trifle long at the back, sir," he volunteered. Joachim said it was the way

he liked it, and thus silenced the barber for a few minutes. "Rather thin on the top, sir," he ventured presently, but the musician only glared at him and tossed his abundance of hair. Presently the man began the attack again with, "Just trim the edges for you, sir? Half-an-inch all round, sir?" Joachim remained obdurate, and the barber, losing patience, remarked, "Well, of course, if you want to look like a German musician it's no good talking."

Pardonable Provocation.—There is a certain set of artists in music upon whom money seems to act as a sort of paralysis. It was so with Rossini, and also with Lully. It is a pity that some means could not have been employed to kindle again in Rossini the neglected inspiration, such as an ingenious friend hit upon for inducing Lully to resume his violin. So fatal was the influence of success and its attendant fortune upon Lully's career that he entirely laid aside his violin, and refused to have such a thing in his house, nor could friends prevail upon him to play upon one. Marshal de Gramont, however, was his match. He determined not to be entirely deprived of his favourite treat, and devised the ingenious plan of making a servant, who could bring more noise than music out of the instrument, play upon the violin in Lully's presence; whereupon the ex-violinist would rush to the unfortunate tormentor, snatch the fiddle from him, and seek to allay his disturbed equanimity (which, much to the delight of those within hearing, always took him a long time to accomplish) by playing himself. It is sad to think that the mass of abominable music which must have greeted the ears of Rossini during his long period of inactivity never succeeded in provoking him to the composition of another *Guillaume Tell.*



Wanderer's Return.—The fashion for interpolated adornments and cadenzas of the singers' or players' own manufacture is happily dying out. In bygone days, however, a performer was nothing without his little piece of personal display, and the audience were, in consequence, sometimes treated to wonderful freaks of fancy. One night, while playing for Handel in Dublin, Dubourg, the famous English violinist of that day, had, among other pieces, to perform an *obbligato* to a song, in which the close was marked *ab libitum*. In accordance with the custom, he commenced an elaborate cadenza, and for a long time wandered about through the most intricate modulations, till at last he seemed to become rather uncertain as to his original key; but arriving at length safely to the shake which was to bring the piece to an end, Handel, much to the delight of the excited audience, cried out, "At last!—you are welcome home, Mr. Dubourg!"

Indirect Hint.—Musicians love good cheer—liquid and solid; for which predilection they have been at all times favoured guests of the wealthy, when their wit, if not their manners, may have proved their salvation. Philoxenus, who taught Antigenides the flute, was so great an epicure that he is said to have wished for a throat as long as that of a crane, and all palate, in order to prolong the relish of the delicious morsels he swallowed. One day he was being served with a small fish at the table of Dionysius of Syracuse, and seeing an enormous turbot placed before the tyrant, put the head of the little fish close to his mouth, and pretended to whisper to it: then placed it close to his ear, as if to receive the answer more distinctly. Upon being asked by Dionysius for an explanation of this mummery, he said, "I am writing a poem, sir, upon Galatea, one of the Nereids, and as I want information concerning several particulars relative to her father Nereus and the watery element, that are quite out of my ken, I was in hopes of obtaining some satisfaction from this fish; but he tells me that he is too young and ignorant to be

able to satisfy my curiosity, and refers me to that grown gentleman before your Majesty, who is much better acquainted with aquatic affairs." The tyrant took the hint, and had the complaisance to send him the turbot.

"That's Quits."—Giornovichi has been called an "erratic star." He once announced a concert at Lyons, but finding that the Lyonese did not seem to value him at his own price, he determined to be revenged, and thereupon deferred the concert till the next evening, offering as a bait the tickets at half-price. A rush was made, all the tickets were sold, the theatre was crammed; when suddenly the expectations of the audience were let down by the news that the advertiser had quitted the town—*sans cérémonie!* This same freak of nature was one day in a music-shop purchasing some fiddle-strings, etc., when he accidentally broke a pane of glass. "Those who break windows must pay for them," said the shopkeeper. "Right," replied the other; "how much is it?" "Thirty sous." "Well, there's a three-franc piece." "But I have no small change." "Never mind," replied the *virtuoso;* and instantly dashing his cane through another square, he cried, "That's quits."

Familiarity.—Baumgarten was a favourite musician with the Duke of Cumberland, brother to George III. The duke, who had lately bought a pair of high-bred horses, one morning invited the harmonist to ride with him on the box of his brake to try the animals, well knowing that Baumgarten had a particular aversion to risks. Had it been any one else the musician would have refused, but this was impossible with his Royal Highness, so with fearful steps he ascended to what he considered a very dangerous situation, and had not been there many minutes before the young duke began whipping the horses till they nearly kicked themselves out of their harness. All this while Baumgarten was doing his best to hold on to the box; but the duke's oft-repeated warnings

of "Take care, or you'll be off!" at last so terrified Baumgarten that he clasped his hands round the waist of his royal patron, exclaiming—"By God! if I go, you shall too!" Nor did he leave go his hold until the two arrived home.

Last Salute.—Cervetto, of Drury Lane orchestra in the days of Garrick, was a spare man with an emphatically pronounced proboscis. The "gods" therefore nicknamed him "Nosey," and used to greet his appearance in the orchestra with shouts of recognition liberally mixed with the "chaff" peculiar to the gallery, such as, "Play up, Nosey;" "Nosey, play up." One morning Cervetto happened to be passing on horseback through Tyburn Road, when a crowd at the notorious "Gate" convinced him that serious business was pending. He had gone but a few steps farther when he saw two culprits coming along, Prayer-book in hand, in a cart. One of them, looking up from his book, suddenly started, and nudging his companion, exclaimed (loudly enough for Cervetto to hear): "—— my eyes, Jack, there's old Nosey!"

Amusing—if True!—Hertz, the Polish pianist, once essayed "starring" on the other side of the Herring Pond. He had some funny experiences, but the trip proved profitable, and he was immensely pleased with what he gleaned of American institutions. On a day he found himself in California. He had announced a concert in one of the new cities in the "diggings," and sent to San Francisco for his piano. The audience had assembled, and the pianist expected nothing less than to be bowie-knifed by the outraged miners. Observing his evident terror, they asked him what was the matter, whereupon he confessed that his piano had not arrived. "Oh, never mind the pianner," said two of the miners encouragingly; "we don't care for it—we came to see you make us a speech." Hertz did his best, and they had all nearly forgotten the piano when its arrival was

announced. A company of strong fellows carried it into the hall and placed it on the platform. It was a three-cornered or "grand piano," and Hertz anticipated astonishing the company. He seated himself on an empty whisky-keg and struck the keys. Bhum! bhum! splash! splash! Not a sound did the piano give save that of the keys striking in water. The Californians who had brought the "box" from San Francisco, finding it heavy, *had floated it to town,* and on dragging it out of the river neglected to pour the water from the inside.

A New Rôle.—Few lovers of music have not heard of Tartini's violin sonata, *Il Trillo del Diavolo.* One night Tartini dreamed that he had made a compact with the devil, who promised to be at his service on all occasions; indeed, in the dream, the new servant anticipated all the musician's wishes. Ultimately the two became so familiar that Tartini presented his Satanic Majesty with his violin in order to ascertain what kind of a musician he was; when, to Tartini's utter astonishment, he heard him play a solo so beautiful, and with such taste and skill, that it surpassed all the music he had ever heard in his life. In a state of feverish excitement and delight Tartini awoke, and instantly seized his fiddle in hopes of repeating the music he had just heard—but alas! the devil had gone, and his music with him.

HAD A "STRAD."

Temptation to Talk!—Dear old "Bob" Lindley was the violoncellist *par excellence* of a generation or two back. He was not so accomplished a master in the art of speech, having an impediment rather embarrassing to himself and his listeners. Wardour Street, Soho, was the crawl for the man of fashion and the artist, the connoisseur and the collector of curiosities —for this last-named article of commerce was even more than now the speciality of that quarter. Naturally, the leading instrumentalists of the day were to be seen wandering there at times, and one day Lindley, with a fellow-musician, halted in front of a shop where, among other attractions, a parrot was exposed for sale. The artists stood criticising Polly, and in their turn were regarded contemptuously by the shopman, who saw that they were not likely to prove customers. "Ca—ca—can—can he—e—e t—t—t—talk?" asked Lindley, pointing to the parrot. "Yes!" was the answer; "a —— sight better than you can, or I'd wring his blessed neck!"

Capped.—The greatest violinist of the century, probably, Wilhelmj, has not been heard in England for a long while now. The last time we beheld the famous fiddler he was with the late Herr Lehmeyer, fiddler and pianist, had just finished at a West End concert, and was on the point of attacking a colossal steak with beer. So the immortals live! The German *virtuoso*, who purchased the jewelled fiddle made in 1737 by Joseph Guarnerius del Jesu from Mr. Hart for £2000, is as big physically as he is artistically. The King of Holland, a few months before his death, said of him, "When he plays he takes my breath away, so powerful and unexpected are his renderings." Dr. Joachim, the authority on the playing of the Beethoven Concerto, also testified to his excellent rendering by saying, "No man can play the Beethoven Concerto like Wilhelmj." It remained, however, for Wagner and Liszt to put the greatest feathers in Wilhelmj's cap. The former held him in the highest

esteem, and Liszt once remarked, when his name was mentioned, "If the violin had never been invented, some one would have invented one for Wilhelmj." This is practically what Mr. Hart thought when the *virtuoso* came to England to purchase his Guarnerius, the string-pegs of which were studded with jewels and diamonds. He had refused to part with it, but on hearing Wilhelmj play the instrument he melted, and handed the fiddle over.

A Powerful Pianist.—Roseingrave, at one time organist at St. George's, Hanover Square, first met Scarlatti in Italy. At an academy there, where he and others had been passing the evening, a young man dressed in black, with a black wig, and very quiet, was observed standing in a corner of the room. He was asked to play; and "When he began," said Roseingrave, "I thought ten hundred devils were at the instrument, for never had I heard such passages and effects before. So far did he surpass my own playing, that had I but had a knife within my reach, I would have cut off my fingers. So abashed was I, that as it was I could not, I declare, touch an instrument for a month afterwards."

His "Dernier Ressort."—Many people called Paganini the devil, and he was once imprisoned and had his violin taken away from him because he was supposed to be such a dangerous character. One day a great lady in Rome said to him, "Signor Paganini, I understand that you can execute an air on one string of your violin." "Madam, you have heard the truth," he returned. "Will you allow me and my friends to hear you?" she queried. "Certainly," he responded. So the lady gave a grand reception, at which the violinist was invited to perform his one-string trick. Thus he played the prayer from Rossini's *Moses in Egypt*, and was thanked by his hostess, who said, "Now, Signor Paganini, as you do wonders on one string, can you perform on no string at all?" "Most assuredly," he answered.

"Will you, for me?" she questioned. "With pleasure," he responded. So a day was appointed when the lady invited a number of friends to witness Paganini's miracle, but he failed to appear. Then the news came that he had left Rome. This was his performance without any string, and his retort to the social queen who had treated him as a mountebank rather than as an artist.

Highland Orpheus.—"Music hath charms," etc., and, given the correct kind of music and the proper degree of savagery, the fact is no doubt true; indeed, a profane modern has parodied the line so as to bring the "savage *beast*" within the charms of music, and has quoted the legend of Orpheus, with others, in proof of the truth of it. It is a pity the line did not occur to a certain Highland piper, of whom it is related that, having opened his wallet one day by the side of a wood, and prepared to eat his dinner, he was disagreeably surprised by the approach of three wolves. In the first impulse of fear, the piper threw his bread and meat to them, until all the contents of his wallet were exhausted. As a last resource he took up his bagpipes, the sound of which had just the effect we should imagine. "The deil faw me," said the now dinnerless piper, "gin I had kent ye lo'ed music sae weel, ye suld ha' ha'en it before dinner." The wolves had disappeared!

A Love-Stop.—Of all the extraordinary expedients for communication between a lover and his lady with which novelists, dramatists, and librettists have familiarised us, few can be more eccentric than the one that was adopted by the lover of Susanna Kennedy, Countess of Eglinton. Long before the pianoforte became the favourite instrument of torture for a young lady and her friends, the "dulcet pipe" was in fashion. One day the fair Susanna—a young lady, by the way, who was six feet high—received a beautiful flute as a present. When she attempted, however, to play

upon it, she found that something obstructed the sound, and on further examination she discovered that the ventage was closed by a small roll of paper, which on inspection she found to be a copy of verses expressing envy of the happy pipe that was to be so often pressed by her lips. Perhaps it was the lady's great height which made the lover so timid, or possibly he was so short himself that he felt those lips were quite beyond his reach in another sense: at all events we can but commend his ingenuity, and hope that he was accepted at last.

Severe.—Puppo, whose talents upon the violin were great, and which Viotti was the first to praise, was fond of boasting that he was a scholar of the great Tartini, which was known not to be the case. On a certain occasion, when Lahoussaye, who really was a disciple of Tartini, was present, Viotti begged him as a favour to give him a specimen of Tartini's manner of playing. "And now," said he in a voice loud enough to be heard by all the company, "now, M. Puppo, listen to my friend Lahoussaye, and you will be able to form an idea as to how Tartini *did* play."

Might have been otherwise.—One day when approaching Paris in a diligence, after a visit to England, Paganini was alarmed at seeing his beloved Guarnerius fall from the roof of the conveyance. The delicate instrument received a palpable injury and had to be taken to Vuillaume, the famous maker and repairer of violins, who was resident in the French capital. Vuillaume not only mended it, but made an exact facsimile of it, taking both to the Italian *virtuoso* with the remark that the two instruments puzzled him as to their identity. Paganini in dismay tried first one violin and then the other, played on both, then examined them minutely apart and together, and ended by exclaiming in great distress that he could not decide which was his own. He strode about the room, wild, ecstatic, and in tears, faith and fury

alike struggling for the mastery in him, when the maker, overcome by the sight of a grief and a bewilderment so genuine, and never for a moment intending to deceive his client, presented him with both violins as a pledge of his esteem and admiration, at the same time pointing out the sham Guarnerius, for which he begged an honourable place in Paganini's household.

Father to the Man.—"Little boys of five are too small for a violin," said Kubelik's father to his younger son; but finding the child was really pining for one, he gave in. In three months he had outdistanced his brother; in six he knew more than his father, the village musician. And, to-day——!

To the Last.—When Puppo, the Italian violinist, was in Paris in 1793, he was summoned before the Committee of Public Safety, on suspicion, when the following questions were put to him:—"What is your name?" "Puppo." "What were you doing during the time of the tyrant?" "I played the violin." "What do you do now?" "I play the violin." "And what will you do for the nation?" "I will play the violin." Bravo, departed Puppo. This is worthy your reputation for saying smart things. It is as good as christening Boccherini the wife of Haydn.

Witty!—Dorion of the Greeks was not only a practised flute-player but also a poet, wit, and glutton. His pleasantries do him credit. Being at Milo, and not able to procure a lodging, he inquired of a priest, who was sacrificing in a chapel, to what divinity it was dedicated. He answered, "To Jupiter and to Neptune." "How should I be able," says Dorion, "to get a lodging in a place where the gods are forced to lie double?" This same Dorion, having lost at a banquet a large shoe which he wore on account of his foot being extremely swollen with the gout, "The only harm I wish the thief," said he, "is that my shoe may fit him."

Which?—Paderewski is alleged to have declared that there are only two musical nations in the world—the gipsies and the Jews. With the others music is a matter of cultivation. Is M. Paderewski, then, a Jew or a gipsy? We ask this question because we are strongly of opinion that music with the eminent pianist is something more than "a matter of cultivation."

Surveyed.—All geniuses—at least the musical ones—have at moments of their lives expressed their views of life and of existence generally. Like the rest of mankind, they have found their best support wrapped up in the future—for even with them "Hope springs eternal," etc. Tschaïkowsky was in the habit of saying, "My past causes me regret, my present gives me no pleasure. I count on the future—that is my life"—a brief summing-up which, probably, for most of us, spells the problem of why we continue an existence.

Must Practise.—One day at Florence Paganini got into a cab, and ordered that he should be driven to the theatre, which was no great distance. He was late, and an enthusiastic audience was waiting to hear him perform the famous prayer of *Moïse* on a single string. On alighting he said to the driver, "How much do I owe you?" "For you," said the cabman, who recognised him, "the fare is ten francs." "What! ten francs!" exclaimed Paganini, "surely you are jesting?" "I am speaking seriously," said the driver; "you charge as much for a place at your concert." Paganini was silent a minute, and then handing the man a liberal fare, said, "I will pay you ten francs when you drive me upon one wheel!"

Not by Appearances.—Johannes Wolff, the celebrated violinist, once had a very agreeable surprise. A messenger brought him a small brown paper parcel, for which he asked a receipt. "Poof!" laughed the great man, "a receipt for a little paper parcel like that?" But when the messenger stuck to his point, he smiled and signed. On opening the insignificant package he found a gold purse, a gold pencil-case, a beautiful amber cigar-holder in a gold case, and an address from his pupils of the previous year at the Guildhall School of Music.

Tit for Tat.—Kullak, the famous pianist, was once invited to dinner by a wealthy Berliner, who was the owner of a large boot manufactory and had been a shoemaker in his time. After the repast Kullak was requested to play something, and he consented. Not long afterwards the *virtuoso* invited the boot manufacturer, and after dinner handed him a pair of old boots. "What am I to do with these?" inquired the rich man. With a genial smile Kullak replied: "Why, the other day you asked me after dinner to make a little music for you, and now I ask you to mend these boots for me. Each to his trade, you know!"

A Satisfactory Exchange.—Dupré the ballet celebrity, and Léclair the French violinist, when they set out in life had each mistaken his calling, and only by sheer accident dropped into those spheres which they afterwards adorned so much. One day Léclair as dancer was on the stage rehearsing a new step, the details of which, and the continued accompaniment of the violinist below, so overheated the dancer that in a rage he cried out—"Your scraping there is enough to drive a man mad!" "And your jumping is only worthy of a clown," retorted Dupré. "Perhaps," continued the violinist, "as you have such a very delicate ear and so little grace, you would like to take my place in the orchestra?" "You'll never do any good where you are," angrily answered Léclair. "Why don't you try your luck in the ballet? Here, give me your fiddle and

come up here." The two changed places, and Dupré never left the stage till he had made a fortune; while Léclair the dancer went into the orchestra, and rose to be a chief exponent of the French school of violin-playing.

Unextinguished.—Dr. Joachim has told the world that it was almost by accident that he became a violinist. His mother bought him a toy fiddle at a fair when he was only five years of age. A year later his fame was European. Some time ago the famous player had an accident which nearly terminated his career. Ascending a "made-in-Germany" platform, he was precipitated, fiddle and all, into the depths. Luckily, neither he nor the "Strad" were seriously injured.

Solo-Polo.—Paderewski, the splendid pianist and composer, has recently established a claim to be regarded as a humorist. When visiting America not long since he was introduced to Mr. Cowdin, the polo-player, at the house of Mr. Frank Damrosch, who remarked: "You ought to know one another, for one of you is a Pole and the other a polo." "Say, rather," said M. Paderewski, "that I am a poor Pole who plays solo, while he is a dear soul who plays polo." Quite a theme with variations!

"Hee-haw."—At Ferrara a singer had failed Paganini, and he induced a dancer who had a pretty voice to come to the rescue. Some fellow in the audience hissed her singing, which caused the violinist to take a revenge little suited to the occasion. In his last solo he imitated the cries of various animals on his violin, and, suddenly advancing to the footlights, caused it to bray like an ass, and exclaimed, "This is for him who hissed." Instead of laughter, the pit rose in fury, and would have made short work of Paganini and his violin, had he not escaped by a back door. It transpired that the country people round Ferrara called the townspeople, whom they hated, "asses,"

and were in the habit of singing out "Hee-haw!" when they alluded to them, hence the angry reception of Paganini's musical repartee.

Beware!—Giardini was once asked how long it would take to learn to play on the fiddle. "Twelve hours a day for twenty years together," was his reply. Whether this be true or not, Giardini had better have left it unsaid, or at all events have qualified it a little for the benefit of the many who never can attain perfection in anything, and yet for whom patience and perseverance are equally valuable acquirements.

Business Eye.—Strakosch, Hungarian pianist, composer, and *impresario*—in all of which occupations he excelled—had occasion to pitch his tent on American soil, and reached the cotton-planting districts. At a grand concert, where the eminent pianist was performing very difficult variations on the piano, a cotton planter, admiring the dexterity with which the musician made use of his fingers, exclaimed to a friend, "What a magnificent cotton-picker that fellow would make!"

Ill Timed.—Paganini was not merely a musician—he was a magician in music. He could make all voices speak with his violin, from the trill of an Æolian harp to the braying of a donkey. It is recorded that he arrived at Frankfort one night at an unreasonable hour, and stopped at an inn outside the city gate. Finding he was unable to sleep, he took his violin, went to the open window, and commenced playing one of his marvellous medleys. Feminine sighs and groans, then the crying of an infant, then joyous outbursts of laughter issued in rapid succession from the strings of his magical instrument. The whole neighbourhood was aroused, nightcaps peeped out timidly from upper windows, worthy burghers in scant undress reconnoitred stealthily behind half-open doors. At length the more adventurous guests of the

inn, rushing upstairs and knocking violently at Paganini's door with a view to ascertaining the cause of all this hubbub, were quietly informed by the artist that, being unable to sleep, he was simply amusing himself with his violin.

Appreciative.—On a certain occasion in Dublin, Paganini had just completed that successful effort, the Rondo *à la Sicilienne* from "La Clochette," in which was a silver bell accompaniment to the fiddle, producing a most original effect. No sooner had the outburst of applause ended, than an excited Paddy in the gallery shouted out—"Arrah now, Paganini, just take a drop o' whisky, my darling, and ring the bell again like that!"

Gentle—but Effectual.—Viotti's fame had attracted the notice of royalty, and Marie Antoinette had sent for him to Versailles in order that he might perform. On the day appointed all the members of the Court were assembled in the theatre, and the performance began. Already the first bars of his favourite solo commanded breathless attention, when an outcry was heard in the saloon: "Place à monseigneur le Comte d'Artois!" In the midst of the tumult, the indignant Viotti coolly placed his violin under his arm and walked out of the place.

Best for Him.—There was a robustness and sturdiness of character about the late William Thomas Best which was keenly refreshing in an age much given to lick-spittling of a most abject order—a parasitic flattering most repulsive, if the truth were known, to those whom it is intended to please. The great Liverpool organist could not grovel. When the late Lord Beaconsfield offered Mr. Best his choice of a knighthood or a pension from the Civil List of £100 a year, he (Best) facetiously wrote to his friend Craddock: "I have decided in favour of the Gold Bath, and am now taking Parr's Life Pills."

BOOK IV.

Miscellaneous Musical Anecdotes.

Field for Culture.—"Let us sing to the praise and glory of God." This proposal, that used to be so frequently made, was too generally a prelude to a performance which had in it but little of the spirit of worship in any sense. Thanks to more common-sense among the clergy and better education for musicians, things have greatly improved in recent years in

A DOUBTFUL SOIL.

respect to church music. Clergymen, as a set, are absolutely unmusical. It is true here and there we find what is known as a "musical curate," but it is astonishing how very limited are the acquirements which enable a curate to lord it over

his vicar in matters musical. Church music, in fact, is ill served by the clergy, for, not content with knowing little about the art, they proceed ruthlessly and recklessly as though they knew everything, and the unfortunate organist is frequently obliged to acquiesce in some performances which seem to be founded on the belief that heaven and those therein are best pleased with broken tunes and murdered harmonies. And most devoutly is it to be hoped that before long amateur church musicians will cease to "arrange" great scores in order to bring them within the grasp and comprehension of the ignorant and vulgar. Even were the course justifiable, it demands the greatest judgment, technical skill, good taste, and experience. Yet this is too often forgotten, and the result as frequently recalls a story told by Dr. Harrington, who once questioned a rustic concerning the efficiency of a parish choir, of which Mr. Rustic was a member, and being told that "they often sang several of Handel's choruses": "What!" said the doctor, "Handel's choruses!" and having made this remark he proceeded to make further inquiries, in order that he might satisfy the curiosity which we can readily imagine was awakened in his mind, as to how the country choir encountered the difficulties of these pieces. "Why, soor," replied the country bumpkin, "we couldn't make much hand of 'em at first, but we altered some of the nawts, and now they do very well."

R.A.s, Note.—The Greek painter Theon knew the virtue of martial music, and so he first took the precaution of making a trumpeter sound the charge, and perceiving that this music animated the spectators, he uncovered his picture, which immediately gained the admiration of all who beheld it. Something of the same idea was propounded some years ago at the Royal Aquarium, where it was proposed to make a panorama of Beethoven's "Choral Symphony," and unfold it while the band played. Following up this idea of illustrating one art by another, what scope could be given for

the exercise of ingenuity by the committees of the academies of music and painting! How appropriately might a picture entitled "The Devils entering into the Swine" be accompanied by the tune "When Pigs begin to Fly"! Then there are the pictures of cottage interiors, with the everlasting baby crowing over its father's return from work. Would these not appeal with redoubled force to our sympathies if the sweet strains of "He always comes home to Tea" were kept gently sounding hard by?

Naval "Addition." — Curiously enough, the sea has always been associated with music. An entire book might be written on the relationship of sea and harmony. Imagine, for instance, the extent of the glorious sea-songs of Britain alone, to say nothing of the naval ditties of other countries. Then, who cannot recall to mind the "storms" of music? There is that tempest that Haydn conceived for Curtz; Mendelssohn's Mount Carmel scene, when a filmy shadow of rain-cloud ripens to a flood that drenches the parched valleys of Carmel and fills to overflow its thirsty, empty pools; what a storm and tempest Beethoven—the greatest of the great tone poets—has given us in the third allegro movement of the "Pastoral" symphony; who that has ever heard the piece can forget the fury of the elements in Rossini's *Guillaume Tell* overture? And there are anthems like "They that go down to the sea in ships," and many a secular setting of storm scenes. Oh yes! the mighty reach of harmony is not all sunshine and landscape. To-day harmony is to be associated with yachting. Although there are 4000 or so yachts on the register, there has hitherto been no *Nota* — a deficiency that our friend, Mr. Abdy Williams, has supplied in the shape of a sea-boat, which is as safe as an ark, and under a gale as fast as a steamer. Here is his *apologia:* "I have always been fond of cruising in small yachts, and in my youth did a little amateur racing. When I settled on the Solent last year, I was anxious to

have a boat that I could manage single-handed, and yet big enough for two persons to sleep on board. The *Nota* is just such a boat—twenty feet over all, rigged as a sloop, ample cabin room, and an excellent sea-boat, her qualities in this respect having been amply proved in a run of sixteen hours in half a gale of wind from Dartmouth to Studland Bay. The yacht was roughly designed by me, the details being carried out by the builder, and the name became a source of great difficulty. No one who has not built a yacht knows how difficult it is to choose a suitable name, and, after many discussions, it was agreed that, as she was to be partly paid for by the fee for the book, *Notation* ('The Music Story' Series), the name *Nota* (Latin for a sign or a musical note) would not be amiss, besides having the merit of originality. *Nota* has as yet no history. The only episode, if it can be called such, in her career was when in the early morning off St. Alban's Head, in black darkness, the wind became so strong that we feared to lose our mast, and, as the sea was too high for us to take in a third reef, we 'scandalised' the mainsail and tied it up in a bag as best we could. (Off St. Alban's Head, many years ago, I lost my dinghy; a high sea tore her away from us, and she was probably smashed on the rocks.) The builders of *Nota* seemed terribly slow, yet the workmen worked very hard. I watched each plank being carefully sawn and planed to fit, and it seemed as if she never would be finished." God speed the *Nota*.

His Money's Worth.—A rich gentleman once gave his friends a musical treat. While the musicians were all at work he seemed satisfied with the performances; but when the principal violin came to an incidental solo, the host inquired, in the most vehement language, why the rest of the band were idle. "It is a *pizzicato* for one instrument," replied the performer. "I can't help that," exclaimed the man of wealth. "Let the trumpets pizzicato along with you!" This is very like the tale told of Jacob Astley. This "horsey"

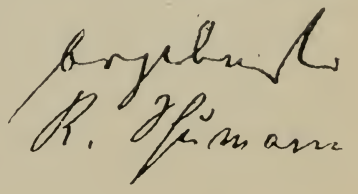
celebrity had a great horror of being imposed upon, and once observing a violinist in his band enjoying a cessation from playing, he walked up to him, and asked him somewhat paradoxically, "What the —— are you doing?" "Why, sir, here's a *rest* marked in my part—a rest of several bars." "Rest!" exclaimed Astley, "don't talk to me about rest, sir; I pay you to come here and play, and not to rest."

Managerial "Bitters."—In music, from the conductor to the sorter of music, from the *impresario* to the call-boy, from the *prima donna* to the guardian of the lamps, the rewards and punishments are, on the whole, pretty fairly distributed; possibly, indeed, we might find that the higher we look in the scale the more heavily are the punishments heaped against the rewards. Ebers, in his *Seven Years of the King's Theatre,* confirms the truth of this with a charming anecdote. He was dining one day with Taylor the *impresario* and other opera *habitués,* when the subject of capital punishment was started. During the discussion Taylor remained in a reverie. A gentleman at table strongly advocated the abolition of capital punishment in all cases. Taylor, whose knowledge of London was extensive and peculiar, kept silent. "What would you inflict, then, on a criminal of the worst kind?" asked another. "By God!" said Taylor, starting up, "make him manager of the Opera-house. If he deserved a worse punishment, he must be a devil incarnate." This Taylor was rarely ever out of the pale of the King's Bench. "How can you conduct the management of the King's Theatre," he was asked one day, "perpetually in durance as you are?" "My dear fellow," he replied, "how could I possibly conduct it if I were at liberty? I should be eaten up, sir—devoured. Here comes a dancer—'Mr. Taylor, I want such a dress;' another, 'I want such and such ornaments.' One singer demands to sing in a part not allotted to him, another to have an addition to his appointments. No; let *me* be shut up, and they go to

Masterson [Taylor's secretary]; he, they are aware, cannot go beyond his line, but if they get at *me*—pshaw! no man at large can manage that theatre; and in fact," said he, "no man that undertakes it ought to go at large." This Mark Tapley of *impresarii* was almost invariably more or less elevated with wine, and extremely noisy. One evening he formed one of a coterie in which Sir John Ladd, his lady, and Lady Hamilton often took part, and on this occasion the wine had so affected him that Lady Ladd found it expedient to empty the boiling contents of the kettle over him. This operation had the somewhat paradoxical effect of completely cooling him.

Suggestive.—A certain sheriff-substitute was facetious. He had a habit of crooning, or whistling in an undertone, some of the more popular Scottish airs, while perched on the bench. A youthful prisoner was once before him, found guilty of an act of larceny. After pronouncing a sentence of imprisonment, the sheriff added, "Take care you don't come here again, young man, or——" he closed the sentence by humming the tune "Ower the water to Charlie."

Cool Request.—The expression "fanatico per la musica" has passed into a saying, but there was a time when the *fanatico contra la musica* was a more influential and less phenomenal person than he now is. The zeal of the Puritans against every custom, however innocent, which prevailed among Roman Catholics, extended to music. These extraordinary folk could detect sin in a surplice, but could not distinguish music from mummery. Such fanatics might have learned a lesson from Luther, who, so far from excluding music from the Church, gave it the next highest place to Theology, saying: "I verily think, and am not ashamed to say, that, next to divinity, no art is comparable to music."



Martyrdom.—Few callings require such a combination of tact, courtesy, and ability as that of an operatic manager. In addition to all the technical knowledge necessary, and to all the organising and administrative skill, he must add the physical strength of a Hercules, the foresight of a prophet, and the temper of an angel. All this, too, is nothing without a strong sense of humour, a ready wit, unfailing tact; he must be able to hold his tongue "like a man," but to use it like a woman, to scold or to persuade, and to be firm. Every moment almost there is a call for the exercise of some rare faculty. Foresight is one of these. A French *impresario* was taking out an opera company, which, by special agreement, was to include but one tenor. For the first few days the vocal land-lubbers were "lying down below"; but as they gradually got over the first sensations of misery, some of the stronger of them managed to crawl on deck, and also to try their voices. Among these was the tenor. Slowly and jealously he commenced testing his vocal powers, when he was suddenly surprised by the voice of another tenor singer! Soon after, he was more astonished to hear yet a third tenor practising the scale—and then a fourth and a fifth. The astonished rivals met, and in a towering rage rushed down to the manager's cabin demanding an explanation of his conduct. "Yes, yes," said he coolly, "you are quite right, gentlemen, and I will keep my word. None of you have, I think, been to New Orleans before. When we arrive there, the yellow fever is sure to be raging, and two of you will probably succumb to it before we land, very likely two more before our rehearsals are over. So you see, gentlemen, I shall hardly be wrong in my stipulation." Severini—director of the Paris Opera—once set a notable example of the firmness needful in dealing with tyrannous Semiramides, Normas, Aminas, and such like. He had occasion to complain in somewhat severe terms to Madame Malibran. She, conscious of her attractive powers, defiantly retorted: "Sir, if you are dissatisfied, you

know your remedy—cancel our agreement." "Very good, madam," said Severini, and sending for his part thereof, he requested to have hers also. On receiving it, to the great astonishment of the *diva*, he coolly tore them both into pieces. Rossini was in the theatre at the time, and when he heard of the affair, quietly observed to the manager that he had sacrificed 100,000 francs a year. "No matter," replied Severini, "I have secured my peace of mind."

Piscatorial.—It was Theodore Hook's good, or evil, fortune to find himself one night at a musical "party." In the course of the evening's tortures a certain young lady attacked a very difficult song, which she gave with exaggerated expression and a great many blunders. Next to Hook sat an elderly lady, as decided an amateur in criticism as the songstress was in singing, overflowing with gushing ignorance and sparkling superlatives. "Oh! Mr. Hook," she murmured, "don't you adore her singing? It's so full of soul!" "Well, madam," said he, "for my part I think there is more of the flounder than the *sole* about it."

Ready to Learn.—We knew of a gentleman taking his Mus. Bac. degree, who could not distinguish the several instruments in a full orchestra. Such ignorance is inadmissible in the case of those who propose parading before mankind with hoods and a host of other scholastic millinery; with an honest Jack Tar we excuse and forget it. The company of one of the opera-houses had arrived at Liverpool to embark for America. The instruments among other things were being shipped, and with them was the double bass, or "big fiddle" as it is also called, not cased as usual—for this member of the string family will stand a little rough treatment. It soon attracted the attention of the Jack Tars, three or four of whom settled round, scrutinising it with keen interest. By the order of an officer they soon dispersed, but not long afterwards another bluff seaman was discovered

secretly watching it with wondering eyes. He was asked his reason for standing thus idle. "Well, yer know," said Jack, "I'm just waiting for to see the length of the bloke's arm that can play that there fiddle!"

Crotchets!—The question was who should fix the metrical Psalms for singing. Matters came to a head one Sunday, when the parson announced the One Hundredth Psalm—"All people that on earth do dwell." Up rose the chief of the choir and exclaimed, "Dom—'All people that on earth do dwell!'—'My soul, praise the Lord!'"

Musical Cookery.—Musicians of the highest order have had fastidious palates, and when their cooks have failed them have gone to the kitchen themselves. Beethoven was frequently his own cook, for he had a strong notion that no one could prepare his food so well as himself. Rossini could cook rice better than any one he knew. Paganini's skill in cooking was only second to his violin-playing. Lully, in the height of his fame, did not forsake his early love—the stew-pan. Weichsel, the father of Mrs. Billington, would occasionally pass a whole day in preparing his favourite dish, rump-steaks, for the stewing-pan; and after the delicious viand had been placed on the dinner-table, together with early green peas of high price, if it happened that the sauce was not to his liking he has been known to throw rump-steaks and green peas and all out of the window, while his wife and children thought themselves fortunate in not being thrown after them. *Apropos* of the present dearth of good cooks, Count Castel de Maria once had a kitchen utensil which might certainly be revived: this was a spit, one that played tunes, and so regulated and indicated the condition of whatever was hung upon it to roast. By a mechanical contrivance this spit would strike up an appropriate tune whenever a joint had hung sufficiently long. "Oh! the roast beef of Old England" would strike up when a sirloin

had turned and hung its appointed time. At another air, a leg of mutton *à l'Anglaise* would be found excellent; while

ANDANTE AFFETTUOSO.

some other tune would indicate that a fowl *à la Flamande* was cooked to a nicety and demanded removal from the fowl-roast. Musical "Jacks" verily!

Stab in the Dark.—The choir of a large metropolitan church had sung a *Te Deum* of a very ornate description, the final bars of which were not only complicated but required the exertion of the full lung-power of all voices engaged. While the echo of the last notes was still faintly sounding among the rafters, the clergyman commenced to read the Second Lesson in a clear, quiet, religious tone. The lesson was taken from the XXth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, the first words being, "And after the uproar was ceased." The choristers looked—*mum.*

"What the Deil's."—That Scotch folk are peculiar in their musical notions is incontrovertible. Of two facts that will prove this, one is their incurable love of the bagpipe. A "literary" friend once took Hogg to the Opera, where he soon gave unequivocal symptoms of drowsiness; yet to an inquiry implying a doubt of his enjoyment, he replied, "Eh! I like it gey weel, sir." When, as occasionally, he gave any attention to a portion of the performance, his eyes were observed to be fixed on Costa, the conductor. At length he could restrain his curiosity no longer, but exclaimed, "Wha and what the deil's that fallow that keeps a *fugle*-ing yon?"

Imperial Criticism.—Of all the arts, Music has little to complain of in its treatment by royalty. The Austrian Emperor Charles VI. once gave Farinelli a lesson which that superb vocalist declared "was of more use to him than all the precepts of his masters or the examples of his rivals." The Emperor told him that "in his singing he neither moved nor stood still like any other mortal—all was supernatural; but," he added, "these gigantic strides, these never-ending notes, are merely surprising, and it is now time that you should think of pleasing. You are too lavish of the gifts with which nature has endowed you; if you wish to reach the heart, you must take a plainer and simpler road." Charles the Fifth of France was more emphatic, and barely polite.

At the least mistake he would cry out: "So-and-so is wrong," and point out the man; or if he failed to do this

ALLEGRO VIVACE.

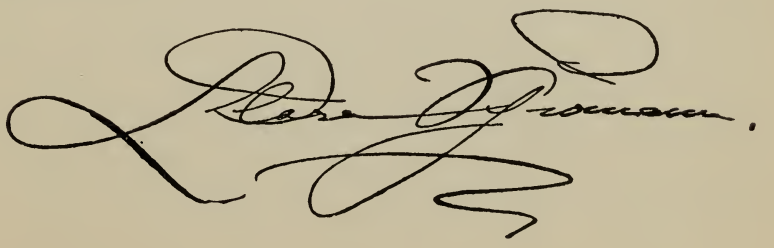
he might be heard muttering such compliments as "the red-headed blockhead," etc. Guerrero was seriously ill-advised when he tried to palm upon the Emperor a book of

motetts and masses apparently of his own composition. Upon summoning his singers, and selecting one as a specimen, the Emperor, much to the alarm of the vocalists, called his confessor, and said, "See what a thief, what a plagiarist, is this son of a ——! Why, here, this passage is taken from so-and-so, and this from another," naming them as he continued his search.

Fraternal.—No one can have progressed far in that interesting pursuit, the perusal of English and foreign musical literature, without being confronted with the name Strakosch. Of three famous brothers—each of whom essayed the joys and sorrows of an *entrepreneur's* career—the last survivor, Ferdinand, has died while we are writing. The eldest brother, Maurice—Madame Patti's teacher, and a manager—died in 1887. The younger brother, Max, died in 1892. In the 'sixties and 'seventies the brothers Strakosch wielded enormous influence in operatic matters, for Maurice was director of the Italian Opera, Paris, and was also interested with Max in the American campaigns of Nilsson, Patti, Parepa-Rosa, Kellogg, Carlotta Patti, Titiens, Albani, and others; while Ferdinand was *impresario* at Rome and at Trieste, and thus had a certain amount of control over the then powerful Italian stage. The three brothers were dubbed respectively "Mein ole fren'," "Mein leedle brother Max," and "Le gr—r—rand," names borrowed from favourite expressions of Maurice, who was by far the most interesting member of the party. To see Maurice for pure fun (he, after all, died very well off) endeavour to screw small sums of money out of his younger brothers, was immense. He would loftily order "mein leedle brother Max" to pay for the dinner both had been consuming, while Ferdinand, who really was an extremely mild-mannered man, he would approach in his supposed character of "Le gr—r—rand," with a humble request for the loan of ten francs for another "leedle bottle" of claret.

Guarded.—A young tenor called on Florentino and said, "I know it is the habit of *débutants* to contribute somewhat towards your great expenses of keeping an establishment worthy of the greatest critic in the world, but I cannot do so, because I have no engagement. If you will support me and help me on to an engagement, I solemnly promise you shall not be forgotten." "Do not trouble," said Florentino; "I will hear you, and do all I can for you." And he went; and this is what he wrote: "We have heard X., a tenor *débutant;* he promises well. The future will show how far he will fulfil his promises."

"No Song——."—Sousa, the great bandmaster, made his first appearance at eleven years of age. His music-master arranged for him to play a violin solo at a concert given to the lunatics of a certain asylum. He found that he had no available clean shirt, and had to be enveloped in one of his master's, many sizes too large for him. Thus equipped, and terribly nervous, he faced the expectant audience of lunatics. As he raised the violin to his chin the shirt began to wobble round his neck, and the cuffs to descend upon his fingers. After about two minutes' playing he broke down and fled from the platform. At the supper which succeeded the performance the youthful Sousa hoped to forget his woes in the good things of the table, but his master would not allow him to touch a thing. "All through that meal," he says, "I could see that his eye was fixed sternly upon me, and I had to refuse dainty after dainty, pretending to my companions that I had had such a good dinner before I came that I was not hungry, which was anything but the truth."



Honest!—A French deputy, finding himself at the Opera one night, fell asleep while Tamburini and Lablache were singing one of their grandest duets. The snoring of the unappreciative deputy attracted the attention of a friend, who, sorely scandalised at such behaviour, awoke the sleeper, saying, "Are you not fond of music, and such singing?" "Music!" muttered the deputy, rubbing his eyes; "of all noises, music is the least disagreeable to me; but too much of it sends me to sleep." Peter the Great once showed his prudence by going to sleep at the Opera. "Had the performance wearied him?" he was asked, to which he is said to have replied, "No! on the contrary, I liked it to excess, and went to sleep from motives of prudence!" The discovery that somnolence is the height of musical enjoyment certainly adds another to the reputed achievements of this monarch.

Swanee River.—The Opera-hall was crowded, for the famous minstrels were giving a benefit performance. They had just concluded the sweet refrain of the "Swanee River." The tumult of applause was hushed by the appearance of a ragged old wreck crowding to the front. Lifting his banjo as a sign of brotherhood, he cried with a choking voice, "Boys, sing that song once more—once more for a poor old minstrel's sake. It brings back the lost and dead; my old home rises before me, where I was once good and happy all the day. I learned the song there of my mother. The vision of her smiling face, praising her boy, comes back with the ringing notes of the banjo and melodies of long ago. I wandered away to play and sing for the world. It listened and applauded. I was flattered, feasted, intoxicated with fame and the whirl of pleasure. But I wrenched it all. Now, old and broken in heart and strength, I am left with but one friend—my banjo. No one listens to it, for the world has found new favourites, and the old minstrel is turned away. She who first praised me died while I was playing for the world—died without seeing me for years. The song she

taught her boy led him from her side: he left her for the world. The world has forsaken him as he did her. Boys, sing my mother's song again, and let my old heart thrill with a better life once more." The house signalled its assent. The old minstrel sat down in the front row. When the solo reached the concluding lines of the second stanza, the singer's eyes turned pityingly upon the wanderer, and, with a voice trembling with emotion, came the words :—

"All up and down the world I wandered,
When I was young;
Oh, many were the days I squandered,
Many were the songs I sung."

The stranger sat bending forward, the tears coursing down the furrows of care that were depicted on his features, his fingers unconsciously caressing the strings of his battered banjo. All the summer of his life came back to his heart again—mother, home, love, and all his boyhood dreams. The chorus began, the shrivelled fingers sought the chords, and, with a strange, weird harmony unheard before, the strains floated along the tide of song. The house was spell-bound. The time-worn instrument seemed to catch its master's spirit, and high above the orchestra's accompaniment rang the soul-like chords from its quivering strings. When the interlude came the minstrel leaned over his banjo with all the fondness of a mother over her babe. Not a sound from either was heard. The solo rose again, and the almost supernatural harmonies drifted with it. But he bowed like a mourner over the dead. Every heart in the audience was touched, and tears of sympathy were brushed away by many a jewelled hand. The singer's eyes were moist, and with plaintive sadness the last lines were sung :—

"When shall I hear the bees a-humming
All round the comb?
When shall I hear the banjo humming
Down in my good old home?"

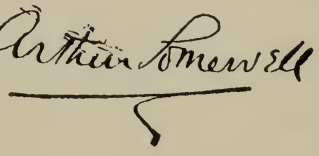
The last chorus followed. The hoary head of the minstrel was lifted, and his face shone with a light of a new dawning. His voice joined with a peculiar blending, perfect in harmony, yet keeping with his banjo high above the singers, ringing, like a rich harp-string long over-strained. The memory of better days, the waywardness, sorrow, remorse, hope, and despair of all his wasted life seemed pent up in these marvellous tones. The chorus closed and his head sank down, the long white curls shrouding the banjo. The manager came before the curtain and said: "The minstrels give one-half of the benefit proceeds to the wandering brother." The house approved with loud demonstrations. A collection started in the galleries, and swept over the hall like a golden shower. The two sums were heaped together on the stage. Such a contribution never graced the footlights before. Again the audience broke forth in round after round of hearty good cheers. But the banjo was still hushed under the shroud of snow-white hair, and no word of thanks or token of gratitude came from the silent figure towards which all eyes were turned. They called him to the stage, and the manager went to escort him there. He laid his hand on his bowed head—the soul of the old minstrel had wandered away once more. He was dead. His heart had sung the last song on the borders of the spirit-land, sung it as the bird sings when it escapes the prison bars which make life "sad and dreary," and flies away from the scenes where "the heart grows weary longing." It was Ben Leland—dead.

And they Would.—When Mr. August Manns was first placed in charge of musical affairs at the Crystal Palace, nearly fifty years ago, he was able to realise the absolute indifference to good music then prevalent in London, to say nothing of England generally. For instance, at a grand concert at the Palace, it was decided to omit the most important part of a Haydn Symphony in order to allow a certain M. Adolphus Francis to give the audience a reading

from the *Prisoner of Chillon*. On an occasion some one asked a member of Mr. Manns' orchestra whether the conductor was popular with his men. "Popular, ye gods!" cried the good fellow, "why, we would black his boots for him, and be proud to do it. We simply love him." If men in this world always had what they deserved, Mr. Manns would have received some substantial recognition years ago, for he has done more than any other living man to advance the realisation of a musical England.

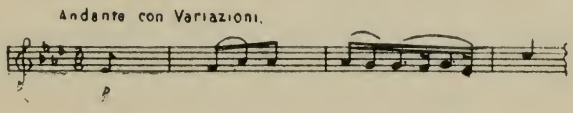
"A Chip."—Madame Mottl, the eminent soprano, has a little boy who evidently inherits his mother's musical genius. He heard his nurse say to the housemaid, "I am a Catholic." The housemaid replied, "I am Evangelical;" "And I," said the little fellow, drawing himself up proudly, "am musical."

Great Disaster.—Marshal Saxe boasted a private theatrical company, at the head of which was Favart, composer of *opéras à ariettes*. Attached to the company was a very beautiful girl named Chantilly, with whom the marshal fell desperately in love. It was the night of the siege of Maestricht, a dark, stormy night; the bridges which connected the marshal's two armies, encamped on either side of the river, were carried away, and the troops were thus separated. In the midst of the excitement Favart and Mdlle. Chantilly eloped. The next morning one of the marshal's officers found him sitting on the bed in a state of violent grief and excitement. The officer sought to comfort the general. "Ah! my dear sir," exclaimed Saxe, "it cannot be repaired; I am lost!" The officer continued to point out the smallness of the disaster, and that all could be repaired in a few hours. "What!" cried the marshal; "is it the bridges you are referring to? That is nothing—but—Chantilly. Oh! Chantilly—I have lost her—she has deserted me!"



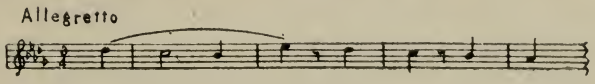
An Antidote.—One of our best-known singers—a baritone—belonged as a boy to a cathedral choir where the chorister boys were very fond of fighting. One day, our little hero having been decidedly worsted in a contest, and having a strong sense of the *mens conscia recti,* was casting about how to take his revenge. At that moment the cathedral chimes rang out for afternoon service. This was most unfortunate, for, like George Eliot's "little demon" Tom, the singer felt that justice must be done. With swelling heart and dilapidated features he was obliged to repair to the vestry and thence to the stalls, there to take a prominent part in an anthem with the passage, "See that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently." This had the effect of knocking all the fight out of him for that day.

"In the Sweet By-and-by."—Mr. Bennett, a music writer, and Mr. Webster were intimate friends, but the latter was subject to melancholy. Mr. Bennett visited Mr. Webster one day at his place of business, and found him in low spirits. "What is the matter now?" inquired Bennett, noticing his sadness. "No matter," responded Webster. "It will be right by-and-by." "Yes, that sweet by-and-by," said Bennett. "Would not that sentiment make a good hymn, Webster?" "Maybe it would," replied Webster indifferently. Turning to his desk, Bennett wrote the three verses of the hymn and handed them to Webster. When he had read them, his whole demeanour changed. Stepping to his desk, he began to write the notes. Having finished them, he requested his violin and played the melody. In a few minutes he had the four parts of the chorus jotted down. It was not over thirty minutes from the first thought of the hymn before the two friends, and two others who had come in in the meantime, were singing all the parts together. A bystander, who had been attracted by the music and had listened in silence, remarked, "That hymn is immortal!" It is now sung in every land under the sun.


Andante con Variazioni.
p

Nice Amusement.—Heidegger came to England without a farthing, and learned how to make five thousand a year by opera management, "which," he used to add jocosely, "he would defy any Englishman to do in Switzerland!" He was universally acknowledged to be the ugliest human being in the kingdom. He was frequently the cause of infinite merriment, and once the then Earl of Chesterfield made a bet with another noble peer that he could not produce an uglier person than Heidegger. Every corner of the town was searched for an old woman who was selected and confronted with the "Swiss count." The umpire's decision was against Lord Chesterfield; whereupon his lordship proposed that the old lady's cap should be transferred to Heidegger's head, when, amidst thunders of applause, Lord Chesterfield was unanimously declared the winner, as the woman stood no chance against her competitor in ugliness with the addition of the cap.

A Poser.—We are scarcely yet accustomed to the idea of either American music or American composers—unless we decide to rank a Sankey with Palestrina and Purcell. One named Billings has, however, stood up as a composer of merit—at least in his own eyes. This Billings's self-laudation became so loud that a witty leveller determined to give the musician an opportunity of distinguishing himself in his art. Wag and musician arranged an interview, at which Billings was to settle a question which no other man in Boston could answer. The man of harmony was at the appointed place to the moment, and said, "Now, give us your question." "My question," rejoined the wag, with the most serious face imaginable, "is an important one; indeed, it affects the whole world, and has never yet been answered." "Let me hear it," said Billings, growing excited. "It is this," was the reply: "when a man snores in his sleep through two octaves, so that the whole house can hear it, do you consider the sounds produced to be vocal or instrumental music?"


Allegretto

A "Swan Song."—

"The silver swan, who living had no note,
When death approached, unlock'd her silent throat," etc.,

is a familiar quotation musically. There is extant a story of a curious embodiment of the legend. A Mdlle. de Limeuil, a maid of honour at the French Court, expired in the act of singing to a violin accompaniment. When the hour of her death had arrived, she sent for her valet, such as all the maids of honour have, and he was called Julien, and played very well on the violin. "Julien," said she, "take your violin and play to me continually, until you see me dead, the 'Defeat of the Swiss,' as well as you are able; and when you are at the passage, 'All is lost!' sound it four or five times as piteously as you can;" which the other did, while she herself assisted him with her voice. She recited it twice, and then turning on the other side of her pillow, said to her companions, "All is lost this time, as well I know," and thus died. Leopold I. of Germany, feeling that his end was fast approaching, sent for his band, ordered them to commence a symphony, which they played till he expired to the accompaniment of a full orchestra!

Straight!—A German Jew had a son who early showed a fondness for music, and, to the misery of his neighbours, selected the violin upon which to give vent to his artistic soul. The boy's father was, in the orthodox parental fashion, deeply impressed with the marvellous talent of his son. Not only had the neighbours to endure the sound of the boy's praises as well as the noise of his performances, but scarcely any stranger visited the town without being invited to the Jew's store "to hear vat they should hear." One day a professor of music chanced to be passing the Jew's door, and hearing some fiddling looked about him. Moses pounced on him, and said, "Dat is my son; vill you not shtep in, and hear vat you shall hear?" Accepting this offer, young Moses was summoned with his violin. The performance over, the

father suddenly exclaimed, "Now, vat you think of dat? You have heard much worse than dat!" "Not much," soberly remarked the professor, not a little annoyed.

One Way Out.—To the uninitiated a full orchestral score is probably as perplexing and unintelligible a thing as an unillustrated Chinese novel. Indeed, to the musically educated eye and ear some composers' scores are oftentimes past comprehension. A musical wit was one day discovered in the act of reading a score upside down! "What are you doing there?" asked the visitor. "Why, you have got the music the wrong way." "Yes," replied the wit, "I can make nothing of ——'s music with the right end upwards; I have turned it topsy-turvy to see how it will go then."

A New Test.—The antics of singing professors and so-called voice producers, most of whom know as much about their subject as an oyster knows of astronomy, are varied and peculiar. A new freak has come to our knowledge, and as it is neither better nor worse than many of the nostrums recommended and freaks performed by many who proclaim their readiness to teach singing, no harm will be done in repeating it. M. Delsarte, the French singing-master, lived in the Montmarte *au sixième*. When a young man applied for lessons, the professor would say, "Have you courage?" "Yes." "I warn you my method is severe; but we will try it. Run down my six flights of stairs as quickly as possible, and then run up again, crying out 'Bonifaccio,' in varying tones. Do that for eight days, an hour and a half each day, then we shall see about beginning lessons." There is this pleasing feature in the French master's method: if his pupil could do all he asked of him he would hardly be the possessor of an afflicted heart, and in this respect, at least, the master's preliminary exercise would prove of some test value.

Louis Spohr

Sufficient.—When Dr. Hans Richter introduced Herr Rosenthal to his orchestra he did it in five words, "Gentlemen, the King of Pianists." Where is Paderewski?

A Sound Lesson.—Among the curiosities of music must rank that peculiar race of humanity that attends musical performances apparently to edify those around them gratis with their own skill in humming or whistling through a whole programme. The species is really an interesting study. Their acquaintance with music appears to be unlimited, their ear by no means defective; their nerve—well, of cast steel, for no angry looks abash them; their physique admirable, for they show no signs of fatigue at the close of the longest opera or oratorio. One of this objectionable brotherhood was enjoying a representation of Mozart's *chef-d'œuvre* "Don Giovanni," in their usual style, by humming the airs so loudly as to annoy the audience for some distance all round him. At last, the nuisance becoming unbearable, his next-door neighbour cried out, "What a—fool!" "Are you referring to me?" said the offending little man. "Oh no, sir," quietly observed the other; "I mean Mario, who prevents my hearing you."

Half a Loaf.—Gratitude is a blessed property—one that scarcely ranks amongst the commonest of possessions. Mankind is ready enough to receive but is apt to forget to return thanks for what is bestowed. On the other hand, what is to be done when the gift made is wholly uncalled for, or of too poor a quality to warrant genuine gratitude? Many have found themselves in this predicament, and have longed for a solution that will leave them sincere. It was so, probably, with a minister at a place of worship in Nottinghamshire, who, when the choir had performed by way of an anthem "O Come, Every one that Thirsteth," from *Elijah*, and, as choirs will, probably plumed themselves on an effective display, proceeded with his extempore prayer

as follows: "Accept this poor offering of song. We bless Thee that, poor as it is, Thou wouldst rather have this than none at all." It may be that the satisfaction of the choir at their own exertions was a little too evident. Anyhow, the minister, a stranger, can scarcely be congratulated upon saving the situation.

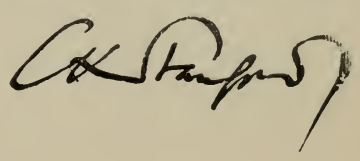
Another "Andy."—Who has not heard of the vivacious, genial Howard Paul, even if such are too old to have seen him? When this gentleman was performing in one of the small towns in the west of Ireland, the hall in which the entertainment was given was approached through a large gate, which by accident or mishap had fallen to the ground. Mr. Paul, on making the discovery, instructed the hall-keeper—a wild-looking, thick-headed Irishman—"to hang the gate immediately." Paddy trudged off as if to execute the order, and after some time had elapsed returned to Mr. Paul, who asked if he had done the job. "Och, yer honour," said Pat, "I tried a long while to hang the gate; but faith, sor, he wouldn't hang!" "Where have you put it, then?" "I've settled him, yer honour." "Why, what have you done with it?" "Shure, master, I took hould on him and threw him into the pond and dhrowned him!"

Another Whim.—The French singing-master, M. Wartel, if we are to believe report, was very original. He stands as the inventor of another whim to add to the thousands which voice specialists have provided for their bewildered, too-confiding pupils. He would ask a candidate for singing to vocalise with closed mouth, and if a protest was entered against such a thing, would exclaim, "So much the worse. You must do it, if I am to be your professor."

Impossible!—The "gods" is an element not to be lightly regarded either in the London or provincial theatre and concert-hall, as many a manager knows to his cost. It cannot be maintained for this highly exalted tribe that its literary or artistic "nose" is to be envied or considered, as the critical faculty in audiences has come to be associated with the pit rather than the gallery. Rightly or wrongly, the judgment of the "pit-ites" carries more weight with the management than does the opinion of the gallery—however demonstrative or emphatic. The occupants of the

most exalted benches of theatres—the *in nubibus* element—have a habit of making themselves heard and—sometimes—felt. Therefore these can never be wholly disregarded, a fact which is well known. To "play up to the gods" has become a household phrase, and performers and managers alike are aware that this must be done—covertly or otherwise. Of course, each one of the little whims and fancies of this product of our national educative methods cannot be gratified. All the same it is an economy to pander to it when it shows a spirit of restlessness, as it is a part of the house which soon gets boisterous and threatening. It is most insistent, and it *will* have its demands satisfied in some way. Sophocles' tragedy of *Antigone* was at one time produced at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, with Mendelssohn's music, and the "gods" were much pleased, and, according to their custom, demanded to see the author. "Bring out Sapherclaze!" they yelled. The manager explained that Sophocles had been dead for two thousand years and more, and could not well come; thereat a voice shouted from the gallery, "Then chuck us out his mummy!"

Undesirable Auditor.—Music affects different constitutions variously. Some people are as deaf as adders to the music of a sublime symphony or a plaintive love-song, and there are those who sit like owls while the sprightliest of Beethoven's *capriccii* are springing over them. Of such was not a certain young man of Brescia. He passed his life in hearing music. But this is not all. He possessed some wonderful proclivities, among which was that of slipping off his boots whenever the music pleased him very much. This was inconvenient behaviour at any rate for his fellow-auditors; but, unfortunately he did not stop here. When the music greatly affected him he used to throw the boots over his head, quite regardless of the fact that they might fall upon the heads of any of those who could not steer clear of them.

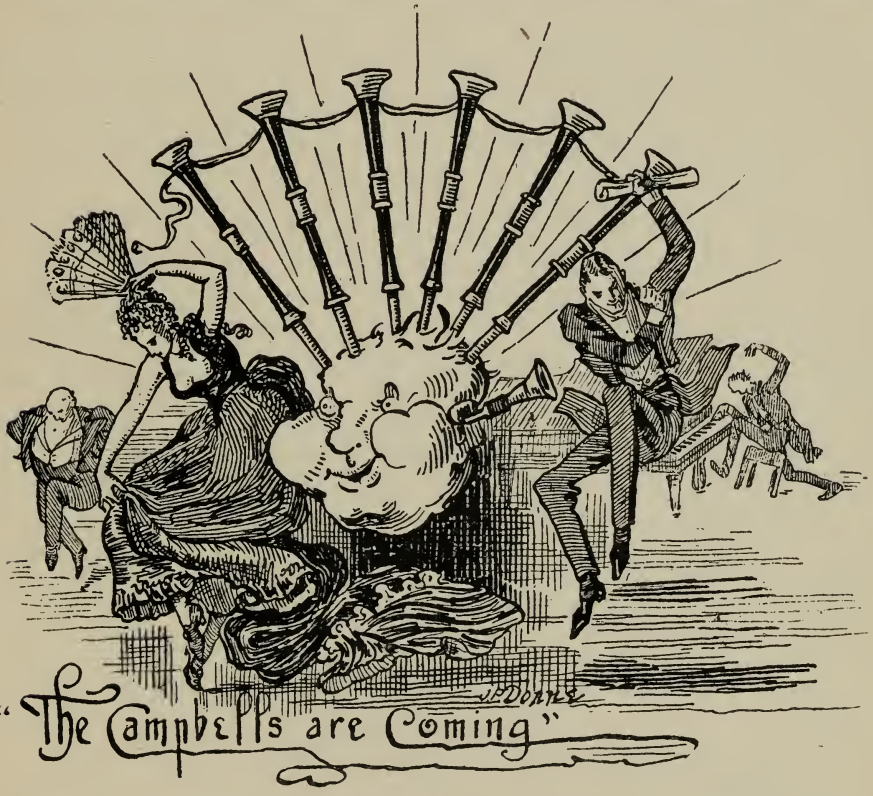


Divorced.—Considering that it is to the Church that we owe the existence of the stage, it is a pity that there should be anything like a quarrel between them. The fault lies first of all at the door of the Church. She has been too violent and abusive towards her offspring, whom, to speak figuratively, she turned out of doors. The consequence has been that, thanks to the repellent attitude of strict church people, many members of the dramatic, and we must add the musical, profession (for the two have shared the strictures showered on "mountebanks" and "vagabonds") are now content to be ignored and excluded, and in their turn ignore both church, clergy, and their offices. As a body they don't go to church—where some of them might feel as out of

CRÓSS PURPOSES.

place as would a bishop in a prompter's box or green-room. A well-known figure of the *corps de ballet* at Drury Lane Theatre was some time ago discovered in St. Pancras Church, London. On the occasion it was evident that well-nigh every seat was full—even in the galleries. The lady of the *corps de ballet* thought likewise, and although doubtless accustomed to a "full house," gave vent to her feelings by exclaiming to her friend, "Good heavens! what a house! Will it be all money?" The grotesque aspect revealed by the dancer's simple remark is both startling and amusing, and it recalls poor Albert Smith's story of the call-boy, who on being questioned as to why Joseph's brethren put him into the pit, blurted out, "Because his coat wasn't the right cut for the boxes."

Music and War.—It is strange that music—one of the most peaceful of the arts—should take a conspicuous part in war. Yet so it is. Music is an essential to war, and an army would as soon think of leaving its gunpowder as its harmony at home. It is undeniable that music has had an influence on the wars of the world that can only be accounted for by a study of the various ways in which men are affected singly and in masses by anything that appeals



to their emotions, music in particular. To the ordinary listener there is something of the ludicrous, combined with the hideous, in the strains of a volunteer drum and fife band, but yet this is sufficient to tickle irresistibly the coolest of patriots. To the musician, the sight of a bagpipe is an appalling spectacle, and the notion of a band of pipes suggests thoughts of prompt suicide; yet the bagpipes, when played by some Highland regiments, contrive to impart, even

to the musician, a sort of eccentric intoxication, which is not easily thrown off. Many will recollect the account of the magical effect produced by the sound of "The Campbells are coming" in the far distance, heard at first only by the sharp ear of a Highland girl, during the siege of Lucknow; and this is but one of many such stories that might be told. If such unmelodious and imperfect weapons as bagpipes can exercise this strange power, there is little wonder that the magnificent regimental bands of the south should act like a spell on the hearers. The chroniclers of the Franco-German war could, no doubt, tell many anecdotes of the power of "Partant pour la Syrie," the "Marseillaise," and the "Wacht am Rhein," and these compositions must, we imagine, yield precedence to our own "God save the King," or to "The Girl I left behind me." But neither bagpipes nor brass bands can claim a monopoly of this power, and whether the subjection to it be a vice or a virtue, we moderns have not yet equalled the ancients, for no music of our inventing has surpassed the recorded feats which the Spartan poet Tyrtæus is recorded to have achieved with his country's soldiers. He, we are told, "first rehearsed his verses, and afterwards having caused them to be sung with flutes, well tuned together, he so stirred and inflamed the courage of the soldiers thereby, that whereas they had before been overcome in divers conflicts, being then transported with the fury of the Muses, they became conquerors, and cut in pieces the whole army of the Messinians."

"Popping" It.—It is said that a famous Methodist preacher named Craven was once preaching in the heart of Virginia, and spoke as follows:—"Here are a great many professors of religion to-day. You are sleek, fat, good-looking, yet something is the matter with you. Now, you have seen wheat which was plump, round, and good-looking to the eye, but when you weighed it you found that it only came to forty-five, or perhaps forty-eight pounds to the bushel, when it should be sixty or sixty-three pounds. Take a kernel

of that wheat between your finger and thumb, hold it up, squeeze it, and — pop goes the weevil. Now, you good-looking professors of religion, you are plump and round, but you weigh only some forty-five or forty-six pounds to the bushel. What is the matter? Ah, when you are taken between the thumb of the law and the finger of the Gospel, held up to the light and squeezed, out pops the whisky bottle." From "pop goes the weevil" to "pop goes the weasel" the transition is easy. Our remembrance of this song begins and ends with the jingle which Cockney boys used to sing some years back—

"Up and down the City Road,
In and out the 'Eagle,'
Every time the monkey kicks,
Pop goes the weasel."

Bitter!—Lord North could reason and argue, but he possessed no taste for music. On once being asked why he did not follow the example of his brother, the Bishop of Winchester, and subscribe to the Antient Concerts, his reply was: "Well, if I was as deaf as my brother, I would."

Of Two Evils.—Kemble was anything but a singer. He was once playing king in an English version of Gretry's *Richard Cœur de Lion*, and managed to scramble through the work till he came to the two-part song on which the plot rests. The tune of this Kemble had "got nicely," as Shaw, the leader of the band, told him. The only difficulty arose from Kemble's inability to keep time, and at the final rehearsal this deficiency was as deplorable as ever. Two or three attempts had been made, but all to no purpose. At last Shaw grew impatient, and cried out, "Mr. Kemble, that won't do at all! you're murdering the time abominably." "Well, Mr. Shaw," replied the actor, "I had better murder it at once than be continually beating it as you are."

A New Rôle.—In face of the proceeding of some of the conductors, arrangers, vocalists, organists, and others who have the handling and interpreting of musical works in modern days, it is regrettable that there is not some public servant who will act as a sort of Lord Chamberlain from an artistic point of view, for the purpose of protecting us from the distorted and adulterated versions of even well-known works which meet our eyes and ears. He might even be a king, and take a leaf out of Frederick the Second's book. This royal amateur always stationed himself in the pit, standing behind the conductor, so as to have a view of the score. In this position he himself assumed the office of conductor, drilling his musical troops with the strictness of a military martinet. If any mistake was committed on the stage or in the orchestra, he marked the offender and rebuked him on the spot; and if any of the singers ventured to alter a single passage in his part, he was ordered, at his peril, to adhere strictly to the notes written by the composer. Perhaps we are moving in the right direction. We hear less of those once familiar tortures, "Twenty minutes with musical giants," and the best compositions of the said giants being served up in a mild *réchauffé*—the accidentals reduced to a minimum and the hard bits cut out; adapted for the pianoforte, with *ad lib.* accompaniments for the harp, the German flute, and the violoncello! Happily the musical giants have been too much for their antagonists, and twenty minutes have sufficed to overcome them!

Rare Honesty.—Never put new wine into old bottles, is advice which we have on the highest authority; and this may be applied to organs. A "restored" organ is a very dreadful acquisition. Organs do not, beyond a certain point, improve with age, and when an instrument is so far gone that much renovation is necessary, the best thing to do is to pull it down and build a new instrument. Do not, however, with the view to economy, suggest any using up of old material.

It is very seldom that a row of reeds, or of any other pipes in an old organ, will blend well with those of new voicing, even supposing the row to be perfect throughout. Clergymen, therefore (for it is mostly these gentlemen who delight in this erroneous idea), will do well to be more careful to get new work for their money. The organ-builder may be safely trusted to use up as much of the old material as may be convertible, without any extra charge. There are now few organ-builders like the honest Swiss, Snetzler, who being applied to by some parish officers to examine the organ in their church, reported as follows: "Jontlemen, your organ be vort vun hundred pound just now. Vell, I vill spend vun hundred pounds upon it, and den it shall be vort only fifty."

"YOU KNOW NOTHING."

Hack Work.—Who are the hacks of the musical profession, and who is it that employs them? There are hacks in every trade—in none more than in literature, for instance, as any Didymus visiting the British Museum Reading-room may prove for himself. As there are plenty of men who "farm" literary work—men who have handles to their names—employing badly-paid assistants and taking the literary kudos to themselves, so it has got noised abroad that many really famous musicians of to-day do not do a tithe of the musical work which carries their names. The great masters of music wrote every dot themselves, for the hack price paid to their craft did not admit of the employment of assistants. Nowadays it is different. A man

to-day may sketch out an oratorio in four-part hymn-tune harmony, and there leave it for hacks to orchestrate. To the true artist this takes away much of the satisfaction when the work comes to be performed. Still, there are only twenty-four hours to the day even for the popular composer, and when the devil drives, etc. This *on dit* concerns an oratorio by one of the most eminent composers, which was produced at the Brighton Musical Festival a few years ago. On the morrow the composer received a visit from the local bandmaster, who called to inquire, "Who had done the band parts?" He stated that he himself was a busy man, and found that it paid him to put out the orchestration of his dance pieces to a hack at a couple of guineas fee. He candidly admitted that if he could get things scored as well as was the oratorio, he would be greatly inclined to spring another guinea. What he wanted was the name of the hack.

Grounds for a Shake.—To give literal expression to all the rot which finds its way in *libretti* would often land a composer and performer in absurd positions. From a more or less well-known story, however, the step towards the ridiculous can be defended at times. An Irish priest was much shocked at a long shake made by one of the chorister-boys in the passage, "and they were sore afraid," in the *Messiah*. The priest straightway found the choirmaster, and remonstrated with him on the propriety of the ornament to such words. "'Faith, and is it in regard to the shake you'll be spaking, sir?" inquired the mentor. "Sure and if ye were sore afraid yourself, would not ye

"I LL MAKE YE SHAKE."

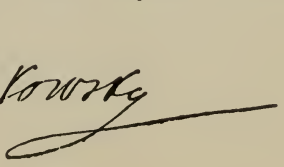
be shaking? Ay, I'll be bound that you would, and shaking in your shoes too! Plase to leave me and my pupil alone: many a one will be coming to-morrow twenty and thirty miles, every inch of it, to hear the boy sing, that would not step out twenty yards to hear you prache."

Singers and Soldiers.—There are, and have been, but few opera-managers who have not more than once repented of their undertaking. Indeed, the history of

"The houses twain,
Of Covent Garden and of Drury Lane,"

seems to be an almost unbroken story of difficulties and squabbles. The son of King George I. of England once took charge of the Opera-house, imagining, no doubt, that his rank and military experience would avail to enforce that discipline and order which the manager Steffani had failed to establish. In a few days the prince relinquished the undertaking, declaring that he could with much more ease command an army of fifty thousand men than manage a company of opera-singers.

Superscription.—Opera of to-day and the opera of the early part of the nineteenth century are two different things. Nowadays folks go to be seen, and secondly to hear what they can. It used to be the fashion, especially among the "life" of the town, to see as much and hear as little as possible. Then the *ballet* was a feature of the opera—and on the Parisian boards it was the most important feature. In fact, from 1822 to 1826, at the Grand Opéra of Paris, the ballet had become so good and the music so bad that a wit publicly proposed the following inscription for the façade of the theatre: "This is the Paradise of the eyes, and the hell of the ears."



Knowledge!—There is no doubt whatever that there is always most parade of knowledge when there is least of the genuine article itself. We have all heard of the famous organ-blower who condescended to congratulate the organist, saying, "We played very well to-day," and who, on the organist's objecting to the plural pronoun, refused to supply any more wind till the organist gave an affirmative answer to the "shall it be *we?*" An organist of a country church having occasion to absent himself for a few Sundays, secured for the interim

HONOURS DIVIDED.

the services of one in high repute for learning and ability in his profession. One Sunday this new-comer presumptuously attached several bars of prelude of his own composing to the anthem that was advertised to be sung. The prelude burst upon the ears of the congregation with a novel and startling effect, although it was soon perceived that all this preliminary fuss and clamour was merely to introduce to them an old acquaintance, the expected anthem, which meekly followed in due course. But Justice, though she may linger, surely overtakes the offender. Suddenly, and in the midst of an un-

resolved seventh, the organ piteously yielded up its breath, to the utter astonishment of the organist, but, happily, without at all disconcerting the complacent choir. Meanwhile, the excited organist clutched nervously at the blower's signal, but obtained not the slightest response. Rushing irreverently into the sanctum, where the blower remains hidden from vulgar gaze, he uttered a forcible remonstrance. He soon emerged therefrom, rebuked and humiliated by this calm reply of the venerable blower: "I have blown this organ for thirty years, and don't you suppose I know how many puffs it takes for one of Dr. Blow's anthems?" On comparing the bars of his prelude with the number of bars of the anthem which succeeded his overthrow, the mortified player found that they exactly tallied!

Budget Framers—Note.—From an artistic point of view, Pitt, the statesman, deserves canonisation. During his tenure of office a tax upon pianofortes and printed music was pressed, and hinted at as a capital way of increasing the revenue. Pitt would not have it. "No!" he said, "if I begin with wires and whistles, I must proceed to madonnas and marbles. If I tax engraved songs I must do the same by engraved saints." There is a chance to-day. Why not tax street music, or the suburban pianoforte?

Vocal Emperor.—Nero was a musical enthusiast, although his motives were anything but commendable. Of this applause-loving Emperor, Suetonius says that to preserve his voice he used to lie flat upon his back with a thin plate of lead upon his stomach; moreover, he used to take many voice-preservatives. He would eat no fruits nor meats that were thought to be prejudicial to the voice, nor, when he took seriously to the art—this was in A.D. 63—would he drill his soldiers by word of mouth, as he had formerly done. This was not all the precaution that was taken. He instituted an officer about his person whose duties consisted in taking charge of his imperial master's voice. The

Emperor would never speak but with the permission of this voice-governor, who used to admonish his master when he spoke too loudly or strained his voice; and if the Emperor did not desist from speaking after such protestations, the voice-watcher used to stuff a cloth into the royal mouth. This latter recourse, it need hardly be said, generally had the desired effect.

Instar Omnium.—When Dr. Richter was many years younger, he acted as Wagner's secretary and copyist. Once when the *Meistersinger* score was on the anvil, the German Æschylus asked his now famous assistant how a certain passage which he had written for the horns would sound. "Very odd indeed, I am afraid," was Dr. Richter's reply, he himself being by the way a very fine horn-player. "Capital," replied Wagner, "the very thing I want." And so he added one more to musical enormities. By the way, Richter speaks English very well, but sometimes amuses his British bandsmen by a quaint expression, as for instance telling the first violinists to play with the "meat" of their fingers, meaning of course the "flesh."

Eccentricity.—A great deal more than divinity doth "hedge" kings and queens. History and gossip combine to show that an air of eccentricity, not to say madness, is by no means a rare characteristic of royalty. Queen Christina of Sweden was one of those abnormal crowned heads more fitted to be ruled than to rule. She was peculiar in every way, but especially in her night costume, and in matters connected with her sleeping apartments. Thus, instead of arranging her head and hair in a pretty lace night-cap, she used to bandage up her jaws in a funereal fashion. Added to this, she had a peculiar partiality for bands of music in her bedroom, which she could listen to from behind her closed bed-curtains. On one occasion she had the opera orchestra, when a most amusing incident occurred. The performance had not long commenced before

"WHAT A SURPRISE."

she was in ecstasies with the voice of one of the singers. Much to their alarm, she popped her eccentrically arrayed head out of the curtains, exclaiming, "Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! how well he sings!" So unexpected and so hideous was the apparition that the singers took fright!

Faint Praise!—"If you had not every vice under the sun I might commend you for some virtues," runs a French saying; and this must have been running in the mind of the infallible critic who favoured the world with the following choice specimen of his craftsmanship: "If this gentleman would not force his voice beyond its natural compass; if, too, he would not sing quite so sharp and try to give his running passages with more certainty, and pay more attention to tune and time, we should be ready to add our approbation to the plaudits of the galleries."

Cutting!—A sharp among the flats is not altogether a matter that can be ranked among the anomalies of life and existence, for wherever two or three inanimate beings are gathered together, the powers that be are sure to locate some sharper individual to "rook" them in some form or another. Occasionally the distinction—whether enviable or not—may be claimed for the musician, whom society at large usually dubs as a dull fellow. When, for instance, George Sharp had his name engraved on his doorplate, thus: "G. Sharp," the wag of a painter must have known something of music, when, early one morning, he made the following undeniable and insignificant addition: "Is A flat!" By the way, a Dublin musician tells an amusing story of "Dick" Levey, one of Ireland's most distinguished musicians. During a rehearsal of Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots,* the chorus ladies sang dreadfully flat. "Ladies! ladies!" shouted Levey, "this won't do at all, at all. I heard you sing this music much better fifty years ago." We wonder if the shaft reached home? We hope not!

Irrepressible!—The inability of the Scotch to understand a joke is notorious. It is scarcely surprising, however, that a person who can tolerate a bagpipe should see nothing funny in Tom Hood. All the same they possess music and wit of their own, which are, to say the least, interesting so long as the music is not performed on the national instrument, or the

jokes made in the national dialect. A juvenile Scot, much given to punning, was visiting London with his father, who much objected to the habit, and warned him accordingly. But it happened that shortly after their arrival they passed Newgate, and saw a man confined in the stocks, with his legs firmly jammed in between two pondrous blocks of wood, his body being on one side, and his feet, of course, on the other. The inevitable pun rose to the young man's lips, but remembering his father's injunction just in time, he checked his words and contented himself with suggestively whistling the tune of "Through the wood, laddie." Bad habits cannot be cured in a day.

Midas going it.—A certain man once had a son of whom he was very desirous of making a musician. Accordingly the young fellow's taste was consulted as to which instrument he would like to study. The violin was chosen, and a master was found to give the young aspirant instruction. All went well for some long time, until one day the father dropped in upon the master and pupil, engaged in a lesson. "Well," said he, "and what are you doing now?" "Oh, sir," replied the teacher, "we're trying a duet by Mayseyder, and your son is playing second fiddle." "Second fiddle! No!" said paterfamilias indignantly. "I pay you to teach him first fiddle—not second."

The Right Course.—M. Barrière once met a pretty actress whose lover had jilted her, and, opening the door of her *coupé,* did all in his power to console her. She, however, would not be comforted. "No, no," she cried, "I can never smile again; I must drown myself!" "Very well," said Théodore Barrière, calmly shutting the door; "we shall meet at the Morgue. Coachman, drive this lady to the river." Now it happened that M. Barrière had once meditated suicide himself, and, having loaded a pistol, called in a friend to receive his last instructions. The friend did not attempt to dissuade him, but calmly jotted down Barrière's

wishes. Then, while Barrière was writing a farewell letter, he took up the pistol and began examining it. It was cocked, and the muzzle was pointing at Barrière. The intending suicide ducked with remarkable agility under the table, crying, "Look out, the infernal thing is loaded!" No doubt the remedy suggested would cure. Unfortunately, however, the majority of pumpkin-headed British juries would stick to a totally opposite view.

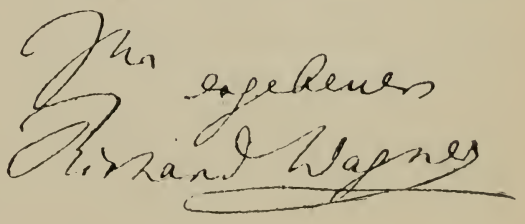
Like Her!—Bunn, the opera-manager of the good old days of the past, was not always in an amiable frame of mind, and one day he was seen at rehearsal holding a wretched "super" by the collar and scolding him savagely. The poor fellow's fright and distress attracted Malibran's attention, whereupon she crossed over to the manager and said: "Do you know, I shall call you *Good Friday.*" "Why?" said he. "Because," said she, "you are such a *Hot Cross Bunn.*"

A Dean's Criticism.—Dean Swift was not one of those men who "have music in themselves." The rugged old gentleman always appears in the stories of his times like a perpetually suspended discord—the resolution of which, if it ever came, was so faint and uncertain that it never brought with it any feeling of satisfaction. Albeit, despite the fact that he was unable to distinguish much difference betwixt "tweedle dum" and "tweedle dee," he perpetrated quite a celebrated Latin double pun—a lament over a broken fiddle which a lady's train had swept to its destruction: "Mantua væ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ." On one occasion he was downright impolite to Lady Burlington. "Lady Burlington," said the dean after dinner, "I hear you can sing; sing me a song." Her ladyship, not quite liking this unceremonious address, positively refused. The dean said she should sing, or he would make her. "Why, madam, I suppose you take me for one of your poor English hedge parsons: sing when I bid you." As Lord Burlington did nothing but

laugh at the dean's freedom, the lady was so vexed that she burst into tears and retired.

Conscientious Professor.—An intending singer must have time, money, patience, perseverance, culture, natural advantages, and, above all, a voice rare in its quality and above the average in quantity, if the object in view be the pursuance of singing as a successful profession. Without nearly all of the qualities mentioned, failure is almost certain. Then there is the question of a teacher. Teachers of singing must live, and this is not accomplished from the funds of those pupils only who rise to eminence. Nowadays there are very few teachers of music who can afford to have either the conscience or the audacity displayed by a famous voice-trainer towards an Irish lady who was anxious to be ushered into the musical world under his protection. According to her reckoning Mara could not be expected to surpass her, and upon the strength of this she was invited to England. She came; but, upon hearing her sing, the professor, with his customary honesty, exclaimed, "Madam, you must go back to Ireland; for, by heavens! unless you and I were shut up in a band-box together, I could not hear you!"

MISAPPLIED.



Smart!—Some years ago in Paris a celebrated composer —in circumstances not indigent—heard of the arrival of a millionaire prince. Forthwith he organised a little "At Home," collected the leading singers of the day, invited the prince, and gave a very charming performance in his honour. He had carefully banished from the *salon* his very respectable grand pianoforte, and substituted the worst old machine he could find that would stand in tune. The performance over, the prince came up to thank the *maestro* for the charming music he had heard. When observing the antiquated form and condition of the instrument which had been used, the prince supposed there was some history associated with it. Was it ever in the possession of Tubal Cain? Not at all. It was the best the poor *maëstro* could afford. The prince understood the hint. After a few minutes' conversation he asked: "Whose instruments do you prefer of all the Paris makers?" The *maestro* thought Messrs. X + Y were the most satisfactory makers. The prince left, and next day called at Messrs. X + Y's warehouse, purchased the most expensive instrument then in stock, and ordered it to be sent to Signor ——, with his compliments. In the course of the afternoon the *maestro* presented himself at the warehouse. "Prince —— was here this morning." "He was, monsieur." "He bought a piano." "He did—is it not a good one?" "Excellent. It was by my recommendation he bought it. I'll trouble you for the usual *commission!*"

Coming Therapeutic.—If there is in human nature one boundary which it is well to define it is that separating the two great realms of sanity and mental disease. Yet how difficult! so restless are the limits bounding the two states. Physicians will admit that the greatest problems confronting their skill to-day arise from disorder of the nerves. Every remedy almost has been tried, yet the mischief is increasing rather than diminishing; and, unfortunately, it will develop

as long as our over-strained emotional life remains unconstrained. Does it sound strange if we assert that Music steps in here? Music will some day become a powerful and accepted therapeutic. The ancients tried it and found it answer. Saul benefited by it; Clinias the Pythagorean resorted to his harp at periods of uncontrollable emotion; the mind of Madame de la Marche, wrung to pieces through her husband's inconstancy, was restored by the soothing balm of harp-strings; have many not read of George Eliot's "Caterina" taking refuge in harpsichord music from her own passion? We knew a great executant who was summoned, as a last resource, to play at the bedside of a man on the brink of eternity. Oh, yes! Music is a blessed, God-given restorative in mental trial.

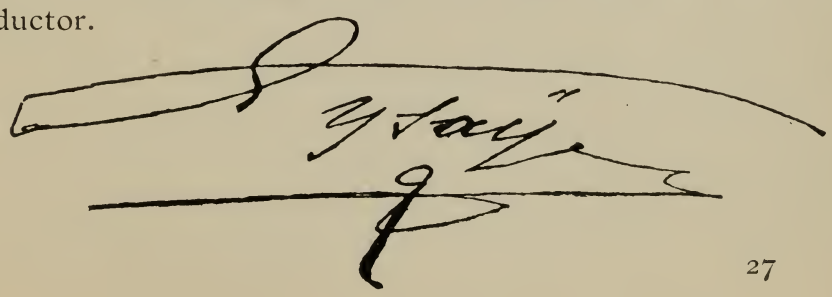
Aid to Bayonet.—The sound of bugle and touch of drum seem indispensable on the battle-field; and, alas! too often must needs be heard the plaintive wail of the bagpipes in such beautiful coronachs as "The Land o' the Leal." Even a local drum-and-fife band will tickle irresistibly the coolest citizen—so easily is the patriotic blood set quickening. Then there is the bagpipe, which, when played by some of the Scottish regiments, produces the most magical effects on the battle-field, and which it must be allowed is, at least to Scots ears, a surpassing instrument. It was her late Majesty Queen Victoria's own piper who was once asked by a noble lord whether he could recommend a piper for a friend. Asked what kind of piper was wished for, the peer innocently answered, "Oh, just one like yourself." Poor peer! The ruffled Highlander at once retorted, "There are many lords like yourself, but very few pipers like me." Many a Highland laird keeps a pipe-and-drum band. For fighting, or dancing, or wailing, there is no music, probably, to compare with the music of the grand Highland bagpipes. The Highland regiments would rather give up their whisky than their pipes. In British warfare the pipes

occupy an eminently honourable place. Early in the battle of Rolica, the first fight of the Peninsular campaign, in which the Iron Duke met the French, a piper of the 71st Highlanders had his leg broken. Sitting down on his knapsack, the brave man cried out to his mates, "I canna gang wi' ye, lads, but de'il tak' me if ye shall want music!" And so he played the regiment into action. Coming to more recent times, the doings of the Gay Gordons at Dargai brought a humble piper into glorious fame. Cheer after cheer rose from the Gordons as they went for the position in front of them. Their pipes struck up their most thrilling pibrochs, and into the open dashed Mathias and his men. Major Macbean fell at once, and others dropped, but with a grand rush the Highlanders reached the bottom of the hill, closely followed by Sikhs, Dorsets, Derbies, and Ghoorkas. It was a magnificent charge, with the Gordons in the centre. About this moment Piper George Findlater was shot in both legs. Down he went, pipes and all. But he was not beaten. Propping himself against a boulder, he kept on blowing, with unconquered spirit, "The Haughs of Cromdale," while his chums advanced up the face of the height. Our recent tussle with Kruger's boys has brought out many a fine musical trait in the British soldier. That was not bad of the Irish private, who, sitting disconsolate with a bullet through both legs, cried out, "Bring me a tin whistle and I'll blow ye any tune ye like."

More Street Music.—A few years ago, during the cab strike, certain cabmen were hailed as they drove along the streets with a few bars of "There is a Happy Land," whistled by their companions from the cab ranks. The exact association of the song with the strike was never quite satisfactorily established. Just now, however, there is a similar joke in the orchestra, when perhaps some bashful member of the band enters and is received by his companions with a few bars of "Kathleen Mavourneen." The joke

arose, we believe, from the playful habit of a certain theatre conductor in borrowing odd shillings and forgetting to repay them. Now, when a bandsman owes another any trifling sum, a few bars of "Kathleen Mavourneen" afford a strong hint that it is time to pay up. The key to the situation is contained in the line, "It may be for years, and it may be for ever." All this applies to men. Women have only to remember that the habit of whistling is unbecoming to them. "Every time a woman whistles, the heart of the blessed Virgin bleeds," a devout Roman Catholic has said.

Musical Fashion.—Music has its fashions, and in one respect these are like all others—they change. Lest, however, there should be some readers inclined to doubt this, we cite the following incident which actually occurred in "high life," at about the time when vocal art had preferential claims over the instrumental in England. A certain nobleman, Lord D——, gave a private concert, and among other vocal and instrumental talent, he secured the services of a leading violinist of the day. As he was about to play, the nobleman said to his conductor, "Must this man play?" "Oh yes, my lord; he will delight everybody," said the signor, somewhat fearful of the disappointment and wrath of the violinist. "It is very late," yawned his lordship, and walking up to the musician's side, he placed himself as if in rapt attention at his desk. The introduction was played by the band, but just as the violinist was about to begin his solo, his lordship closed the book, and exclaimed in a most pleasant manner, "Charmingly executed, sir—charming!" and strutted off, leaving the astonished musician to settle matters with the conductor.



Poisoned!—Baumgarten was an enterprising professor of counterpoint and thorough-bass here in England when George III. was king. As a boy he endured much drudgery. One evening Kunzen, his master, who was fond of hot suppers, ordered Baumgarten to put the already-prepared partridge down to the fire at a given hour, and to keep watching and turning it till he returned. The table being already laid, even to a decanter of his best Moselle, the master went out in peace, taking the precaution to warn the boy from touching the decanter, which contained poison! The little scholar and slave watched the kitchen clock and put the bird down to roast. In due time it was roasted to a turn—yet no master came. "What a pity," muttered the boy, "that it should spoil, when I am so hungry!" Still the master remained absent, and the little cook's thoughts for the bird's welfare increased tenfold. But oh! here is an accident—a leg has dropped off in turning it—he must eat it, or his master will scold him. He did so, and as the bird looked unequal, he took the other and ate that. How delicious! how delicious! and in a few minutes more the whole bird was devoured, under the impression that his master would not return that night. Reflection as usual came too late, and the little fellow was soon in tears at the thought of his master's anger. In despair he sought to kill himself, and to that end drank off the whole of the poison in the decanter. No sooner had he done this than there came a loud knock at the door; and though the boy lost little time in replying thereto, he was greeted with the question: "Why didn't you come sooner?" which the boy

"TO THE SOUND OF THE DRUM."

in his fright met with: "The cat ate it, sir!" Pushing by, and muttering something to himself about dreaming, the master found his way to the kitchen, where, instead of a partridge, a plate of small bones met his view. In a towering rage he turned upon young Baumgarten, and was soon thrashing him soundly with his stick amid the poor boy's cries of "Oh, sir, pray don't beat me. I shall soon die, for I've drunk all the poison through being so wicked!"

Terrible Inversion.—Many things—music among others—will bear the process of inversion, but love will not, as was proved by a *contretemps* that took place in Parisian circles a few seasons ago. A certain marquis had been for some time engaged to a celebrated actress. One day the actress received an intimation that for family reasons the engagement must be broken off. This was decided upon; but shortly afterwards the old love heard of the mysterious person, usually spoken of as "another," to whom the marquis was shortly to be wedded. To all appearances the first love behaved admirably—made no fuss, and kept quiet. The wedding ceremony proceeded as smoothly as could be wished, and the newly-married couple were just leaving the church when the organ, instead of pealing out the joyful tones of the "Wedding March," started an ill-omened and mournful "Dies Iræ." The consternation was intense. The bride fainted, and altogether there was a terrible ending to the little drama. The organist, it appears, had been well bribed by the actress to make this slight variation in the programme. It will be of no use any

MUSIC OF THE HEART.

longer to taunt women with the charge that "they can't keep a secret, nor let any one else do so."

For Professors.—The ancient Greeks had a proverb which has been thus rendered:—

> "To flute-players nature gave brains, there's no doubt,
> But alas! 'tis in vain, for they soon blow them out."

Too true is this in respect to the musician with his business matters, in the management of which he not infrequently proves himself to be a complete fool. To hope for improvement is useless; we can only recommend to musicians the

GREEK ART.

example of Simonides, the illustrious Greek musician, who, we are told, had two coffers, in one of which he had for many years put his pecuniary rewards, in the other his verbal thanks, honours, and promises. The former only rendered him help in his old age!

"More Natural Like."—Paddy O'Neill was a famous character of a few decades since, whose playing on the fiddle

was only surpassed by his performances on the bagpipes. Imbued with something of the ancient bardic spirit, he could sing his own songs with vigour, and give expression to his own accompaniment. One summer evening, J. S. Le Fanu, the novelist, persuaded Paddy to drive with him from Kilrush to Kilkee for a dance. The dance music was supplied by Paddy's pipes and fiddle, and between the dances he sang some of his favourite songs. Next day the novelist wrote some doggerel verses celebrating the dance and in imitation of the "Wedding of Ballyporean," a song then very popular in the south of Ireland. One verse ran—

"But Paddy no longer his fiddle could twig,
And the heat was so great that he pulled off his wig;
But Mary McCarthy being still for a jig,
He screwed his old pipes till they roared like a pig.
Oh! they fell to their dancing once more, sir,
Till their marrow bones all grew quite sore, sir,
And they were obliged to give o'er, sir,
At the dance in the lodge at Kilkee."

A copy of the verses was presented to Paddy, who was highly delighted with them, and for years after sang them with much applause to the passengers on the steamboat *Garry Owen*. A few days after the dance, he visited the novelist, and said he would be for ever obliged to him if he would alter one little word in the song. "Of course I shall, with pleasure," said Le Fanu. "What is the word?" "Pig, your honour," said Paddy. "I'm sure your honour doesn't think my beautiful pipes sounded like a pig." "Oh," answered Le Fanu, "you don't think I meant that they sounded like the grunt or squeak of a pig? I only meant that they were as loud as a pig." "As loud as a pig!" said Paddy, rather indignantly; "as loud as a pig! They wor a great deal louder; but if your honour wouldn't mind changing that one word, I think it would be a great improvement, and

would sound more natural like. This is the way I'd like it to go—

> 'But Mary McCarthy being still for a jig,
> He screwed his old pipes till they roared like a nymph.'

You see, your honour, the rhyme would be just as good, and I think it would be more like the rale tune of it." After this, who shall declare that the Irish are an impossible people?

ADIEU, ADIEU!

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